



DON QUIXOTE.

The Cossack disguised as a Devil pronouncing
the Commands of Montefino to Don Quixote.
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THE
HISTORY
AND
ADVENTURES
OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

BY
DR. SMOLLETT.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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THE
ATC H I E V E M E N T S
OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT
DON QUIXOTE.

PART II. BOOK II.

C H A P. XVI.

*What happened to Don Quixote with a grave Gentleman
of La Mancha.*

DON Quixote, as we have observed, went on his way, glorying in his success. From that day, he dated himself the most renowned and invincible of all knights that had ever yet gone through a course of labours on this our earth. He thought no more of the shower of stones which had so sorely afflicted his jaw-bones, nor the mortifying ingratitude of the galley slaves; nor did he think any more of the pack-staves of the Yanguessian carriers, who had the hardness to make his sides resound like the dusting of a carpet: in short, the idea he conceived of his own felicity was so great, that, 'Could I,' said he to himself, 'but accomplish the great point of delivering my celestial princess from the power of enchantment, I should not envy the glory that ever was purchased by any knight in the universe.'

He was lost in these reveries, when Sancho interrupted him: 'Signior, you will hardly believe what a fool I am; but it is an actual truth, that I cannot keep myself from thinking on that horrid and immeasurable nose of my neighbour Tom Cecial.'—'And dost thou really believe,' replied the other, 'that the Knight of the Mirrors was Sampson Carrasco; and that thy old companion, Thomas Cecial, was his squire?'—'As to that affair, I can say nothing to it,' answered Sancho; 'only one thing I am positive in, that no one but himself could have given me such an account of my house, my wife, and my children; and as to his face, when that

nose was split off, it was the very individual face of Thomas Cecial, just as I have beheld it many a time, when we were next door neighbours in our village : and as for his voice, I will take my oath it is the same to a tittle.—‘ Come, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ let us reason coolly upon this head : what probability is there, that Sampson Carrasco should come, as a knight-errant, armed cap-a-pee, to offer me combat ? Am I his enemy, or did I ever give him occasion to bear resentment against me ? Do you imagine I am his rival, or that he has entered into the profession of chivalry, as envying the glory I have acquired by arms ?’—‘ But then, Sir,’ answered Sancho, ‘ what account can we give of the resemblance of that same knight and his squire to Sampson Carrasco, and my old friend Thomas Cecial ? And if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world but them whose likeness they could assume ?’—‘ It is all design,’ answered the other ; ‘ and the contrivance of those cursed enchanters that persecute me, who easily foreseeing I should be victorious in the combat, changed the form of the vanquished knight into that of the batchelor, that the friendship I have for him might check the fury of my sword, and shield him against the effects of my just indignation ; and by that means save the life of him who by treachery and artifice had attempted to take away mine. But what farther proof need there be of the power of those enchanters, to change the appearance of human countenances, the fair into the deformed, and the deformed into the fair, than what thou thyself hast lately found by certain experience ? Thou, who not two days since beheld the peerless Dulcinea in all the charms and lustre of perfect beauty, while at the same time she appeared to me an ugly rustic wench, with bleared eyes, and stinking breath ; and doubtless, if the wicked magician could effect such a diabolical enchantment as that, it is not to be wondered at, if he did the like by Carrasco and Thomas Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my victory : however, this is my consolation, that the
prowess

prowess of my arm hath prevailed against my enemy, whatever shape he has assumed.'—'It is God alone who knows the truth of all things,' answered Sancho; who well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was the effect of his own enchantments, upon that account was not quite convinced by his master's arguments; but durst not mutter the least word, lest something should have dropped from him, by which he might have betrayed himself.

While they were discoursing in this manner, a gentleman, mounted in the jockey-fashion, on a fine flea-bitten mare, came up with them, dressed in a riding-coat of fine green cloth, faced with murrey-coloured velvet, and a hunting-cap of the same; his furniture of a piece, murrey-coloured and green; he had a belt of green and gold, at which hung a Moorish scymetar, and his buffkins were wrought in the same manner; his spurs were not gilt, but so finely varnished with green, that as they were more of a piece with the rest of his dress, they looked better than if they had been pure gold. When this gentleman overtook them, he saluted them with great politeness, and was spurring on, in order to pass them, when Don Quixote calling to him, said, 'Signior, if you are not in haste, and are a going this way, I should be exceeding glad to join company with you.' 'Sir,' answered the other, 'I should not have been in such haste to pass you, but was afraid your horse might be unruly in the company of my mare.'—'If that be all,' answered Sancho, 'you may stop your mare when you please, with great safety; ours is the most sober and most discreet horse in the world, and has more breeding than ever to let his naughtiness get the better of him upon such occasions, and never transgressed in this particular but once, and then my master and I both suffered severely in the flesh for it: I say once more, your worship may stop; for if your mare was served up in a dish, our steed would not so much as smell to her.' Upon this assurance, the gentleman stopped, and looked with amazement at the air and appearance of Don Quixote,

Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which hung like a wallet before Sancho, at the pommel of his ass's pannel: and, on the other hand, Don Quixote beheld him with no less attention, conceiving him to be some person of figure and distinction. The traveller seemed to be a man about fifty; he had some, though few, grey hairs; his features were sharp, and in his looks appeared neither levity nor moroseness: in short, his appearance bespoke him a man of consequence. He looked with a kind of astonishment at Don Quixote, as having never beheld such a phenomenon before; the lankness of the horse, and the tall stature of the person that rode him, the sepulchral meagreness of his aspect, his solemn gravity, the strangeness of his armour, altogether forming such a composition as perhaps had never before been seen in that country.

Don Quixote observed with what attention the traveller considered him; and, by the surprize he saw him in, guessing what he wanted to know, as he was himself the very flower of civility, and of excessive complaisance, he was resolved to be before-hand with him, and save him the trouble of asking any question: 'Signior,' said he, 'I am not at all surprized to find, that with amazement you contemplate this my appearance, so new to you, and so different from that of other mortals; but your wonder will cease, when I have told you that I am of the fraternity of those knights whom people distinguish by the title of adventure-hunters. I have left my native home, mortgaged my all, bid adieu to ease and pleasure, and cast myself upon fortune, to dispose of me as she shall think proper; my design being to awaken the lost and decayed spirit of knight-errantry; it is now some time since I entered upon the resolution of accomplishing this aim, during which period I have suffered a variety of fortune, tossed about from one adventure to another, sometimes triumphant, at other times not so successful, until I have in a great measure fulfilled my design, having relieved many disconsolate widows, afforded protection to many distressed damsels,

damfels, and been of aid and assistance to divers married women and fatherless children, the true duty and intent of our order; so that, by numberless exploits becoming a Christian hero, I am now celebrated in print through almost all the nations of the habitable globe. Thirty thousand copies of my renowned history are already in the hands of the public; and if Heaven does not think proper to put a stop to it, in all likelihood there will be a thousand times as many more. In one word, Sir, I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwise stiled the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; and though I own it is illiberal to sound one's own praises, yet am I sometimes obliged to do it; but then, never unless when no one is by to do it for me: so that, Signior, after what I have told you, neither my lance nor my shield, my horse nor my squire, the wanness of my countenance, nor the lankness of my person, and all my whole composition together, ought any more to affect you with surprize, since you know the profession I am of, and the order I belong to.'

There Don Quixote stopped to give the traveller an opportunity of reply; but he was so long before he opened his mouth, that it seemed as if he could make no answer: however, after a long pause, 'Sir Knight,' said he, 'you was not mistaken, when, by the surprize you saw me in, you guessed the desire I had to be informed who you were; but I am still as much surprized as ever, and though what you say may be right, that my knowing who you are ought to have made my wonder cease, it is yet far from having that effect upon me. Can it be possible, that there are indeed now in the world knights-errant really existing, and that there are published accounts of real adventures? I should never have once dreamed that there was such a thing upon earth as any one who assisted married women and orphans, relieved widows, and protected damfels, if I had not had this opportunity of being convinced by now seeing you; and Heaven be praised, that this noble history of your real and glorious atchievements is in print, as it must efface
and

and discredit those numberless romances about knights-errant, who never had being, and with which the world was so pestered and abused, to the apparent corruption of the mind of the readers, and the discredit of real and true history.' 'As to that circumstance, Sir, there is much to be said, and you must not be too rash in believing that the histories of knight-errantry are all fable.' 'Is there any one,' answered the traveller, 'who makes a doubt of it?' 'I do, for one,' answered Don Quixote; but we will drop that subject for the present, as I doubt not but, if we continue any time travelling together, I shall be able, by the blessing of God, to convince you of your error, and to shew you that you are prejudiced only by the number of those who have entertained a notion that such accounts are fictitious.'

These last words of Don Quixote gave the gentleman in green a suspicious idea of his understanding: he had a notion that he must be disordered in his senses, and was expecting some other proof of it; but, without entering into farther discourse, Don Quixote desired his companion to let him know who he was, as he himself had given an account of his life and situation. To which request the gentleman replied, 'Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I am a gentleman, born in a village where, if it pleases God, we shall all dine to-day: my fortune is better than moderate, and my name Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my time cheerfully with my wife, my children, and my friends; my usual diversions are fishing and hunting; but I neither keep hounds nor hawks; all I have are some decoy-partridges and a good ferret. My library consists of about some six dozen of Spanish and Latin books; some are books of history, others of piety; for as to books of chivalry, I have not yet allowed them to come under my roof: I am more inclined to the reading of profane than religious authors, if the subjects they treat of are of an innocent nature, if the style is engaging, and the incidents affecting and surprising: but, indeed, Spain produces

duces mighty few performances of this sort. I live in terms of good neighbourhood with all about me; sometimes I go to their houses, sometimes I invite them to mine; my table is neat and clean, and sufficiently affluent, without extravagance. I slander no one, nor do I allow backbiters to come near me; my eyes pry not into the actions of other men, nor have I any impertinent curiosity to know the secrets of their lives. I go to mass every day, and the poor man partakes of my substance; I make no ostentation in the good I do, that I may defend myself against the attacks of hypocrisy and vain-glory, well knowing, that the best fortified heart is hardly proof against these sly deceivers. As far as I have an opportunity, I am a reconciler of differences among my neighbours: I particularly pay my devotions to the blessed Mother, and have an entire dependence on the mercies of God our Saviour.'

Sancho had listened with uncommon attention to what the gentleman in green said; and this discourse seemed to him of such exalted piety and virtue, that he immediately conceived such a man must be endowed with the power of working miracles: fully persuaded of the truth of this supposition, he threw himself off his ass, ran up to the gentleman, seized his right stirrup, and, with a heart overflowing with devotion, and eyes full of tears, fell a kissing his feet. 'Which humility, when the traveller perceived, 'What is the matter, friend,' said he? 'what is the meaning of these embraces?' 'Pray let me alone,' said Sancho; 'for in my life before, excepting your worship, did I never know a saint mounted on horseback.' 'I have no title to be thought so,' answered the gentleman; 'on the contrary, I am a miserable sinner; but the simplicity of your behaviour, my friend, shews that you yourself must be a very good man.' Upon this declaration Sancho quitted him, and again remounted Dapple, having by his behaviour unbended the solemn gravity of his master into a smile, and increased the wonder of Don Diego.

Don Quixoté then made enquiry into the number of children he had, informing him at the same time, that the ancient sages, who were not enlightened with the knowledge of the true God, reckoned the gifts of fortune and nature, abundance of friends and encrease of dutiful children, as constituting part of the supreme happiness. ‘Sir,’ answered Don Diego, ‘I have one son; and if I had none, should, peradventure, think myself happier than I am; not that he is very bad, but because he does not come up to what I could wish him to be. He is now eighteen years of age, six of which he has spent at Salamanca, studying Greek and Latin; and when I would have had him apply to something else, I found him so dipt in poetry, if that deserves the name of science, that I could not prevail upon him to take to the study of the law, which was what I wanted he should do; nor would he apply to divinity, the first and noblest of all sciences. I was desirous to make him the honour and ornament of his family, as we live in an age, and under a monarch, where useful and virtuous learning is so amply recompensed; for what is learning without virtue? no better than pearls on a dunghill. He will spend whole days in examining whether such a verse in Homer’s Iliad be expressed with propriety, whether such an epigram of Martial is to be construed into a lewd sense or not, and whether such a verse in Virgil will bear this or that meaning. In a word, these authors, with Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus, engross the whole of his time and conversation. As to the modern authors of his own country, he seems to have no great relish for them; though, notwithstanding his seeming disregard, he is now busied in making a kind of commentary upon four verses, which, I believe, are designed as a subject for a prize in the schools.’

To this information, the other answered, ‘Signior, children are to be considered as part of the bowels of the parents; and be they good or bad, we must treat them as such, and cherish them accordingly. It is incumbent

cumbent upon parents to lead them betimes into the paths of decency and virtue, to instil into them sound principles, and train them up in Christian discipline, that by these means they may be the stay of their declining years, and an honour to their own descendants. I am not against using persuasion to incline them either to the study of this or that science, but look upon using force as altogether unwarrantable; more especially as the young gentleman does not study in view of getting his livelihood, he being so fortunate as to have that secured by inheritance: then I think he should be indulged in pursuing whatever his genius or inclination mostly prompts him to; and though in poetry there is more pleasure than utility, it generally does honour to the person who has a vein for it. I liken poetry to a young, tender, and beautiful virgin, whom many other virgins, that is, all the other sciences, are assiduous to ornament, enrich, and embellish; now as she makes use of them all, so likewise does she reflect a lustre upon them all. But then this tender virgin is not to be handled roughly; she is not to be dragged through the streets, exposed in public places, or stand as a prostitute at the gates of palaces. She is a kind of alchemy of such rare virtue, that whoever knows the nature of her composition may change her into pure gold of inestimable value: whoever would keep her must narrowly look after her; she must not be indulged in the indecency of obscene satire, nor allowed to run into insipid sonnets; and though she may enjoy the profits arising from heroic poetry, weeping tragedy, or laughing comedy, yet the muse must not be venal; no buffoons must have any thing to do with her, and she must be kept sacred from the unhallowed multitude, who neither know nor esteem those hidden treasures she carries about her. And think not that by the multitude I only mean the common rank of men; no, under that class I number all who are strangers to real knowledge, be they peers or be they princes. But, whoever is possessed of those qualifications I have been mentioning, and with them attempts

the study and execution of poetry, I say, his name will be famous, and held in veneration, wherever politeness extends its influence. As to what you say of your son's not esteeming the poetry of his own country, I don't think he is quite right in that opinion, and for this reason: the mighty Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, for the same reason that he was a Roman; and, in general, every one of the ancient poets wrote in the language of his own country, and did not seek for another to clothe the majesty of his ideas. As this is the case, I think it should be a prevailing maxim in all countries; nor should we undervalue the German poet for writing in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his: but, perhaps, your son does not dislike Spanish poetry, but Spanish poets, as being destitute of the knowledge of other languages or sciences, that might contribute to cultivate, assist, and enliven their own natural genius; and even this prejudice might be carried too far; for the maxim that a poet is born with his talent, is certainly just; that is, a real poet comes forth a poet into the world, and with this natural endowment, implanted in him by his Creator, produces, without the help of study or cultivation, such things as verify that of the poets when they say, "*Eft Deus in nobis.*" One so born a poet, if he cultivates his genius by the assistance of art, must be much better, nay, greatly preferable to him who, without natural fire, attains to the knowledge of the rules only; for it is obvious, that as art does not exceed nature, but serves to polish and bring it to perfection, so art assisting nature, and nature so assisted by art, form the accomplished poet. To conclude, Signior, my advice is, that your son should be allowed to follow the bent of his own inclination; and as he must be already an exceeding good scholar, having mastered the learned languages, which may be looked upon as having mounted the first steps in his progress to the seat of the sciences, by the assistance of that knowledge he will be able, without

more

more help, to climb to the top of human literature, which as much adorns and sets off a gentleman as a mitre does a bishop, or the long-robe the counsel learned in the law. If you find him writing satires injurious to private characters, burn his works, and rebuke him; but if he composes discourses, that comprehend for their subject of satire vice in general, as Horace did with so much elegance, then commend him: for, though it be unlawful to mark and single out particular persons, it is allowable to write against particular vices; for example, to write against envy, or to lash the envious, and so of others. Here are some poets, indeed, who, rather, than baulk their fancy of saying a smart thing, will risk being sent to the isles of Pontus. As the manners, so will the verses be; if the former are chaste, the latter will be so likewise. Writing is the interpreter of the mind, which will always produce what is consonant to its own native conceptions; and when kings, and the great men of the earth, once see this wonderful gift of poetry employed on subjects of wisdom, virtue, and dignity, they bestow marks of honour, esteem, and munificence upon the poet; they crown him from the leaves of that tree which is proof against the glancing thunderbolt, emblematically denoting, that such as wear that crown ought to be secure against all hurt or offence.

The traveller wondered so much at Don Quixote's discourse, that he began to be staggered in his mind, whether he was a madman or not. But as this conversation did not altogether hit Sancho's taste, he had, in the midst of it, gone out of the road, to beg a little milk of some shepherds who were milking ewes hard by; and the gentleman in green, who seemed very fond of the good sense and ingenious conversation of Don Quixote, was going to renew their dialogue, when the Don, suddenly lifting up his eyes, saw a carriage with the king's colours meeting them upon the road, and taking this for some new adventure, called to Sancho to bring his helmet. Sancho, hearing the voice of his master,

left the shepherds in great hurry, and mounting Dapple, arrived where Don Quixote was, to whom there happened a very terrible and tremendous adventure.

C H A P. XVII.

Which sets before the Reader that highest and most exalted Pinnacle, which the incredible Magnanimity of Don Quixote ever did, or ever could arrive at; with the happy Issue of the Adventure of the Lions.

THE history then proceeds to inform us, that when Don Quixote called upon Sancho to bring him his helmet, he, Sancho, was deep in bargain with the shepherds about some curds; and finding himself summoned in such violent haste by his master, was at a prodigious loss what to do with them; for he had paid for them, and could not bear the thoughts of losing his purchase: in this extremity he had recourse to his master's helmet, in which he safely stowed them, and hugging himself in this lucky thought, away he trotted to receive the commands of his lord and master, who desired him to deliver his helmet; 'For,' said he, 'if I know aught of adventures, that which I descry yonder will prove such a one as will oblige me to have recourse to arms.'

Don Diego, upon hearing this declaration, looked about him every where, but could discover nothing, except a carriage coming towards them, with two or three flying flags, by which he guessed the carriage might be loaded with some of the king's money, and mentioned this observation to Don Quixote, who minded not what he said, his brain wandering so upon adventures, that every thing must be one, and nothing but a series of one adventure upon the back of another; he therefore answered the gentleman to this effect: 'Sir, forewarned and fore-armed is half the day: I am not now to learn that I have enemies of all kinds, visible and invisible; neither know I the time, the place, the hour, nor under what appearance they will attack me.' With these words, turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho; who not having time to disengage

the curds from it, was obliged to deliver it, with that lining in the inside, to his master, who took it, and, without farther examination, clapped it in a great hurry upon his head, which pressing and squeezing the curds, the whey began to ooze down his head; and this circumstance so startled him, that he called out to Sancho, 'What can this mean? Is my skull softening, or my brains melting, or do I sweat from head to foot? Surely, this I can say, that if I do sweat, it is not through fear, though I am fully persuaded this will prove a most terrible adventure. If you have got any thing, let me have it to wipe me; for this deluge of sweat blinds my eyes.' Sancho replied not, but gave him a cloth, and with it sent up his thanks to the Almighty, that his master had not found out what it was. Don Quixote, after rubbing himself, took off his helmet, to see what it was that sat so cool upon his head, and, perceiving something white and clotted, put it to his nose, and snuffed at it. 'By the life of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso,' cried he, 'thou hast put curds into my helmet, thou traitor, thou ill-bred squire.' To which apostrophe Sancho answered with great unconcern and tranquillity, 'If they are curds, let me have them to eat; but the devil ought rather to eat them, for I am sure it must be he who put them there. I offer to defile your worship's helmet! in good troth, I can perceive, by the help of that understanding God has given me, that I am not without my enchanter, too, who are at me, as a sort of member and limb of your worship; and I'll be sworn, have put that nastiness there, to instigate your worship to wrath against me, and stir up your worship to anoint my ribs in the manner your worship was wont to do. But this time they have missed their aim, I trow, as I can depend upon the just sentence of my master, who will easily weigh with himself, that I had neither curds, cream, nor any such stuff; and that, if I had, it was more likely I should have crammed them into my own guts than put them into his worship's helmet.'—'All this is possible,' cried Don Quixote:

Quixote: and all this the other gentleman saw, and saw with astonishment, more especially when our hero, after having cleaned his head, beard, chops, and helmet, clapped the latter upon his skull, and fixing himself in his seat, tried whether or not his sword could be easily drawn; then grasping his spear, 'Now,' cried he, 'happen what will happen, here am I, determined for the combat, should the prince of the evil spirits set himself in battle array against me.'

By this time the carriage with the streamers was come up, attended only by the driver (who rode one of the mules) and a man who sat upon the fore-part of it. Don Quixote wedged himself directly in their way, and called out, 'Whither, my brethren, are you bound? what carriage is this? what does it contain? what ensigns are those displayed?' To which interrogations the waggoner replied, 'The carriage itself belongs to me; and within are two savage lions, which the general of Oran sends to court to his majesty: the streamers are the ensigns of our lord the king, to shew that what is here contained belongs to the crown.' 'Are these lions large?' answered Don Quixote. 'So large,' replied the man who sat on the fore-part of the waggon, 'that lions of a more monstrous size never came from Barbary into this kingdom. I am their keeper, and have had several under my charge before now, but never any so big as they: there is a male and female; the he is in the first cage, and the female in the other: they are now ravenous with hunger, having had no food to-day, and therefore I must entreat you to get out of the way, as we must make haste to the place where they are to be fed.' To which entreaty, Don Quixote answered with a half smile, 'What are your lion whelps to me, and at this time of day too! are lion whelps brought against me! I'll make those who sent them hither—yes, by the holy God! I'll make them see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Come, honest friend, get off; and as you are their keeper, open the cages, and turn them out; for, in the midst of
this

this plain, will I make the savage beasts of the wilderness know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in defiance of the inchanters who have sent them against me.'

'Aha!' said Don Diego to himself, 'I think our Knight of the Rueful Countenance has now given us a pretty incontestible sample of what he is; these curds have certainly soaked his skull, and suppurated his brains.' Then Sancho came up to Diego, and said, 'For God's sake, Signior, take care that my master's worship does not encounter these lions, or belike we shall all of us be tore to pieces.' 'What!' answered he, 'is your master then really so much out of his wits, that you believe and dread he will engage these savage monsters?' 'He is not out of his wits,' replied Sancho, 'but prodigious beld.'

'I'll make him give over,' answered the other; then going up to Don Quixote, who was pressing the keeper to open the cages, he said, 'Signior, gentlemen of the order of knights-errant ought to go upon adventures that have a probability of success, not such as are quite desperate; for that courage which is almost temerity, savours rather of madness than true fortitude. Besides, these lions do not come with any hostile design against you; no, they think of nothing less; they are going to be presented to the king; and as they are on their way to court, I think they should not be stopped in their journey.' 'Pray, good Signior,' said Don Quixote, 'if you will please to get away from hence, and look after your ferrets and decoy-partridges, do, and leave every one to mind his own business: this is my business, and it behoves me to know whether or not these lions come against me.' Then turning to the keeper, 'Sirrah,' said he, 'if you do not immediately open the cages, I swear by the living God, I will this instant pin you to the place where you sit.'

The carter seeing the obstinate resolution of this armed phantom who addressed him, begged, for the sake of charity, he would let him take off his mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions were uncaged.

uncaged. 'For should my cattle be slain,' said he, 'I am undone for ever, having nothing to depend upon for bread but this cart and these mules.'—'Man of little faith,' said Don Quixote, 'alight; take off thy mules, and do what thou wilt; but thou shalt quickly see thou hast laboured in vain, and that thou mightest have spared thyself this unnecessary trouble.'

The carter then got off, and unharnessed in great hurry; and the keeper spoke aloud, 'I call all present to witnes that I am forced against my will to open the cages, and let loose the lions; and I here declare, that this gentleman is chargeable with, and answerable for, all the harm they shall do, as also for my salary and perquisites over and above. And now, gentlemen, pray take care of yourselves, and get out of the way; for, as to me, I know they will do me no harm.' Don Diego again urged him to forbear attempting so extravagant an action, alledging it was tempting of God, to think of going about such a desperate undertaking. The other replied, that he knew what he did; and Don Diego once more desired him to think well of what he was about, as he was certain that he deceived himself. 'Signior,' said Don Quixote, 'if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will be a tragical adventure, set spurs to your mare, and provide for your own safety.' Sancho, upon this intimation, fell a blubbing, and earnestly besought him not to think of entering upon this adventure; 'For, in comparison of this,' said he, 'the windmills, the terrible adventure of the fulling-mill hammers, nay, all the exploits your worship has performed during the course of your life, are but custards and puff-paste. Consider, Sir,' continued he, 'that there can be no enchantment in this cage; I myself have peeped through the cage; and there I saw the claw of a real living lion; and sure I am, that the beast that owns such a claw must be bigger than a mountain.'—'Be he large or small,' answered Don Quixote, 'thy fear would magnify him to the bigness of one half of the globe. Be gone, leave me:

me: If I die, you know our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea. I say no more!' He spoke several other things, which shewed he was determined on what he was about, and that all attempts to dissuade him were in vain.

Don Diego would willingly have stopped him; but had neither weapons nor armour equal to the other's; and, besides, did not think it prudent to engage with a man who was frantick; for, by this time, he was convinced that Don Quixote was so in all respects; who still pressing the keeper, and repeating his threats, Don Diego clapped spurs to his mare, Sancho applied his heels to Dapple, the carter put forward his mules, and all endeavoured to get as fast out of the way as they could, before the beasts were let loose. Sancho deplored the fate of his master, who he believed was just going to be sacrificed by the lions: he bewailed his own hard fortune, and cursed the hour when he thought of serving him again; however, amidst the intenseness of his grief, he ceased not to punch and jog on his ass, that he might get from the cart as fast as possible. The keeper seeing that these run-aways were now safe at a sufficient distance, renewed his expostulations with Don Quixote, who said, 'I hear you, friend; but give yourself no more trouble with arguments or entreaties; it will all signify nothing; and therefore I desire you will make haste.'

While the keeper protracted the time in opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself, whether he had best alight for the combat, or continue on the back of Rozinante; and determined, at last, to fight on foot, lest his steed might take fright at the sight of the lions. Accordingly, he leaped upon the ground, threw away his lance, braced his shield, and drew his sword; in which attitude, approaching with great steadiness, he placed himself just before the cart, recommending himself, with great devotion, first to the protection of the Almighty, and then to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

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We must observe, that at this place the author of this history breaks out into pathetic exclamations, expressing himself to this purpose: O Don Quixote de La Mancha! renowned for fortitude, brave beyond human expression; thou mirror, in which all heroes of the earth may contemplate their own perfections! thou second and other Don Manuel de Leon, glory and ornament of Spanish knights! how shall I find words worthy to relate this matchless achievement: by what power of argument shall I make it gain credit among future generations? for what encomiums ever so exalted, even beyond the hyperbole, can there be but what thou deservest? On foot thou stood'st, collected within thy magnanimous self, with a sword far from being sharp, with a shield far from bright and shining; there, I say, didst thou stand waiting and expecting two of the fiercest lions that were ever yet engendered in the dens of Libya. I want words wherewithal to embellish thy great achievements; let thy own exploits, then, be the harbinger of thy praises, O heroick Manchegan!

The author here breaks off his exclamation, and proceeds in the recital of the history, saying,

The keeper seeing Don Quixote fixed in this posture, and finding himself under a necessity of letting loose the lion, to avoid the resentment of this enraged and intrepid hero, flung the door of the first cage open, where the lion appeared lying, of a monstrous bigness and terrifying aspect: he immediately turned himself round in the cage, put out one of his paws, and stretching himself at full length, yawned and gaped with great composure, and then, with a tongue of about half a yard long, cleaned his face and eyes; after which he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared around him with eyes like firebrands; a sight sufficient to have struck a damp into the most intrepid heart: but Don Quixote only fixed his eyes attentively upon him, wishing for the minute he would leap out of the cage, that he might engage and cut him in pieces; to such an unaccountable degree had his frenzy worked up his
disturbed

disturbed imagination. But the lion, naturally generous, and more inclinable to be gentle than rough, heeded not his bravadoes or flourishing: on the contrary, after having looked around him, as we have observed, turned about, and shewing our hero his backside, with great composure and tranquillity, laid himself down again to rest; which circumstance Don Quixote perceiving, ordered the keeper to rouse him by blows, and oblige him to come forth. 'Nay, that I wont,' said he; 'for, should I enrage him, he would immediately tear me to pieces. Come, Sir Knight, be contented with what you have done, which is all that can be expected from any man's courage, and give over tempting fortune any more. The door of his cage is open, and he may come forth, or not, as he pleases; but as he has not come out now, he will not all day. The intrepidity of your worship's valour is sufficiently vouched. I apprehend the bravery of no combatant needs do more than challenge his adversary, and await him in the field; and if the enemy won't meet him, the imputation of cowardice lies with him, and the crown of victory devolves upon the other.' 'You say true,' said Don Quixote: 'shut the door, my friend; and let me have, under your hand, in the best manner you are able to draw it, a certificate of what you have now seen; for I think it is highly fitting mankind should know that you opened the lion's cage; that I waited for him, and he came not out; and, that I waited for him again, and he came not out; and that again he laid himself down. I am not bound to do any more; so enchantments avaunt, and God prosper truth, justice, and noble chivalry! Shut the door, therefore, and I will wave a signal for those who have run off to return, and have an account of this action from your own mouth.'

The keeper obeyed; and Don Quixote clapping upon the point of his lance the cloth Sancho had given him to wipe off the curds, called out to them who were still pursuing their flight, and at every step, all in a body, turning about their heads, and Don Diego leading them on; but Sancho chancing to espy the signal of the linen

cloth, 'I'll be bound to be crucified,' said he, 'if my master has not got the better of the lions; for he now calls to us.' They all stopped, and perceived it was Don Quixote who made the sign; upon which the violence of their terrors somewhat abated, and they approached nearer and nearer by degrees, till they could distinctly hear the voice of Don Quixote calling to them; at last they came back to the cart, and Don Quixote said to the carter, 'Harness your mules again, my friend, and go on in your journey; and, Sancho, give him and the keeper two crowns of gold as a recompence for the time I have detained them.' 'That I will most willingly do: but where are the lions, dead or alive?' Then the keeper very circumstantially, and dividing his discourse with great propriety, gave an account of the issue of this adventure, exaggerating with all his might, and all the power of rhetoric he could muster up, the courage of Don Quixote: 'At sight of whom,' said he, 'the lion, overawed, would not, or rather durst not, venture out of the cage, though I held the door open a considerable time; and that, upon remonstrating to the great knight, that it was tempting of God to provoke the lion so far as to oblige him to come out by force, as he wanted him to have done, and was going to make him do whether he would or not, his honour had suffered the cage door to be shut.' Sancho, said Don Quixote, 'what dost thou think now; can enchantments avail aught against true courage? They may, indeed, and with ease, stand in the way of my good fortune; but of valour and resolution they never can deprive me.' Sancho gave the crowns to the people; the carter harnessed his mules, and the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hand for his liberality, and promised, when he arrived at court, he would give an account of this heroick achievement to his majesty himself. 'Should the king,' said Don Quixote, 'perchance enquire who performed it, tell him it was the Knight of the Lions; for I am determined that, from this time forward, the title I have been hitherto distinguished by, of Knight of the

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Rueful Countenance, shall be changed, bartered, and sunk, into that of Knight of the Lions; and in this alteration I imitate the example of knights-errant of old, who, as they pleased, altered their designations as it best suited their purposes.'

The carriage went forward; Don Quixote, Sancho, and the traveller in green, pursued their journey; and during all this time, Don Diego de Miranda was so attentive to remark and observe the actions of Don Quixote, that he had not opened his mouth; but looked upon him as a man whose good sense was blended with a strange sort of madness: the reason was, he knew as yet nothing of the first part of his history; had he read that, his amazement at the knight's words and actions would have vanished, as it would have cleared up to him the nature of his frenzy; but as he knew not that, he was at times divided in his opinion, sometimes believing him in his senses, and at other times thinking him frantic; because what he spoke was sensible, consistent, and genteelly expressed; but his actions discovered all the symptoms of wildness, folly, and temerity. 'For what greater sign of disorder,' said he to himself, 'can there be than for a man to clap on a helmet full of curds, and then take it into his head that some magician had liquified his skull? and what more certain proof of fool-hardiness and wild frenzy, than for a person, in spite of all that can be said to him, to resolve to engage lions?'

Don Quixote interrupted these reflections and soliloquy of his fellow-traveller, by saying, 'Signior Don Diego de Miranda, I don't doubt but that in your judgment I must pass for an extravagant madman; and, indeed, no wonder; for, to be sure, my actions would seem to declare me such; but, at the same time, I must beg leave to say to you, that I am not so disordered, or so bereft of understanding, as to you I may have seemed. The gay cavalier, who in burnished armour, before the ladies, prances over the lists, makes a gallant appearance! the adventurous knight too shews off

to great advantage, when, in the midst of the spacious square, in view of his prince, he transfixes the furious bull. And a noble appearance make those knights, who, in military exercises, or such like, are the life, spirit, and even honour of their prince's court. But a much more noble figure than all these makes the knight-errant, who, in the solitudes of the desert, through the almost impervious passage of the forest, and over the craggy mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, to bring them to a successful issue, and that only to obtain glory, honour, and an immortal name. A knight-errant, I say, makes a more glorious appearance, when he assists the widow in some solitary plain, than the courtier knight, when he lavishes his gallantry on a town-lady.

‘ All cavaliers have their different spheres, in which they act ; let the courtier pay his attendance to the ladies, adorn the court of his prince with the splendor of his equipage, entertain gentlemen of inferior fortunes with the hospitality of his sumptuous table ; let him propose matches of different exercise, and direct the jousts and tournaments ; let him shew himself splendid, liberal, and munificent ; and, above all, approve himself a good Christian : in acting thus, he will discharge the duties that belong to him. But for the knight-errant, let him explore the most hidden recesses of the universe, plunge into the perplexities of the labyrinths ; let him, at all times, not be afraid of even impossibilities ; in the barren, wasteful wilderness, let him defy the scorching rays of the solstitial sun, and the piercing chillings of the nipping frost. Lions must not frighten him, phantoms must not terrify him, nor dragons dismay him ; for, in searching after such, engaging with and getting the better of all difficulties, consists his true and proper occupation. It being my fortune, then, to be of this last order, I cannot, consistent with that, avoid engaging in whatever I deem to be part of the duty of my calling ; and for these reasons, though I knew that encountering the lions was in itself an act
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of the greatest temerity, yet it immediately belonged to my profession: I am very sensible that true fortitude is placed between the two extremes of cowardice and foolhardiness; but then, it is better valour should mount even to an over-daring hardiness, than be debased to pusillanimity; for, as the prodigal is more likely to become truly generous than the miser, so will the over courageous sooner be brought to true valour, than the coward to be courageous at all; and, in undertaking adventures, I assure you, Don Diego, it is much better to overdo than underdo; and much better does it sound in the ear of him to whom it is related, that a knight is daring and presumptuous, than that he is pusillanimous and faint-hearted.'

'Signior Don Quixote,' answered Diego, 'I think all you have said is consonant to the rule of right reason; and I am of opinion, that if the laws and statutes of true chivalry were lost, they would be found deposited and faithfully recorded in your breast: but if you please, we will put on, for it grows late; let us get towards my house and village, that you may have some rest, and taste of some refreshment after your late fatigue, which, if it does not weary the body, must be heavy upon the mind, the labours of which often affect the body likewise.'—'I accept of your invitation, Don Diego,' said the other, 'as a favour and mark of politeness.' And hastening forward a little quicker than they had done before, they arrived about two in the afternoon at the habitation of Diego, on whom Don Quixote bestowed the appellation of the Knight of the Green Surtout.

END OF BOOK I. PART II.



PART II. BOOK II.

C H A P. I.

Of what befel Don Quixote at the Castle or House of the Knight of the Green Surtout, with other out-of-the-way Matters.

DON Quixote found that Diego's house, like the houses of most country gentlemen, was large and roomy, with the arms of the family over the great gates, cut out in rough stone; the buttery was in the yard, the cellar was under the porch, and around were placed divers jars, which jars being of the manufactory of Toboso, recalled the memory of the metamorphosed and enchanted Dulcinea; upon which, without reflecting what he said, or before whom he poured out his sighs and tears, 'O dearest pledges,' said he, 'which now I find in bitterness of sorrow, but sweet and ravishing when Heaven's high will ordained it so. O jars of Toboso, which have recalled into my mind the dear idea of my greatest sorrow!' This exclamation was overheard by the young poet, Diego's son; who, along with his mother, had come down to receive Don Quixote. Both mother and son were struck with his uncouth figure; and he, alighting from Rozinante, with great good-breeding, begged leave to kiss the lady's hand. To which entreaty Don Diego added, 'Madam, receive with your usual politeness, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, knight-errant, whom I here introduce to you as a gentleman of the brightest parts and most intrepid courage of any in the world.' Donna Christina (for that was the lady's name) received him with all the marks of respect and esteem, and Don Quixote overpaid them in polite and mannerly acknowledgments; the same kind of intercourse passed between him and the young scholar, whom he took, by his conversation, to be a gentleman of vivacity and acuteness.

The author here minutely describes Don Diego's house, gives an inventory of the furniture usually contained in the house of a rich country gentleman; but the translators of this history have thought it adviseable not to mention these and such other particular matters, as being rather foreign from the main scope of this history, in which truth has more energy than needless and languid digressions.

Don Quixote was conducted into a hall, where Sancho disarmed him; after which, he remained in his other accoutrements, a pair of wide walloon breeches; and a shamoy-leather doublet, stained with the rust of his armour; his band was collegian, neither starched nor laced; his bulkins of the colour of dates, and his shoes of waxed leather: he girded upon his thigh his trusty sword, which hung at a belt of seal's skin, for it is believed he had been for some years troubled with an imbecility in his loins; and over all these was a long cloak of good grey cloth; but, before he stirred any farther, he applied to his face five or six pitchers (the precise number not being exactly ascertained) of fair water, which, nevertheless, still ran off exhibiting a whey colour; and it was undoubtedly owing to the irregular appetite of Sancho, and his having made the bargain for these nasty curds, that his master was now scoured so white and so clean. In this equipment, as here described, and with a gallant air and address, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the young gentleman of the house was waiting to receive and entertain him, till dinner should be got ready; for as to the Lady Donna Christina, she was busy in ordering matters so, upon the arrival of this noble guest, as to let it be seen she knew what reception to give those who came to visit under her roof.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (that was the name of Diego's son) took the opportunity of that leisure time to ask his father, who that knight was he had brought home to them; 'For,' said he, 'his name and his uncouth figure, and your telling

telling us, at the same time, that he is a knight-errant, puzzle both my mother and me prodigiously.—‘I know not,’ said Don Diego, ‘what answer to make you: all I can say is, I never saw a madman act more frantickly, and have heard him talk so very sensibly, as gave the lie to all his actions: but I would have you enter into conversation with him, and sound the depth of his understanding; you have sense enough, and therefore I would have you form a judgment of him according to your own observation: to say the truth, I myself am more inclined to believe him distracted than otherwise.’

Upon this intimation, Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as we have mentioned; who, among other discourse, said to Lorenzo, ‘Signior Don Diego de Miranda, your father, has been pleased to inform me a little of your great genius and good judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet.’—‘A poet, in some sense, I may be,’ said Lorenzo; ‘but a great one did I never so much as dare even in my own imagination to think myself. True it is, I am a little fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets; but don’t at all for that reason merit the title my father is pleased to bestow upon me.’—‘I love your reserve,’ said Don Quixote, ‘for poets are usually far removed from modesty, each thinking himself the greatest in the world.’—‘No rule holds universally,’ answered Lorenzo, ‘and there may be one who is really a great poet, and yet does not think himself so.’—‘There must be very few such,’ answered the other. ‘But, pray, Sir,’ continued he, ‘what verses are those you are about, which your father says make you so anxious and studious? for if it be commenting upon some theme, I know somewhat of the art of paraphrasing, and should be glad to see what your performance is; and if they are designed as a poetical prize, let me advise you to obtain the second, for the first is decreed in view of interest, or in favour of the great quality of some person; but merit carries the second: so that, according to the general practice of our universities, the third becomes the second, and

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the first the third; but, notwithstanding this acceptance, the name of the first makes a great shew.'—'So far, surely,' said Lorenzo to himself, 'this gentleman shews no signs of a disturbed understanding; but we'll go on.—Your worship, I presume, has been long at the schools: pray, Sir, what sciences have you addicted yourself to?'—'That of knight-errantry,' replied Don Quixote; 'a science equally sublime as your poetry; and, in my humble opinion, even mounted a few steps above it.'—'That science,' answered Lorenzo, 'I am hitherto a stranger to; it has not yet come within the extent of my knowledge.'—'It is a science,' answered the other, 'that includes in itself virtually, most, if not all the other sciences in the world; for he who professes it must be a civilian, and know the laws both of distributive and communicative justice, to determine, with equity and propriety, what lawfully and properly belongs to every individual: he must be a good divine and casuist, that he may, with clearness and precision, defend the principles of the Christian faith, which he professes, as often as he shall be required so to do: he ought to be a physician, and particularly a botanist, that, in the midst of deserts and wildernesses, he may know those herbs that are of efficacy in curing wounds; for a knight-errant cannot at every turn have recourse to a surgeon. He ought to be an astronomer, to distinguish by the stars the time of the night, together with the climate and part of the globe on which he chances to be: he must be learned in the mathematics, for which he will frequently have occasion; and besides being adorned with all the theological and cardinal virtues, he ought to descend to other minute branches of science. I say, for example, he must know how to swim like an herring, to shoe an horse, to mend a saddle and bridle; and, returning to what we have observed above, he must preserve his fealty to God and his mistress; he must be chaste in thought, decent in speech, liberal in action, valiant in exploits, patient in toil, charitable with the needy; and finally, an asserter of truth,

truth, even though the defence of it should cost him his life. Of all these great and small qualities is a good knight-errant composed; so that Signior Don Lorenzo may judge whether it be a snivelling science which is learned and professed by a knight-errant; and whether it may not be compared with the sublimest which are taught in colleges and schools.'—'If that be the case,' replied Don Lorenzo, 'I affirm, that it has the advantage over all others.'—'How!' cried Don Quixote, 'if that be the case!'—'What I would say,' resumed Lorenzo, 'is, that I doubt whether there ever were or are knights-errants adorned with so many virtues.'—'I have often said what I am now going to repeat,' answered Don Quixote, 'that the greatest part of the world believes there never were knights-errant; and, in my opinion, if Heaven does not work a miracle to prove that they both did and do exist, whatever trouble may be taken will fail of success, as I know by repeated experience. I will not, therefore, spend time at present, in refuting and rectifying the error in which you and many others are involved; but my intention is to pray that Heaven will extricate you from your mistake, and give you to understand how advantageous and necessary knights-errant have been to the world in past ages, and how useful they might be to the present, were it the custom to solicit their assistance: but, now, for the sins of mankind, idleness, sloth, gluttony, and extravagance, prevail and triumph.' Here Don Lorenzo said within himself, 'Now hath our guest given us the slip; but, nevertheless, he is a whimsical madman, and I should be an idle fool, if I thought otherwise.'

In this place their discourse was interrupted by a call to table; and Don Diego asked his son, what he had fairly extracted from the genius of his guest. To this question he replied, 'All the best physicians and writers that the world contains, will not extract him fairly from the blotted sheet of his madness; but he is a party-coloured maniac, full of lucid intervals.'

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They sat down to eat, and their repast was such as Don Diego had said upon the road he was wont to bestow upon his friends whom he invited, neat, plentiful, and flavoury; but what yielded more satisfaction to Don Quixote, was the wonderful silence that prevailed over the whole house, which in this particular resembled a monastery of Carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly desired that Don Lorenzo would repeat the verses designed for the literary contest; and the young gentleman answered, 'Rather than appear one of those authors, who, when they are requested to rehearse their works, refuse to grant the favour, and, on the other hand, disgorge them upon those who have no inclination to hear them; I will repeat my gloss, from which I expect no reward, as I composed it solely with a view to exercise my genius.'—'It was the opinion of an ingenious friend of mine,' said Don Quixote, 'that no man ought to fatigue himself in glossing upon verses; because, as he observed, the gloss could never come up to the text; and very often, or indeed almost always, the gloss was foreign to the original proposition; besides, the laws of the gloss were extremely narrow, restricting the paraphraiser from the use of interrogations; and, "Said he," or, "I will say;" as well as from changing verbs into nouns, and altering the sentiment; with other ties and shackles incurred by those who try their fortune in this way, as you yourself undoubtedly know.'—'Verily, Signior Don Quixote,' cried Don Lorenzo, 'I am very desirous of entrapping your worship in false Latin; but it is not in my power, for you slip through my fingers like an eel.'—'I do not know,' answered the knight, 'what you mean by saying I slip through your fingers.'—'I will explain myself some other time,' replied Don Lorenzo; mean while, your worship will be pleased to hear the paraphrase and the text, which run thus—

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'THE TEXT.

' COULD I the moments past renew,
 ' Though fate should other joys deny;
 ' Or bring the future scenes to view
 ' In Time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

'THE GLOSS.

' AS all things perish and decay,
 ' So did that happiness I mourn;
 ' On silent pinion fleet away;
 ' Ah! never—never to return.
 ' At Fortune's feet forlorn I lie:
 ' Would she again propitious strew
 ' Her favours, who more blest than I,
 ' *Could I the moments past renew!*

' No pleasure, palm, or wreath, I claim,
 ' No wealth or triumph seek to find;
 ' For all my wish, and all my aim,
 ' Is to retrieve my peace of mind.
 ' Ah, Fortune! thy returning smile
 ' Would change to bliss my destiny,
 ' And ev'ry gloomy thought beguile,
 ' *Though fate should other joys deny.*

' Fond wish! impossible and vain:
 ' Ho pow'r on this terrestrial ball
 ' Can Time's unwearied foot detain,
 ' Or his accomplish'd flight recall.
 ' He forward flies, nor looks behind;
 ' And those misfortune will pursue,
 ' Who hope this fugitive to bind,
 ' *Or bring the future scenes to view.*

' Perplex'd with hopes and fears I live,
 ' Tho' death at once would ease my pain;
 ' What folly, then, for me to grieve,
 ' Who can that easy cure obtain?
 ' No! yet a wiser course I'll steer,
 ' Resolv'd my fortune still to try,
 ' Until those happier days appear,
 ' *In Time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.'*

Don Lorenzo no sooner concluded his paraphrase, than Don Quixote starting up, took the young gentleman by the right-hand, and raising his voice even almost to a halloo, pronounced, 'Now, by the Heaven of heavens! noble youth, you are the best poet in the world, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus or Gaeta, (as an author said, whom God pardon,) but by the academy of Athens, did it now subsist, and by those of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca, which are still in being. Heaven grant that those judges who deny you the first prize, may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muses may never deign to cross the thresholds of their doors. Signior, let me hear, if you please, some of your more majestick verses, that I may be thoroughly acquainted with the pulse of your admirable genius.' Is it not diverting to observe, that Don Lorenzo was pleased with the applause of Don Quixote, although he considered him as a madman? O influence of flattery, how far dost thou extend! and how unlimited are the limits of thy agreeable jurisdiction! This truth is verified in the behaviour of Lorenzo; who, in compliance with the desire and intreaty of the knight, repeated this sonnet on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

SONNET.

FAIR Thisbe's charms what bulwarks could withstand!

They pierc'd e'en to her gallant lover's soul,

And Cupid hasten'd from the Cyprian strand,

To view the narrow paths by which they stole.

Here silence spoke; and through that narrow breach,

Which e'en the timid voice durst not essay,

Th' intrepid souls to perfect union stretch,

Inspir'd, impower'd, by love's almighty sway.

Th' ill-fated pair to death untimely came

With flow'ry pleasure's tempting bait intic'd:

By the same poignard, monument, and fame,

At once destroy'd, enclos'd, immortaliz'd.

VOL. IV.

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' Blessed

‘Blessed be God!’ cried Don Quixote, when he had heard the sonnet of Don Lorenzo, ‘that, amidst the infinite number of consumptive poets that now exist, I have found one consummate, as your worship has plainly evinced yourself, by the art and execution of those stanzas.’

The knight was sumptuously regaled in the house of Don Diego for the space of four days; at the expiration of which he thanked his entertainer for the noble treatment he had received from his hospitality, and begged leave to depart; for, as it did not become knights-errant to devote much time to ease and banqueting, he was desirous of fulfilling the duty of his profession in seeking adventures, with which he understood that country abounded, and in which he hoped to employ the time till the day of the tournament of Saragossa, whither he was bound; but, first of all, he was resolved to enter the cave of Montesinos, about which so many strange stories were recounted all over that neighbourhood, that he might investigate and discover the origin and real springs of the seven lakes of Ruyderra. Don Diego and his son applauded the glorious design, and desired he would supply himself with whatever their house or fortune could afford; for they would, with the utmost good will, perform that service, which they equally owed to his personal valour, and honourable profession. At length arrived the day of his departure, as joyful to the knight as dismal and unfortunate to Sancho Panza, who had lived so much at his ease amidst the plenty of Don Diego’s house, that he could not, without reluctance, return to the hunger that prevails in dreary forests, and to the poverty of his ill-provided bags, which, however, he now took care to fill and stuff with what he thought most necessary for his occasions.

At parting, Don Quixote addressing himself to Don Lorenzo, ‘I know not,’ said he, ‘whether I have already told your worship, but if I have, let me now repeat the intimation, that when you are inclined to take

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the shortest and easiest road to the inaccessible summit of the temple of fame, you have no more to do, but to leave on one side the path of poetry, which is pretty narrow, and follow that of knight-errantry, which, though the narrowest of all others, will conduct you to the throne of empire, in the turning of a straw.' With this advice did the knight, as it were, sum up the process of his madness; which, however, was still more manifest in this addition: 'Heaven knows what pleasure I should feel in the company and association of Don Lorenzo, whom I would teach, by my own example, to spare the fallen, and trample the haughty under foot; virtues annexed to the order I profess: but as his tender years do not require such tutorage, nor would his laudable exercises permit him to pursue my steps, I shall content myself with assuring his worship, that being a poet, he may certainly acquire renown, if he will conduct himself rather by the opinion of others, than his own; for no parent ever thought his own offspring ugly, and this prejudice is still more strong towards the children of the understanding.'

Both father and son admired anew the strange medley of Don Quixote's discourse, in which so much discretion and madness were jumbled together; and were astonished at the wilfulness and obstinacy with which he was so wholly bent upon the search of his misadventurous adventures, that constituted the very aim of all his desires. Nevertheless, they repeated their offers of service and civility; and, with the good leave of the lady of the castle, Don Quixote and Sancho set out on Rozinante and Dapple.

C H A P. II.

In which is recounted the Adventure of the Enamoured Shepherd; with other truly diverting Incidents.

A Little way Don Quixote had travelled from the habitation of Don Diego, when he was joined by two persons dressed like ecclesiastics, or students, and a couple of labouring men mounted upon asses: behind

one of the students was a bundle wrapped up in green buckram, seemingly consisting of some linen and two pair of coarse thread stockings; while the other was encumbered with nothing but a couple of new black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things, which discovered and gave notice, that they were on their return from some great town, where they had made a purchase, and were bringing it home to their own village; and they, as well as the students, were seized with that admiration which was incident to all those who for the first time beheld Don Quixote; indeed, they burned with curiosity to know what sort of a creature he was, so different in appearance from other men.

The knight saluted them courteously; and understanding their road was the same route that he designed to follow, made a proffer of his company, at the same time begging they would slacken their pace, as the beasts travelled faster than his horse. In order to facilitate their compliance with his request, he briefly told them who he was, made them acquainted with his office and profession, which was chivalry, and observed that he was going in quest of adventures through all parts of the world; giving them to understand, that his proper name was Don Quixote de La Mancha, and his appellative the Knight of the Lions.

All this information was Greek or gibberish to the countrymen, but not to the students, who immediately discovered the weakness of Don Quixote's brain; nevertheless, they beheld him with admiration; and one of them, in a respectful manner, accosted him thus: 'If your worship, Sir Knight, follows no determined road, as those who go in quest of adventures seldom do, be so good as to accompany us, and you will be an eye-witness of one of the most splendid and opulent weddings that ever was celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues around.'

When Don Quixote asked if it was the marriage of any prince, which he so highly extolled, the other replied

plied, 'It is no other than the bridal of a farmer and a country maid; he the richest of all this neighbourhood, and she the comeliest that ever man beheld. The preparations are new and extraordinary; for the marriage is to be celebrated in a meadow adjoining to the village of the bride, who, by way of excellency, is called Quiteria the Beautiful; and the bridegroom is known by the appellation of Camacho the Rich: she is but eighteen, and he turned of twenty, so that they are extremely well matched; though some curious persons, who remember all the pedigrees in the world, are pleased to say, that her family has in that respect the advantage of Camacho's: but now a days these circumstances are altogether overlooked; for wealth is able to repair a number of flaws. In a word, Camacho is liberal, and has taken it in his head to overshadow and cover the whole meadow in such a manner, that the sun will find some difficulty in penetrating, so as to visit the verdant plants with which the ground is adorned. He has likewise bespoke choice chancers, both with swords and morrice bells; for there are people in the village who can jingle and snap to perfection; not to mention your shoe-flappers, a power of whom are summoned to the nuptials: but none of those things I have mentioned, or of a great many circumstances I have left untold, are likely to render the marriage so memorable as the behaviour which is on this occasion expected from the rejected Basilius.

'This Basilius is a neighbouring swain, and townsman of Quiteria; and there is nothing but a partition wall between his house and that of her parents, whence Cupid took occasion to renew the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basilius became enamoured of Quiteria even from his tender years, and she smiled upon his passion with all manner of honourable indulgence; insomuch that the love of the two children, Basilius and Quiteria, furnished entertainment and discourse for the whole village. As their age increased, Quiteria's father resolved to forbid Basilius the usual

access he had to his house; and, to free himself from all sorts of jealousy and suspicion, proposed a match between his daughter and the rich Camacho, thinking it would not be so well to give her away to Basilius, to whom fortune had not been so kind as nature; though, to tell the truth, without envy or affection, he is the most active young man we know, an expert pitcher of the bar, an excellent wrestler, and great judge of hand-ball: he runs like a deer, leaps nimbler than a goat, plays at nine-pins as if he used enchantment, sings like a sky-lark, touches the guitar so as to make it perfectly speak, and handles a foil like the best fencer in the world.' 'For that sole accomplishment,' cried Don Quixote, 'the young man deserves not only to be married to the beautiful Quiteria, but even to Queen Ginebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Lancelot, and all those who should endeavour to oppose the match.' 'Let my wife alone for that,' said Sancho Panza, who had hitherto travelled in silent attention; 'she, good woman, would have every body match with his equal, sticking to the old proverb, that says, Let every goose a gander chuse. What I would willingly see is the marriage of this worthy Basilius; for he has already got my good-will, with that same lady Quiteria; and God grant them peace and plenty, and rest their souls in heaven—[his meaning was quite the reverse]—who prevent lovers from marrying according to their inclinations.' 'If that was always the case,' replied Don Quixote, 'parents would be deprived of that election and jurisdiction they possess, to marry their children when and how they shall think proper; and if every daughter was at liberty to indulge her own inclination in the choice of an husband, one would perhaps chuse her father's servant, and another place her affection upon some gaudy coxcomb, whom she might chance to see passing along the street, even though he should be a disorderly ruffian: for love and affection easily blind the eyes of the understanding, which are so necessary towards the settlement of one's condition in life;

life; and as we are apt to commit very important mistakes in the article of matrimony, it requires great caution, as well as the particular favour of Heaven, to succeed in the choice of a wife. A prudent man, who is resolved to undertake a long journey, will, before he sets out, endeavour to find a safe, quiet, and agreeable fellow-traveller. Then why should not the same pains be taken by the man who is going to travel through the whole journey of life? especially in the choice of a companion for bed, board, and every other purpose for which the wife is subservient to the husband: a man's own wedded wife is not like a commodity which being once bought, may be bartered, exchanged, or returned, but is an inseparable appendage that lasts for life.

‘Marriage is a noote, into which if the neck should happen to slip, it becomes inexplicable as the Gordian knot, and cannot be undone till cut asunder by the scythe of death. Much more could I add upon this subject, if I were not prevented by the desire I have to know whether Mr. Licentiate has any thing farther to entertain us with relative to the history of Basilus.’ To this hint the other (call him scholar, batchelor, or licentiate) replied, ‘I have not any thing material to add, but that from the time he understood Quiteria was to be married to Camacho the Rich, he was never seen to smile, or heard to speak consistently: he is thoughtful and melancholy, talks to himself; all which are undoubtedly symptoms of a disordered mind. He scarce either eats or sleeps; and what little he does eat is fruit; when he sleeps at all it is upon the bare ground, and in the open air, like the beasts of the field. He every now and then looks up to heaven; at other times, like one stupid, fixes his eyes on the ground, and seems as if he was a cloathed statue, with the drapery flowing to the gales of the wind: in a word, he gives such indications of a fatal passion, that we believe for certain, when Quiteria to-morrow pronounces the word ‘Yes,’ she will in that seal the sentence of his death.’

‘God

‘God will order things better,’ said Sancho: ‘for he inflicts the wound, and will also perform the cure. No one knows what may happen; there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow, and in one hour, even in a moment, down comes the house: I have myself seen sun-shine and rain at the same time; a man goes to bed well at night, but cannot bestir himself next morning. Let me know, the best of ye, if any man can brag of having put a spoke in fortune’s wheel? No one, to be sure; and between the Yes and No of a woman, I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin, and that for a weighty reason, because there would not be room for it: if you will only allow me one thing, that Quiteria loves Basilius, I’ll yet engage to give him a wallet full of good luck: for I have been told, that love wears a pair of spectacles, which spectacles make copper look like gold, and poverty appear to be riches, and specks in the eyes to seem like pearls.’ ‘A curse on thee!’ cried Don Quixote: ‘what is it thou wouldst be at! Once thou art set in to stringing thy proverbs, none but Judas, with whom I wish thou wert, can have patience to hear thee out! Say, animal, what knowest thou about spokes or wheels, or any other thing whatsoever?’ ‘O! since you do not understand me,’ answered the squire, ‘no wonder you think it nonsense what I say; but that signifies nothing: I understand myself, nor have I said many nonsensical things yet, only your worship always plays the cricket upon my words and actions.’ ‘God confound thee, thou confounder of all language!’ said Don Quixote. ‘Cricket! I suppose thou meanest critick.’ ‘As to that matter, Sir,’ said Sancho, ‘be not too severe upon me; you may know I was neither bred at court, nor studied at Salamanca, to know when I am right in the letter of a word; and as I hope for mercy from God, I think it unreasonable to expect that the Sayagues * should speak in the same manner as the Toledans; though, for that matter, there are Toledans who are not more nice than

* Poor people that live about Zamora,

other folks at the work of speaking properly.' 'Very true,' said the licentiate; 'for how should a man, whose business is in the tan yards, and in the Zocodover †, speak so good language as they who do nothing but walk from morning to night in the cloysters of the cathedral? and yet they are all Toledans: on the other hand, purity, propriety, elegance, and perspicuity, are to be found among polite people of sense, though they be natives of Majalahonda; I say people of sense, because so great a number of people are not so, and sense is the foundation of good language, assisted by custom and use. I must tell you, gentlemen, it has pleased God, for my sins, that I have studied the canon law at Salamanca, and I pique myself a little on being able to converse in clear, easy, and expressive language.' 'If you had not piqued yourself more upon your dexterity at these good-for-nothing foils you carry about with you, than upon your knowledge in languages, instead of lagging the hindmost, you might have been at the head of your class,' said the other student. 'I tell you, Mr. Batchelor, that you are the most prejudiced man in the world, in that respect, for treating dexterity at the sword as a matter of no signification.' 'It is no prejudice with me, it is a confirmed opinion and truth,' replied Corchuelo; 'and if you please to make the experiment, I will convince you. You carry only foils now along with you, and an opportunity offers; words I'll shew you that I have nerves and strength, backed with such courage as will prove sufficient to demonstrate to you that my opinion is not the effect of pre-judice; get off your ais, and try your measured distances, your wheelings, your longes, and art of detaching Salience; and I'll engage, with only the plain rustick skill I have, to make you see the stars at noon-day; for I think I trust under God, the man is yet unborn who can make me turn my back; nor have I met with any man for whom I will not oblige to give ground.' 'As to turning

other † Zocodover, a square in Toledo, like Smithfield, where cattle are sold.

turning your back, or not turning your back, that is none of my business,' replied the master of the science; 'though it is not impossible but that the first spot you fix your foot on may prove your burying ground: I mean, it is possible you may be left dead there, for slighting the noble science of defence.' 'That we shall see presently,' replied Corchuelo, jumping hastily upon the ground, and snatching with great fury one of the foils, which the other carried upon his ass.

Here Don Quixote cried out, 'Not so, by heaven! I will be umpire of this fencing-match, and judge of this long-controverted dispute.' So saying, he alighted from Rozinante, and grasping his lance, planted himself in the very middle of the road, just as master licentiate, in a masterly posture, and regular advances, was making towards Corchuelo, who ran at him with fire, as the saying is, flashing from his eyes; while the two country fellows, without dismounting, sat still as spectators of this most deadly tragedy. Corchuelo assailed him every way with high strokes, low strokes, back-strokes, cuts, thrusts, slashes out of number, and as thick as hail; in short, he fell upon the licentiate like an enraged lion, but was checked a little in the career of his fury by a smart push in the mouth from the licentiate's foil, which made him kiss the button, though with less devotion than if it had been a relick. In a word, the licentiate, by skilful and well-planted thrusts, counted the buttons of his cassock, and went through it so often, that it hung in rags like the tails of the polypus: twice was Corchuelo's hat struck off; and so spent was he, that in rage and spite, and furious choler, he flung the foil into the air with so much force, that one of the countrymen, who went to fetch it, being a kind of scold-vener, declared upon oath, that it went near three quarters of a league; which affidavit being preserved has been, and is, a testimony to demonstrate that art prevails over strength.

Corchuelo, quite tired out, sat down; and Sancho going up to him, 'Mr. Batchelor,' said he, 'if you

will

will be ruled by me, from henceforth challenge no one to fence, but dare them to wrestle and pitch the bar, since now you are of a proper age and strength for that exercise; for I have heard say of these fencers, that they can thrust you the point of a sword through the eye of a needle.' 'I am now convinced,' answered Corchuelo, 'and am taught by experience a truth I could not otherwise have believed.'

So getting up, he went and embraced his adversary, and they were now better friends than ever. The company not being willing to wait for the scrivener, who was gone after the foil, imagining he might be too long absent, resolved to put forward as fast as they could, that they might arrive early at Quiteria's village, whither they were all going. As they travelled on their way, the licentiate demonstrated to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, by such convincing arguments, drawn from the nature of truth and mathematical certainty, that every one was convinced of the usefulness of the science; and Corchuelo particularly was made a convert, and entirely cured of his obstinacy.

The night was just fallen, and before they came to the village, it seemed as if something like a heaven full of an infinite number of bright stars was between them and it; they likewise heard an harmonious but mixed sound of flutes, tambourines, psalters, cymbals, drums, and bells. As they came nearer, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, which was made on one side of the entrance into the village; and this all flaming with lights, which were not in the least disturbed by the wind; for the evening was so calm, that there was not a breath of air, so much as to move a leaf upon a tree. But the life and spirit of the wedding consisted in the musicians, who in bands ranged up and down that delightful place, some singing, some dancing, and others playing upon the different instruments. In a word, it looked as if joy and delight were sporting and playing through this meadow: a great

great many were employed in raising scaffolds, that they might view from them more commodiously the plays and dances which were to be in that place, to solemnize the nuptials of Camacho the Rich, and the obsequies of Basilius. Don Quixote refused to enter the village, though both the batchelor and the countryman invited him: but he pleaded what he thought a sufficient excuse, the custom of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests, rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs; and therefore he turned a little aside, grievously against the will of Sancho, who had not yet forgotten the good lodgings he had enjoyed in the house of Don Diego.

CHAP. III.

An Account of the Wedding of Camacho the Rich, and what happened to Basilius the Poor.

THE fair Aurora had hardly allowed Phoebus time to dry up the liquid pearls that hung upon his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking from his limbs the drowsy fetters of sloth, got upon his legs, and called to Sancho Panza, who lay stretched along, and sleeping; which situation his master seeing, before he awakened him, broke out into this soliloquy: 'Happy thou, and blessed beyond the fate of other mortals, who, neither envying nor envied, sleepest sound, with unconcern of soul! Enchanters neither persecute, nor enchantments terrify thee: sleep on, I say again, and a hundred times more I say, sleep on; no jealousies on account of a mistress torture thee with perpetual watchings; no anxious cares of paying debts awake thee; no solicitude how thou must to-morrow provide for thyself and little ones, breaks in upon thy slumbers. Ambitious views create thee no disquiet, nor the vain pomp of this empty world occasions thee any disturbance; thy concern is centered within the bounds of taking care of thyself; for, as to taking care of thy person, that is laid upon my shoulders; a charge and burden that both nature and custom have laid upon masters; the servant sleeps while

while the master is awake, and thinking how he shall maintain him, advance him in life, or do him some service. The uneasiness that arises from seeing the heavens, as it were, hard as brass, locked up, and refusing rain to cherish the earth, brings no anxiety upon the servant, but upon the master; who, in the days of dearth and famine, is bound to provide for him who served him in the time of abundant and plentiful harvest.'

To all this effusion Sancho answered not one word, for he was fast asleep, nor would have waked when he did, but that his master jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. He awaked yawning and drowsy; and turning his face every way, 'Umph!' said he, 'from yonder shady bower, if my nostrils deceive me not, proceeds rather the steam and savour of broiled rashers of bacon, than the fragrance of thyme and jessamine. O' my conscience! weddings that begin in this savoury manner, must needs, in truth, be magnificent and abundant.'—'Thou epicure,' said Don Quixote, 'have done, and let us go see this wedding, and what will be the fate of the slighted Basilius.'—'Let his fate be as it pleases,' quoth Sancho; 'what, he poor and marry Quiteria! A pretty fancy truly, for one not worth a groat to think of matching so high: 'tis my opinion, a man who is poor ought to bless God for what he finds, and not be diving to find truffles at the bottom of the sea. I'll lay a limb that Camacho can cover this same Basilius from head to foot with sixpenny pieces; and if this be so, as it certainly is, Quiteria would be a pretty lady of a bride, indeed, to refuse all the fine cloaths and fine things that, I warrant you, Camacho has given her already, and can give her still more; and to prefer, instead of them, a pitch at the bar truly, and a pass at the foils, which, it seems, make up Basilius's riches. Go into a tavern for a pint of wine, and see if they will take a pitch of the bar, or a clever push of the foils, in lieu of the reckoning: as for your abilities, and your refinements, and graces, that will bring in none of the

ready; Count Dirlos may have them for me: but when they happen to take their resting-place on a man who has wherewithal, O then, I wish no better than that my life may shew off as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good house may be raised; and the very best bottom and best foundation of any is wealth.'— 'Oh!' cried Don Quixote, 'have done; have done with this harangue: I do from my soul believe, if one would but suffer thee to go on, thou wouldst lose both thy eating and sleeping in talking.'— 'Was your worship possessed of a good memory,' replied Sancho, 'you would remember certain articles stipulated between us, before we sallied forth upon this expedition; one of which was, that I was to talk as much as I pleased, provided it was not scandal against my neighbour, or derogating from your worship's authority; and I imagine that nothing I have hitherto said is a breach of this agreement.'— 'I remember no such agreement,' said Don Quixote; 'but, allowing it to be so, it is my pleasure you should give over, and come attend me; for now the instruments we heard last evening send their chearing sounds through the vallies; and beyond all doubt the nuptials will not be put off to the sultry heat of the noon-day, but be solemnized in the fresh cool of the morning.'

Sancho did as he was commanded, and putting on Rozinante's saddle and Dapple's pannel, they both mounted, and gently walked their beasts into the artificial shade. The first object that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho, was an entire bullock spitted whole, upon an elm, roasting by a fire of wood of the size of a middling mountain, and round it six pots, but not such pots as are cast in common moulds, for they were half jars, and each of them contained a whole shamble of meat; whole sheep found room in them, and were stowed as commodiously as if they had been so many pigeons. There was an innumerable quantity of cased hares, and ready-plucked fowls that hung about the branches of the trees, ready to be swallowed up in
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these receivers; and an infinite number of wild-fowl, with vast quantities of venison, were likewise hanging about the trees, for the air to cool them. Sancho himself told above threescore skins, which, as it was afterwards discovered, were full of rich wines, every skin containing above twenty-four quarts. Loaves of the whitest bread were piled up like heaps of wheat on a threshing-floor; and such a quantity of cheese ranged in the form of bricks, as seemed a wall; two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, were ready for frying their fritters and pancakes; and when fried, they took them out with strong peels, and dipped them in another pot that stood by full of prepared honey. The cooks, men and women, amounted to above fifty, clean, good-humoured, and all busy; in the belly of the roasting bullock were sewed a dozen sucking pigs, to make it tender and savoury. Spices of all sorts, which seemed to have been bought by wholesale, and not by retail, stood in a vast chest. In short, the preparations for the wedding were indeed in a rustick taste, but in such plenty and profusion as might have feasted an army.

Sancho looked at every thing, attentively considered each particular, and was in raptures with the whole. But his whole heart and affections were chiefly captivated by the flesh pots; out of them he would have been glad, with all his heart, to have filled about a moderate barrel. Then the wine-skins made his bowels yearn; and after these the contents of the frying pans, if vessels of such immoderate size may be so called. He could hold out no longer; it was not in the power of his nature to contain himself; therefore up he went to one of the cooks, who was busy, and addressing himself to him with a humble and hungry air, begged that he might be permitted to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which request the cook replied, 'Hunger does not preside over this day, thanks be to Camacho the Rich; e'en alight, and see if thou canst find any where a ladle, and skim out a fowl or two, and much good may it do thy good heart.'—'I see no

ladle,' said Sancho. 'God forgive me all my sins!' cried the cook, 'what a poor helpless thing thou art! stay.' So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and dipping it at once into one of the half jar pots, brought up three pullets, and a couple of geese. 'Here,' said he, 'eat; make a breakfast of this scum, and see if you can stay your stomach with it till dinner time.'—'I have nothing to put it in,' said Sancho. 'Then take ladle and all,' replied the cook; 'for Camacho's riches and good fortune are sufficient to supply every thing.'

While Sancho Panza passed his time in this manner, Don Quixote was attentive in observing about a dozen of countrymen, who entered in at one side of this spacious arbour, mounted upon beautiful mares, each of them accoutred with rich and gay caparisons, and hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and coursed round the meadow in a body, and, in regular careers, several times, with a joyous Moorish shout, flourishing, and crying out, 'Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest of the universe.' Which exclamation, Don Quixote hearing, said within himself, 'It is evident they never have beheld the beauty of my Dulcinea del Toboso; had they ever been blessed with a sight of her transcendent charms, they would be more sparing in their praises of this their Quiteria.'

Some time after there entered, at different parts of the arbour, different sets of dancers; one of whom consisted of twenty-four sword dancers, all of them clean, well made, jolly swains, clad in fine white linen, and white handkerchiefs embroidered with silk of various colours. One of those who were mounted upon the mares asked a youth, who led the band of the sword-dancers, whether any of his companions had received any hurt? 'As yet,' replied the other, 'we are all safe and sound; thanks be to God, no one is wounded!' and immediately upon that mixed among his companions with so many twistings and windings, and with such dexterity, that though Don Quixote had been used to

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behold such dances, he never saw any he approved so much. Another dance likewise pleased him prodigiously; that was another chorus of twelve most beautiful damsels, of such an age, that none appeared under fourteen, nor did any seem to be quite eighteen; they were all clad in green stuff of Cuenca; their locks were, some plaited, some flowing loose, and all so fine and flaxen, as to rival those of Phœbus himself, and crowned with garlands of roses, of jessamine, and of woodbine. This beautiful bevy was led up to the dance by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, both more airy and agile than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their music; and with modesty in their looks and countenances, and lightness of foot, they danced and tripped it away the prettiest in the world. After these, entered an emblematic dance of eight nymphs divided into two bodies: the God of Love led one, and Interest the other; Cupid with his wings, his bow, his quiver, and arrows; Interest clad in gold, and silk of rich and various colours. The nymphs, attendants on Cupid, had their names displayed in white parchment, and capital letters on their backs: the first was named Poetry, the second Discretion, the third Pedigree, the fourth Bravery. The attendants on Interest were likewise characterised: the first was Liberality, the second Bounty, the third Treasure, the fourth Quiet Possession. The whole masque was preceded by a wooden castle, drawn by savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, and so savage they looked, that they had almost frightened Sancho. On the front, and on each of the four sides of this machine, were inscribed these words, 'The Castle of Discretion.' Four able musicians played on the tabor and the pipe. Cupid, who began the dance, after he had made two movements, lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood upon the battlements of the castle, to whom he pronounced this address—

- ' I am the God whose pow'r extends
- ' Thro' the wide ocean, earth, and sky;
- ' To my soft sway all nature bends,
- ' Compell'd by beauty to comply.
- ' Fearless, I rule, in calm and storm,
- ' Indulge my pleasure to the full;
- ' Things deem'd impossible perform,
- ' Bestow, resume, ordain, annul.'

Having repeated these stanzas, he shot an arrow to the top of the castle, and retired to his station. Then Interest advanced, and performed other two movements; after which the tabors were silent, and the power rehearsed these lines—

- ' My pow'r exceeds the might of Love,
- ' For Cupid bows to me alone;
- ' Of all things fram'd by Heav'n above,
- ' The most respected, fought, and known.
- ' My name is Interest, mine aid
- ' But few obtain, though all desire;
- ' Yet shall thy virtue, beauteous maid,
- ' My constant services acquire.'

Interest retiring, was succeeded by Poetry; who, after having performed his motions like the rest, fixed his eyes upon the lady of the castle, and said—

- ' Let Poetry, whose strain divine
- ' The wond'rous pow'r of song displays,
- ' His heart to thee, fair nymph, consign,
- ' Transported, in melodious lays:
- ' If haply, thou wilt not refuse
- ' To grant my supplicated boon,
- ' Thy fame shall, wafted by the muse,
- ' Surmount the circle of the moon.'

Poetry disappearing, Liberality advanced from the side of Interest, and, after several movements, repeated these lines—

- ' My name is Liberality,
- ' Alike beneficent and wise,
- ' To shun wild prodigality,
- ' And sordid avarice despise;

' Yet

- ‘ Yet, for thy favour lavish grown,
 ‘ A prodigal I mean to prove;
 ‘ An honourable vice, I own;
 ‘ But giving is the test of love.’

In this manner, all the figures of the two squadrons advanced and retired, every one performing his movements, and repeating his verses, some of which were elegant, and others foolish enough; but those we have inserted were all that Don Quixote could retain, although his memory was very tenacious: then mixing all together in the dance, they winded and turned with great ease, grace, and agility. Cupid, in passing, shot arrows at the castle, while Interest battered it with round gilded earthen pots: at length, after the dance had continued a good while, this last pulled out a large purse made of Roman cat-skin, to all appearance full of money, and throwing it at the castle, the boards seemed to be disjointed by the blow, and immediately fell asunder, leaving the damsel quite discovered and defenceless; then Interest, with the figures of his train, advancing, and throwing a great gold chain about her neck, seemed bent upon taking and dragging her into captivity. This design being perceived by Cupid and his partisans, they made an effort to release her, and all their motions were performed by the sound of the tabors, to which they danced and capered in concert. Then the savages interposing, and effecting an accommodation, refitted and rejoined the boards of the castle with admirable dispatch; the damsel enclosed herself anew; and thus the dance was finished, to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, what author had contrived and composed this entertainment; and being told it was the production of the parson, who had a rare noddle for such conceits, ‘I’ll lay a wager,’ said he, ‘that this same batchelor or curate is more a friend of Camacho than of Basilius; and that he is better acquainted with satire than prayer; for he has very artfully interwoven in this masque the talents of Basilius,
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and the wealth of his rival.' Sancho Panza overhearing this observation, 'My cock is the king,' said he; and I hold fast by Camacho.'—'Then am I convinced,' replied the knight, 'that Sancho is one of those low-born peasants, who cry, "Long life to the conqueror." 'I know not,' resumed the squire, 'what sect I am of; but this I know perfectly well, that I shall never skim from the flesh-pots of Basilius such a delicate scum as this that I have taken from the boilers of Camacho.' With these words, he produced the kettle full of geese and pullets, and, seizing a bird, began to eat with great glee and satisfaction; saying, in defiance of the talents possessed by Basilius, 'Thou art worth just as much as thou hast, and hast just as much as thou art worth. There are only two families in the world, as my grannum was wont to observe, the Have-somethings and Have-nothings: though she always stuck to the former; and now-a-days, my good master, we are more apt to feel the pulse of property than of wisdom. An ass with golden trappings makes a better appearance than a horse with a pack-saddle. Therefore, I say again, I hold fast by Camacho, the plentiful scum of whose pots contains geese, hares, and conies; while that of Basilius, if it comes to hand, or even if it should only come to the feet, is no better than dish-washings.'

'Sancho', cried Don Quixote, 'hast thou finished thy harangue?'—'It shall be finished,' replied the squire, 'as I see your worship is displeased with it; though, if your disgust had not fallen in the way, I had cut out work enough for three days.'—'Grant Heaven,' said the knight, 'that I may see thee dumb before I die!'—'At the rate we follow,' answered Panza, 'before your worship dies, my mouth will be crammed with clay, and then I may chance to be so dumb, that I shall not speak another word to the end of the world, or at least till the day of judgment.'—'Even should that be the case,' replied Don Quixote, 'I say unto thee, O Sancho! thy silence will never counterbalance what thou

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thou didst, dost, and wilt say, during the course of thy life ; moreover, according to the nature of things, the day of my death will happen before thine ; so that I have no hope of ever seeing thee silent, even while thou art drinking or sleeping, and that is the greatest favour I could expect.*

‘ In good sooth, Signior,’ said the squire, ‘ there is no trusting to Mrs. Ghostly, (I mean, death,) who gobbles up the goslin as well as the goose * ; and as I have heard our curate observe, tramples down the lofty turrets of the prince, as well as the lowly cottage of the swain. That same lady, who is more powerful than coy, knows not what it is to be dainty and squeamish ; but eats of every thing, and crams her wallet with people of all nations, degrees, and conditions ; she is none of your labourers that take this afternoon’s nap, but mows at all hours, cutting down the dry stubble as well as the green grass ; nor does she seem to chew, but rather swallows and devours every thing that falls in her way ; for she is gnawed by a dog’s hunger that is never satisfied ; and though she has no belly, plainly shews herself dropscical, and so thirsty as to drink up the lives of all the people upon earth, just as one would swallow a draught of cool water.’—‘ Enough, friend Sancho,’ cried the knight, interrupting him in this place ; ‘ keep thyself well, now thou art in order, and beware of stumbling again ; for, really a good preacher could not speak more to the purpose than thou hast spoken upon death, in thy rustic manner of expression : I say unto thee, Sancho, if thy discretion was equal to thy natural parts, thou mightest ascend the pulpit, and go about teaching and preaching to admiration.’—‘ He is a good preacher who is a good liver,’ answered Panza ; ‘ and that is all the divinity I know.’—‘ And that is sufficient,’ said the knight ; ‘ yet I shall never understand
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* In the original there is a play upon the words Descarnado, Cordero, and Carnero, which I have endeavoured to imitate, by substituting goose in the room of mutton, which is the literal meaning of the text.

or comprehend, as the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, how thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of thy Maker, should be so wise?'—'Signior,' replied Sancho, 'I desire your worship would determine in your own affairs of chivalry, without taking the trouble to judge of other peoples' valour or fears; for my own part, I am as pretty a fearer* of God as one would desire to see in any neighbour's child; wherefore beseech your worship, let me discuss this same scum for every thing else is idle chat, of which we shall be able to give a bad account in the other world.' So saying, he renewed his attack upon his kettle, with such keen appetite as awakened that of his maister, who would certainly have joined in the assault, had not he been prevented by that which we must now relate.

C H A P. IV.

Which continues to treat of Camacho's Wedding, and other Incidents.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversation related in the preceding chapter, they heard a great noise and shouting, raised by a company mounted on mares, galloping in full cry, to meet the young couple; who came surrounded by a thousand kinds of instruments, and accompanied by the curate, the relations, and all the creditable people of the neighbouring villages, in their holiday cloaths. Sancho, seeing the bride, exclaimed with marks of admiration, 'I'faith! she looks more like one of your gay court-dames, than a plain country-maid. Now by the biggest beads of my rosary! instead of a rich brooch*, her breast is bedizened with rich coral, and her hoyden-grey is turned into thirty-piled velvet; and her body o'me! the trimming is not of white linen, but of silk and sattin: then handle me her hands, set off with what? jewels of jet? No! let me never thrive, if they

* The patina was a small consecrated plate which the Spanish women, especially those of an inferior rank, wore upon their breasts.

an't decked with rings of gold! aye, and of massy gold, paved with pearls as white as a curd, every one of which is worth a Jew's eye. O the whore'son baggage! and such hair! if it is not false, I never saw any so long, and so fair in my born-days. Do but mind how buxom, strait, and tall she is, and see whether she may not be compared to a moving palm-tree, loaded with clusters of dates; for nothing can be more like the gewgaws and toys that hang from her hair and neck. By my salvation! the damsel is well covered, and might pass through all the banks of Flanders.' Don Quixote, though he smiled at the rustic praises of his squire, owned that, exclusive of his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, she was the most beautiful female he had ever seen.

Nevertheless, the fair Quiteria was paler than usual; and this change of complexion must have been owing to the bad night which brides always pass in adorning themselves for the approaching day of their nuptials. The company repaired to a theatre erected at one side of the meadow, and ornamented with carpets and boughs, where the ceremony was to be performed, and from whence they were to see the masques and other diversions; and they had just arrived at the place when their ears were saluted with a noise behind them, and a voice that pronounced, 'Stay a little, hasty and inconsiderate people.'—In consequence of this address, they turned about, and perceived it was uttered by a man clothed in a loose black coat, interspersed with crimson flames, crowned, as they soon perceived, with a chaplet of funeral cypress, and holding in his hand a truncheon of uncommon size. As he approached, he was known to be the gallant Basilius; at sight of whom they were surprized, and waited in suspense to see the issue of his exclamation, dreading some mischance from such an unseasonable visit. At length, wearied and breathless, he came up to the bride and bridegroom, and thrusting in the ground his staff that was pointed with steel, he fixed his eyes upon Quiteria, and with a pale aspect, and hoarse quavering voice, pronounced
these

these words: 'Thou well knowest, ungrateful Quixote, that, according to the holy faith we profess, thou canst not espouse another husband while I am alive; nor art thou ignorant, that while I waited until time and diligence should meliorate my fortune, I never sought to deviate from that decorum which thy honour required I should preserve; yet thou, disburdening thyself of all the obligations which thou owest to my honour and passion, hast made another person master of what is justly mine; a man whose wealth is not only subservient to his good fortune, but even renders him superlatively happy; which happiness, that he may enjoy to the full (not that I think he deserves it, but because it is the will of Heaven to bestow it) I will, with my own hands, remove the impossibility or inconvenience that may obstruct it, by taking myself out of the way. Long live, long live Camacho the Rich, with Quixote the Ungrateful, to enjoy many quiet and happy years; and death be the portion of the poor Basilius, whose poverty clipped the wings of his fortune, and laid him in an untimely grave.'

So saying, he laid hold of the staff which he had stuck in the earth, and drew from it a middling tuck which was concealed in it as in a scabbard; then fixing that which may be called the hilt on the ground, he threw himself, with great activity and resolution, upon the point, which in an instant came out bloody at his shoulder, leaving the unhappy youth weltering in gore and stretched upon the ground, transfixed with his own weapon. His friends immediately ran to his assistance, pierced with affliction at his misery and lamentable fate, and Don Quixote, dismounting, flew to his relief, he took him in his arms, and found that he had not as yet expired. They were inclined to withdraw the tuck; but the curate, who was present, gave his opinion that it should not be withdrawn before he had confessed himself, because his death would be the immediate consequence of pulling out the weapon. Meanwhile, Basilius recovering a little, said, in a faint and piteous

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one, ' Ah, cruel Quiteria ! wouldst thou, in this last and fatal agony, bestow upon me thy hand in marriage, I should deem my rashness exculpated, seeing by that I should acquire the happiness of calling thee my own.' The curate, hearing this address, exhorted him to employ his attention upon the health of his soul, rather than upon such carnal pleasures, and earnestly pray to God to pardon his sins, and in particular this last desperate determination. To this remonstrance Basilius replied, that he would by no means confess, until Quiteria should first grant him her hand ; a favour which would set his heart at rest, and give him spirits to undergo his confession.

Don Quixote hearing the petition of the wounded man, declared, in an audible voice, that Basilius requested nothing but what was just and reasonable, and besides very practicable ; and that Signior Camacho's honour would suffer no more in wedding Signora Quiteria as the widow of Basilius, than in receiving her from her father's own hands ; for here nothing was required but the monosyllable of assent, which could have no other effect than the trouble of pronouncing it, as the bridal bed must also be the tomb of such a marriage. Camacho heard the whole, which kept him in such confusion and suspense, that he knew not what to say or do : but the friends of Basilius were so clamorous in soliciting him to consent to Quiteria's giving her hand in marriage to the hapless youth, whose soul would otherwise perish in despair, that he was persuaded, and, as it were, compelled to say, that if his bride would grant that favour, he should be satisfied, as it would only for a moment delay the accomplishment of his desires. Immediately they surrounded Quiteria, whom with tears, entreaties, and other pathetic remonstrances, they pressed to give her hand to poor Basilius ; but she, more obdurate than marble, and more inflexible than a statue, neither could, would, or desired to answer one word : nor would she have made the least reply, had not the curate desired her to come to a speedy determination, for the soul of Ba-

silus being already between his teeth, would not afford long time for hesitation.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, without speaking one syllable, but seemingly disordered, sad, and sorrowful, advanced to the place where Basilius lay, with his eyes already fixed, breathing short and thick, murmuring the name of Quiteria, and, to all appearance, dying rather like an heathen than a Christian. The bride at length approaching, and kneeling before him, desired by signs he would hold out his hand: then Basilius unfixing his eyes, and stedfastly gazing upon her, 'O Quiteria!' said he, 'thou art become kind at a time when thy kindness must serve as a sword to finish my unfortunate life; seeing I have not strength enough left to obtain that glory which thou wouldst confer in calling me thine, or to suspend the grief that comes so fast to cover mine eyes with the dismal shades of death. What I request, O fatal star of my destiny! is, that thy consent to this exchange of vows may not be a mere compliment to deceive me anew; but that thou wilt confess and declare there is no restraint upon thy inclination, while thy hand is given and delivered to me as thy lawful husband; for it would be cruel to use deceit and dissimulation with one in such extremity, who has always behaved to thee with such sincerity and truth.' Having pronounced these words, he fainted away, so that all the by-standers thought his soul would forsake his body in that swoon: but when he retrieved the use of his faculties, Quiteria, all-blushing with modesty, took hold of his right hand, saying, 'No force upon earth would be sufficient to bias my will; and therefore, with all the freedom of inclination, I give thee my hand as thy lawful wife, and receive thine on the same terms, if thou bestowest it with the same good will, undisturbed and unconfounded by the calamity into which thou hast been hurried by thy own precipitate conduct.'—'I do,' answered Basilius, 'without either disorder or confusion; but, on the contrary, with all the clearness of understanding with which Heaven hath thought proper

to endow me, I give and deliver myself for thy true and faithful husband.'—'And I take thee for such,' replied Quiteria, 'whether thou mayest live many years, or now be hurried from mine arms to the grave.'—'Considering how desperately this spark is wounded,' said Sancho Panza, 'methinks he talks woundily: make him lay aside his courtship, and mind his soul, which seems to be in his tongue rather than between his teeth.'

The hands of Basilius and Quiteria being joined, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the nuptial benediction, and fervently prayed, that God would grant forgiveness and repose to the soul of the bridegroom; who no sooner perceived the ceremony was performed, than he nimbly sprung upon his legs with incredible activity, withdrew the tuck which was sheathed in his body, to the admiration of the bystanders; some of whom, being more simple than curious, began to cry aloud, 'A miracle! a miracle!' But Basilius replied, 'No miracle! no miracle! but sheer industry! nothing but industry!' The curate, confounded and astonished, ran up to feel the wound with both his hands, and found that the blade, instead of passing through the body of Basilius, had run through an iron tube fitted to the part, and full of blood, which, as they afterwards understood, was prepared so as to retain its fluidity: in a word, the curate and Camacho, with almost all the company, found themselves fairly outwitted. The bride, however, expressed no mortification at the deceit: on the contrary, hearing somebody observe that such a marriage, obtained by fraud, could not be valid, she said she confirmed it anew. From which circumstance every one concluded, that the stratagem had been contrived and executed with her privity and consent. This supposition enraged Camacho and his adherents to such a degree, that they referred their revenge to the prowess of their hands, and, unsheathing a great many swords, assaulted Basilius, in whose favour almost an equal number were

instantly produced. Don Quixote taking the lead on horseback, well armed with his lance and shield, made the whole company give ground; while Sancho, who had no delight or comfort in such exploits, retired to the jars from which he had extracted his agreeable liquor, looking upon that place as a sacred sanctuary and respected retreat. The knight exclaimed, in an audible voice, 'Forbear, gentlemen, forbear: it is unjust to revenge the grievances of love; for, in this particular, love and war are the same; and, as in the last, it is lawful and customary to use feints and stratagems against the enemy; so likewise in amorous contests and competitions, all sorts of tricks and contrivances are allowed in attaining the accomplishment of the lover's desire, provided they do not tend to the disparagement or dishonour of the beloved object. Quiteria was fated to Basilius, and Basilius to Quiteria, by the just and favourable determination of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his pleasure when, where, and how his inclination shall require: whereas Basilius has but this one poor sheep, of which he ought not to be deprived by any person, how powerful soever he may be; for those whom God hath joined, no man shall put asunder; and he who attempts it must first pass through the point of this lance.' So saying, he brandished it with such strength and dexterity, as filled the hearts of those who did not know him with fear and consternation; and the disdain of Quiteria made such a deep impression upon the imagination of Camacho, that he shook her from his heart in an instant; so that the persuasions of the curate, who was a prudent and well-meaning priest, pacified and quieted him and his partizans, who, in token of peace, sheathed their weapons, blaming the inconstancy of Quiteria more than the contrivance of Basilius; and Camacho himself observed, that if she loved Basilius before marriage, the same love would have continued after it; and that he had more reason to thank Heaven for having lost, than he should have had for obtaining such an help-mate.

Camacho,

Camacho, and those of his train, being thus comforted and appeased, the friends of Basilius took no step to disturb their peace; and Camacho the Rich, in order to shew how little he resented or thought of the trick which had been played him, desired that the entertainments might proceed as if he was really to be married: but Basilius with his bride and followers refusing to partake of them, set out in a body for the place of his habitation; for the poor, who are virtuous and discreet, will always find people to honour, attend, and support them, as well as the rich with all their parasites and companions. In consequence of their earnest entreaty, they were accompanied by Don Quixote, whom they esteemed as a prodigy of valour and integrity; and nothing was cloudy but the soul of Sancho, when he found it impossible to enjoy the splendid banquets and diversions of Camacho, that lasted till night: he therefore, in a fretful and melancholy mood, followed his master, who joined the troop of Basilius; leaving behind the fleshpots of Egypt, although he still retained them in his fancy; and the half-finished scum of his kettle enhanced the glory and abundance of the benefit he had lost; so that, pensive, sullen, and sad, yet without hunger, or dismounting from Dapple, he silently trudged after the heels of Rozinante.

C H A P. V.

In which is recounted the vast Adventure of the Cave of Montesinos, in the Heart of La Mancha, which was happily atchieved by the valiant Don Quixote.

GREAT and manifold were the treats and particulars of respect paid to Don Quixote by the new-married couple, who thought themselves greatly obliged by the readiness he had shewn to defend their cause, and looked upon his discretion to be equal to his valour; indeed, they esteemed him a perfect Cid in arms, and a Cicero in elocution. Honest Sancho regaled himself three days at their expence, during which it was known that the contrivance of the fictitious wound had not

been communicated to Quiteria, but was hatched by the ingenuity of Basilius himself, in hope of meeting with that success which, as we have seen, he actually attained: true it is, he confessed he had imparted his design to some of his friends, that they might, in case of necessity, favour his intention, and facilitate the execution of his deceit.

‘Whatsoever hath virtue for its ultimate aim,’ said Don Quixote, ‘neither can or ought to be called deceit; and surely no aim can be more excellent than the union of two lovers in the holy bands of marriage.’ He observed, that the greatest enemy of love is hunger and necessity; for love is altogether sprightly, joyous, and satisfied, especially when the object of desire is in possession of the lover, whose fierce and declared adversaries are want and inconvenience. He made these observations with a view to persuade Signior Basilius to quit the exercise of those talents he possessed, which, though they acquired reputation, would not earn a farthing of money, and to employ his attention in augmenting his estate by legal and industrious means, that never fail the prudent and the careful. The poor man of honour (if a poor man can deserve that title) possesses, in a beautiful wife, a jewel; and when that is taken away, he is deprived of his honour, which is murdered: a beautiful and chaste woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel and palms of triumph; for beauty alone attracts the inclinations of those who behold it, just as the royal eagle and soaring hawk stoop to the savoury lure; but if that beauty is incumbered by poverty and want, it is likewise attacked by ravens, kites, and other birds of prey; and if she who possesses it firmly withstands all these assaults, she well deserves to be called the crown of her husband. ‘Take notice, dearest Basilius,’ added the knight, ‘it was the opinion of a certain sage, that there was but one good wife in the whole world; and he advised every husband to believe she had fallen to his share, and accordingly be satisfied with his lot. I myself

self

self am not married, nor hitherto have I entertained the least thought of changing my condition; nevertheless, I will venture to advise him who asks my advice, in such a manner, that he may find a woman to his wish: in the first place, I would exhort him to pay more regard to reputation than to fortune; for a virtuous woman does not acquire a good name merely by being virtuous, she must likewise maintain the exteri-
 ors of deportment; for the honour of the sex suffers much more from levity and freedom of behaviour in public, than from any private misdeeds. If thou bringest a good woman to thy house, it will be an easy task to preserve and even improve her virtue; but, shouldst thou chuse a wife of a different character, it will cost thee abundance of pains to mend her; for it is not very practicable to pass from one extreme to another: I do not say it is altogether impossible, though I hold it for a matter of much difficulty.

Sancho hearing these remarks, said to himself, 'This master of mine, whenever I chance to utter any thing pithy or substantial, will say I might take a pulpit in hand, and travel through the world, teaching and preaching to admiration: now, I will say for him, that when he begins to string sentences, and give advice, he might not only take one pulpit in hand, but even a couple on each finger, and stroll about the market-towns. Wit, whither wouldst thou? May the devil fetch him for a knight-errant! he knows but every thing. I thought for certain, he could be acquainted with nothing but what relates to his chivalries; but he pecks at every thing, and throws his spoonful in every man's dish.'

His master overheard him murmuring in this manner, and asking what he grumbled at. 'I don't grumble,' answered Sancho. 'I was only saying to myself, I wished I had heard those remarks of your worship before I married; in which case I might now, perhaps, remark in my turn, "The loosened ox is well licked." What, is Teresa such a bad wife?' said the knight.
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‘Not very bad,’ answered the squire; ‘but then she is not very good; at least, not so good as I could wish.’ — ‘You are in the wrong, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘to disparage your wife, who in effect is the mother of your children.’ — ‘As to that matter,’ replied Sancho, ‘we are not at all in one another’s debt; for she can disparage me fast enough, especially when she takes it in her head to be jealous, and then Satan himself could not endure her.’

In a word, they stayed three days with the new-married couple, during which they were treated and served like the king’s own person: and here Don Quixote desired the nimble-wristed licentiate to provide him with a guide to direct his steps to the cave of Montesinos, which he had a longing desire to explore, that he might investigate with his own eyes the truth of those wonderful stories that were reported of it through the whole neighbourhood. The licentiate promised to accommodate him with a first cousin of his own, a famous student; deeply read in books of chivalry, who would willingly conduct him to the very mouth of the cave, and point out the lakes of Ruydera, so famous not only in the province of La Mancha, but also through the whole kingdom of Spain: and he likewise observed, that he would find his conversation very entertaining; for he was a lad who knew how to compose books for the press, and even dedicate them to princes. At length this cousin arrived upon an ass big with foal, whose pannel was covered with a piece of tawdry tapestry or carpet. Sancho saddled Rozinante, put Dapple in order, stowed his wallet, which was reinforced by the cousin’s, likewise very well stored; then recommending themselves to God, and taking leave of the company, they set out, chusing the shortest road to the famous cave of Montesinos.

While they travelled along, Don Quixote, addressing himself to the student, asked what was the nature and quality of his exercises, studies, and profession? To this question the other answered, that his profession was humanity;

humanity; and that his exercise and study consisted in composing books for the press, of great emolument, and no less entertainment to the public; that one of them was entitled, *The Book of Liveries*, in which he had described seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottos, and cyphers. 'From these,' said he, 'your courtiers may extract and assume such devices as will suit their fancies, in times of festivity and rejoicing, without going about begging from any person whatever, or cudgelling their brains, as the saying is, in order to invent what will suit their several desires and dispositions; for I insert those that will fit the jealous, the disdain'd, the forgotten, and absent, so exactly, that the just will far exceed the number of the Gentiles. I have likewise finished another book, which I propose to call, *The Metamorphoses*; or, *The Spanish Ovid*; of an invention equally new and agreeable: for there, in imitation of *Naso*, I give a burlesque description and history of the *Giralda* of *Seville*, the *Angel* of *La Madama*, the *Conduit* of *Vecinguerra* at *Cordova*, the *bulls* of *Guisanda*, the *Sierra Morena*, the *Fountains* of *Leganitos*, and the *Levapiers* of *Madrid*, not forgetting those of *Piojo*, the *Golden Pipe*, and the *Priori*, with their allegories, metaphors, and transformations, which at once surprize, instruct, and entertain. I have a third performance, which I denominate, *The Supplement to Polydore's Virgil*, which treats of the invention of things, and is a work of great study and erudition; for many things of great importance, which *Polydore* has omitted, I examine and explain in a most elegant style: he, for example, has forgot to let us know who was the first person troubled with a defluxion or rheum, and who was first anointed for the cure of the French distemper: now these two questions I resolve in the most accurate manner, upon the authority of above five and twenty authors; so your worship will perceive whether I have laboured to good purpose, and composed a book that will be useful to the world in general.'

Sancho

Sancho having listened very attentively to this narration, 'Tell me, Signior,' said he, 'so may God lend an helping hand to the printing of your books; tell me, if you know, and surely you know every thing, who was the first man that scratched his own head; for my own part, I firmly believe it must have been our father Adam.'—'Certainly,' answered the student; 'our father Adam, without doubt, had a head, and hair upon it; now that being the case, and he being the first man in the world, he must have scratched it sometimes.' 'I am of the same opinion,' resumed Sancho; 'but now, pray tell me, who was the first tumbler?' 'Verily, brother,' resumed the scholar, 'I cannot determine that point until I shall have studied it, and study it I will, upon my return to the place where I keep my books; so that I shall satisfy you the next time we meet, for I hope this will not be the last time of our meeting. Then I desire you will give yourself no trouble about the matter,' said Sancho; 'for I have already found out the solution of my question: know, Signior, that the first tumbler must have been Lucifer, who, when he was thrown, and rejected from heaven, came tumbling down to the bottomless pit.'—'Friend,' cried the student, 'you are certainly in the right.'—'This question and answer,' said Don Quixote, 'is none of thy own; thou must have learned them from some other person, Sancho.'—'Hold your tongue, Signior,' replied the squire: 'for, in good faith! if I begin to question and answer, I shall not have done till morning; yes, as to the matter of asking like a fool, and answering like a simpleton, I have no occasion to crave the assistance of my neighbours.'—'Thou hast said more than thou art aware of,' answered Don Quixote; 'for some people there are who fatigue themselves in learning and investigating that which, when learned and investigated, is not worth a farthing either to the memory or understanding.'

In this, and other such relishing discourse, they passed that day, and at night took up their lodging in a small

small village, from whence, as the scholar told the knight, the distance to the cave of Montesinos did not exceed a couple of leagues; and he observed, that if Don Quixote was really determined to explore the cavern, it would be necessary to provide ropes, by which he might be lowered down to its bottom. The knight said, that although he should descend to the abyfs, he would see the bottom, for which purpose he purchased about a hundred fathoms of rope. Next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at the cave, and found the mouth broad and spacious, though overgrown with thorns, weeds, brambles, and brakes, so thick and intricate, that it was almost quite covered and concealed. At sight of the place all three alighted; the student and Sancho immediately began to fasten the rope strongly about the knight; and while they were thus employed in cording and girding him, Sancho addressing himself to the adventurer, 'Dear master,' said he, 'consider what your worship is about; seek not to bury yourself alive, and to be used like a bottle of wine, let down to cool in some well; for it neither concerns nor belongs to your worship to be the surveyor of that pit, which must be worse than a dungeon.'—'Tie the knot, and hold thy tongue, friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'for such an enterprize as this was reserved for me alone.' Then the guide interposing, 'I intreat your worship, Signior Don Quixote,' said he, 'to consider attentively, and examine, as it were, with an hundred eyes, every circumstance within this cave, where, perhaps, there may be things which I shall insert among my transformations.'—'The cymbal,' answered Sancho, 'is in the hands that can play it to the utmost nicety.'

This discourse having passed, and the ligature being made, not over the knight's armour, but his doublet, 'We have been guilty of an inadvertency,' said Don Quixote, 'in coming hither unprovided with a small bell, which, had it been tied to me with the same cord, would, with its sound, have given you notice, as I descended,

scended, of my being alive; but, as it is now impossible to be accommodated, I commit myself to the hands of God, who will conduct me.' Then falling upon his knees, he in a low voice preferred a prayer to Heaven, beseeching God to assist and crown him with success, in this seemingly perilous and new adventure. His ejaculation being finished, he pronounced, in a loud voice, 'O! thou mistress of my deeds and motions, the most resplendent and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! if the prayer and petition of this thy adventurous lover can possibly reach thine ears, I conjure thee, by thy unheard-of beauty, to grant my request, which is no other than that thou wouldst not now deny me thy favour and protection, when I stand so much in need of both; for I am just upon the brink of darting, plunging, and ingulphing myself into the profound abyss that opens wide before me, on purpose that the world may know there is nothing so impossible that I will not attempt and execute, under the wings of thy favour.'

So saying, he approached the pit, where he found it would be impracticable to slip down, or make way for entering, without the strength of arms and back-strokes; he therefore, unsheathing his sword, began to lay about him, and mow down the bushes that grew around the mouth of the cave, out of which an infinite number of huge crows and daws, affrighted at the noise and disturbance, sallied forth with such force and velocity, as laid the knight upon his back; and had he been as superstitious as he was a good catholic, he would have looked upon this irruption as a bad omen, and excused himself from visiting the bowels of such a dreary place: at length he rose, and seeing that the flight of crows, and other birds of night, was now over, (for a number of bats had likewise come forth,) he put the rope in the hands of Sancho and the scholar, desiring them to lower him down to the bottom of that dreadful cavern, which, when he entered, Sancho gave him his benediction, and making a thousand crosses over him, exclaimed,

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To this welcome the knight answered not a word. When they had pulled him up, they perceived his eyes were shut, and that, to all appearance, he was fast asleep; then he was laid upon the ground, and untied, but still he did not awake: however, by dint of turning, jogging, shaking, and moving, they, after some time, brought him to himself, when yawning hideously, as if he had awoken from a profound and heavy sleep, he looked around with amazement, and pronounced, 'God forgive you, friends, for having withdrawn me from the most delightful prospect and agreeable life that

claimed, "God and the Rock of France, together with the Trinity of Gaeta, be thy guides, thou flower, and cream, and scum of knights-errant: there thou goest, bully of the globe, heart of steel, and arm of brass! I say again, God be thy guide, and bring thee back safe, sound, and without deceit, to the light of this life, which thou art now forsaking to bury thyself in that obscurity." Almost the same prayer and deprecation was uttered by the scholar; while Don Quixote called aloud for rope, and afterwards for more rope, which they gave him by little and little. By that time the voice, which ascended through the windings and turnings of the cave, ceased to vibrate on their ears, they had already uncoiled the hundred fathoms, and were inclined to hoist him up again, as they had no more cord to spare: they stayed, however, about half an hour, at the expiration of which they began to pull up the rope, which seemed to have no weight attached to it, and came up with such ease, that they imagined the knight was left below; a supposition, in consequence of which the squire wept most bitterly, while he pulled with great eagerness in order to discover the truth; but when they had coiled up about fouricore fathoms they felt the weight again, and were exceedingly rejoiced: finally, at the distance of ten fathoms, they distinctly perceived Don Quixote; to whom Sancho addressed himself, saying, 'Dear master, I wish your worship an happy return; we began to think you had tarried below to breed.'

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ever mortal saw or enjoyed: in effect, I am now fully convinced, that all the pleasures of this life fleet away like a shadow or dream, or fade like the flowers of the field. O unfortunate Montefinos! O deeply wounded Durandarte! O hapless Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! and you forlorn daughters of Ruydera, who by your waters shew the copious floods of tears that fall from your beauteous eyes!

The scholar and Sancho hearing these words, which Don Quixote seemed to heave with immense pain from his very entrails, begged he would explain the meaning of what he had said, and inform them of what he had seen in that infernal gulph. 'Infernal, call you it?' said the knight; 'pray give it a better epithet, for that it surely does deserve, as you will presently perceive.' Then he desired they would give him something to eat, for he was excessively hungry; and they, spreading the carpet upon the grass, produced the buttery of their bags, when all three sitting around them, in love and good fellowship, made one meal serve for supper and afternoon's luncheon, which being finished, and the cloth taken away, 'My sons,' said Don Quixote, 'let no man stir, but listen with your whole attention to that which I am going to rehearse.'

CHAP. VI.

Of the wonderful Incidents recounted by the extravagant Don Quixote, who pretended to have seen them in the profound Cave of Montefinos; from the greatness and impossibility of which this Adventure has been deemed apocryphal.

IT might be about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun retiring behind a cloud, so as to emit a scanty light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity of relating coolly and comfortably to his two illustrious hearers the particulars he had seen in the cave of Montefinos; and he accordingly began to recite what follows.

'About

• About twelve or fourteen fathoms below the mouth of this dungeon, there is a concavity on the right hand, wide enough to contain a large waggon with its cattle, and illuminated by a small stream of light that descends through corresponding cracks and crannies, which open at a distance on the surface of the earth: this spacious cavity I perceived, when I was tired and out of humour at finding myself hanging and descending by a rope, through that dark and dreary dungeon, without knowing any certain and determined way; I therefore resolved to enter it, and repose myself a little, and called to you to leave off lowering the rope, until I should give you farther notice; but I suppose you did not hear me; so that I gathered up the cord you let down, and making it into an heap or coil, sat down upon it in a very pensive mood, to consider how I should descend to the bottom, having no person to support my weight. While I sat musing on this misfortune, I was all of a sudden overpowered by a most profound sleep, and, without dreaming of the matter, or knowing how or wherefore, I awoke, and found myself in the midst of the most beautiful, charming, and delightful meadow, that nature could create, or the most fertile imagination conceive. I rubbed and wiped my eyes, so as to see that, far from sleeping, I was broad awake: nevertheless, I felt my head, and fumbled in my bosom, in order to be assured, whether it was really my identical self, or some unsubstantial phantom and counterfeit; but the touch, the reflection, and connected discourse I held with myself, concurred to convince me, that I was the same at that time as I find myself at present. Then was my view regaled with a sumptuous palace or castle, with walls and battlements of clear transparent chrystal, and two large folding gates, which, opening, there came forth, advancing towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long cloak of purple baize, that trailed upon the ground: his shoulders and breast were girded with a collegiate scarf of green sattin; his head was covered with a black Milan cap; and his beard, white as the

drifted snow, descended to his middle. He wore no arms, but held in his hand a rosary of beads as large as walnuts, though the tens were as big as ostrich-eggs; and his deportment, air, gravity, and dignified presence, filled me with surprise and veneration. Coming up to me, the first thing he did was to hug me closely in his arms; then he said, "Long, very long, most valiant knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, have we, who are enchanted in these solitudes, expected thy arrival, that thou mayest inform the world of what is contained and concealed in this profound cavern, which is called the cave of Montesinos; an adventure hitherto reserved on purpose to be atchieved by thy invincible heart and most stupendous courage. Follow me, illustrious Signior, and I will shew thee the wonders that lie hid in this transparent castle, of which I am governor and perpetual warder, as being that identical Montesinos, from whom the cavern takes its name." No sooner had he told me who he was, than I asked if it was true what the world above related of him, namely, that he had, with a small dagger, cut out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to the Lady Belerma, according to his own desire, while he was in the agonies of death. He answered, every circumstance was true, except that of the dagger; for it was neither a dagger, nor small in its dimensions, but a polished poignard as sharp as an awl.

Here Sancho interposing, observed, that such a poignard must have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Seville. 'I do not know who was the maker,' said the knight, 'but it could not be that sword-cutler; for Raymond de Hozes was living t'other day; whereas as many years are elapsed since the battle of Roncesvalles, where that misfortune happened; but this enquiry is of no importance; nor does it disturb or alter the truth and evidence of the story.' 'No, surely,' cried the scholar, 'pray good your worship Don Quixote proceed; for I listen to your narration with infinite pleasure.' 'And I feel no less in recounting it,' answered the knight.

'Well,

‘Well, then, the venerable Montefinos led me into the chrySTALLINE palace, where, in a low hall, cool beyond conception, and lined with alabaster, stood a monument of marble of exquisite workmanship, upon which I perceived a knight lying at full length. I do not mean a statue of bronze, marble, or jasper, such as we commonly see on other tombs, but a man of real flesh and bones: he held his right-hand, which being muscular and hairy, denoted the great strength of the owner, over the region of the heart; and before I had time to ask any questions, Montefinos, seeing me astonished, and gazing attentively at the sepulchre, ‘This is my friend Durandarte,’ said he, ‘the flower and mirrour of all the valiant and enamoured knights of his time: here he is kept enchanted as well as myself, and many others of both sexes, by Merlin, that French inchanter, who is said to have been begotten by the devil; though, for my own part, I believe he is not really the devil’s son, but that, according to the proverb, he knows one point more than the devil. How, or for what reason, he enchanted us, nobody knows; but time will discover the mystery; and, in my opinion, that time is not far off: what surprizes me is, I know as certainly as the sun shines, that Durandarte breathed his last in my arms; and after he was dead, I, with my own individual hands, took out his heart, which must certainly have weighed a couple of pounds; for, according to the observation of naturalists, the man who has a large heart is endowed with more valour than he whose heart is of smaller dimensions: this being the case, and the knight certainly dead, how comes he, even at this day, to sigh and complain, from time to time, as if he was actually alive?’

‘He had no sooner pronounced these words, than the wretched Durandarte cried, in a loud voice, “O cousin Montefinos! the last favour I requested of you, was, that when my soul should quit my body, you would extract my heart either with poignard or dagger, and carry it to Belerma.” The venerable Montefinos, hearing

this apostrophe, kneeled before the piteous knight, and with tears in his eyes, replied, "Already, Signor Durandarte, my dearest cousin! already have I executed what you commanded me to perform on that unlucky day of our defeat: I extracted your heart as well as I could, without leaving the smallest particle of it in your breast: I wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and set out with it full gallop for France, after having first committed you to the bosom of the earth with such a flood of tears as was sufficient to bathe and wash my hands of the blood they had contracted by raking in your bowels; and as a surer token, dear cousin of my soul! at the first place I reached, in my way from Roncesvalles, I sprinkled your heart with a little salt, that it might not acquire a bad smell, and continue, if not quite fresh, at least tolerably sweet, until it could be presented to the lady Belerma, who, together with you and me, and your squire Guadiana, the duenna Ruydera, her seven daughters, and two nieces, and many others of your friends and acquaintance, have been long enchanted in this place by the sage Merlin; and although five hundred years are elapsed, not one of us is dead; though we have lost Ruydera with her daughters and nieces, who, by weeping, are, through the compassion of Merlin, converted into so many lakes, which, in the world above, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the lakes of Ruydera; the Seven Sisters belong to the king of Spain, and the Two Nieces to the knights of a very holy order, called St. John. Your squire Guadiana bewailing likewise your misfortune, was changed into a river of the same name, which, when it reached the surface of the earth, and saw the sun of the other sky, was so grieved at the thoughts of leaving you, that he sunk down into the bowels of the globe; but, as it was not possible for him to resist his natural current, he from time to time rises up, shewing himself to the sun, and to the nations: he receives a reinforcement from the waters of the forementioned lakes, with which, and many others that join his stream, he

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enters Portugal in majesty and pomp. Nevertheless, wheresoever he runs, he discovers a sullen melancholy, and does not pique himself upon breeding within his channel fish of dainty relish and esteem; but only such as are coarse and unflavoury, and widely different from those of the golden Tagus. What I now say, my dear cousin, I have often expressed; and as you make no reply, I conclude you either do not hear or do not give credit to my words: a circumstance which, as Heaven doth know, overwhelms me with affliction. I will at present make you acquainted with one piece of news, which, if it does not alleviate your sorrow, can surely, in no shape, tend to it's augmentation. Know then, here stands in your presence (open your eyes and behold him) that great knight of whom so many things have been prophesied by the sage Merlin; that Don Quixote de La Mancha, I say, who has renewed, and, with greater advantages than in times past, raised again from oblivion the long forgotten chivalry, by the means and favour of whom, perhaps, we ourselves may be disenchanted; for great men such great achievements are reserved." "And if that should not be the case," replied the afflicted Durandarte, in a faint and languid tone; "and if that should not be the case, cousin, I say, patience, and shuffle the cards." 'Then turning himself upon one side, he relapsed into his usual silence, without speaking another word.

'At that instant, hearing a great noise of shrieks and lamentations, accompanied with doleful sighing and dismal sobbing, I turned about, and saw through the crystal walls into another apartment, through which a procession passed, consisting of two files of most beautiful damsels in mourning, with white turbans on their heads, in the Turkish manner; in the rear of these came a lady, for such, by her stately demeanour, she seemed to be, clothed like the rest in black, with a veil so full and long that it kissed the ground: her turban was twice as large as the largest of the others, her eyebrows met above her nose, which was flattish; her mouth

mouth was large, but her lips retained the colour of vermillion; her teeth, which she sometimes disclosed, were thin and ill-set, though white as blanchèd almonds; and in her hand she held a fine linen cloth, in which, as near as I could guess, was an heart so dried and shrivelled, that it seemed to be of perfect mummy. Montefinos gave me to understand, that all those of the procession were domestics of Durandarte and Belerma, enchanted in that place, together with their lord and lady; and that the last, who carried the heart in the napkin, was Belerma herself, who, with her damsels, never failed to appear in that procession four days in the week, and sing, or rather howl, dirges over the body, and the woeful heart of his cousin; and that, if she now seemed a little homely, or not quite so beautiful as fame reported her, the change proceeded from the bad nights and worse days she passed in that state of enchantment, as I might perceive in her large wrinkles and wan complexion; nor did that yellowness and those furrows proceed from any irregularity in the monthly disorder incident to women; for many months, and even years, had passed since she had the least shew of any such evacuation; but, solely from the anguish of her heart, occasioned by that which she holds incessantly in her hand, and which renews and recalls to her memory the misfortune of her ill-fated lover: had it not been for that mischance, scarce would she have been equalled in beauty, sprightliness, and grace, even by the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, celebrated as she is not only in this country, but also through the whole universe.

“Softly, Signior Don Montefinos,” said I, interrupting him at this period, “be so good as to tell your story as it ought to be told; for you know all comparisons are odious, and therefore there is no occasion to compare any person with another: the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the Lady Donna Belerma is likewise what she is and has been, and there let the matter rest.” To this remonstrance he replied, “Pardon me, Signior Don Quixote; I confess I have been

to blame, and egregiously erred, in saying, the Lady Dulcinea would scarce equal the Lady Belerma; seeing, my having known by certain guesses that your worship is the knight of Dulcinea, was sufficient to have induced me to bite off my tongue, rather than compare her with any thing but Heaven itself." Such satisfaction from the great Montesinos allayed the disgust that my heart received in hearing Belerma compared with my mistress.'

'I marvel much,' said Sancho, 'that your worship did not fall upon the old hunks, and break every bone in his skin; aye, and pull his beard in such a manner as not to leave one single hair.' 'By no means, friend Sancho,' answered the knight; 'it would not have become me to behave in that manner; for we are all obliged to respect our seniors, although they are not knights; but more especially those who are really of that quality, and besides in a state of enchantment. This I know full well, that there was nothing left unpaid on either side, in the course of the questions and answers that passed between us.'

Here the scholar interposing, 'I cannot conceive,' said he, 'Signior Don Quixote, how your worship, in such a short time as that you have spent below, could see so many things, and ask and answer such a number of questions.' 'How long is it since I descended?' said the knight. 'Little more than an hour,' replied the squire. 'That's impossible,' resumed Don Quixote; 'for night fell, and morning dawned, and darkness and light succeeded each other three times; so that, by my reckoning, I must have remained three days in those sequestered shades, which are hidden from our view.' 'My master must be in the right,' said Sancho; 'for as all those things have happened by enchantment, perhaps what appeared but one hour to us, might seem three days and nights to your worship.' 'It may be so,' answered the knight. Then the student asking if his worship had eaten any thing in all that time, 'I have not tasted one mouthful,' said he;

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‘nor had I the least sensation of hunger.’ ‘And do those who are enchanted eat?’ resumed the scholar. ‘They do not eat,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘nor do they void the larger excrements; though, it is supposed, that their nails, beards, and hair, are always growing.’

Here Sancho desired to know, if ever those enchanted gentry enjoyed the benefit of sleep. To which interrogation his master replied, ‘No, surely; at least, in those three days that I passed among them, neither they nor myself once closed an eye.’ ‘Here then,’ said the squire, ‘we may conveniently trust in the proverb, Tell me your company, and I’ll tell you your manners. While your worship keeps company with enchanted people, who are always fasting and watching, it is no great wonder if you neither eat nor sleep while you are among them; but really, Signior, your worship must forgive me, if I say, that of all you have told us, God take me, I was going to say the devil, if I believe one circumstance.’ ‘How!’ cried the scholar, ‘then Signior Don Quixote must have lyed; who, even if we could entertain such a supposition, has not had time to compose and contrive such a number of fables.’ ‘I do not believe that my master tells lyes,’ answered Sancho. ‘What, then, is thy conception?’ said the knight. ‘I conceive,’ replied Sancho, ‘that Merlin, or those magicians who have enchanted the whole rabble which your worship hath seen and discoursed with below, have likewise stuffed your noddle or memory with all that nonsense which you have already recounted, as well as what you have left untold.’ ‘That might be the case,’ said Don Quixote; ‘but I assure you it is not so at present; for what I have recounted I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands. But, what wilt thou say, when I now tell thee, that, among an infinite number of other wonderful things, which I shall relate hereafter in the course of our travels, as they do not all belong to this place, Montesinos shewed me three country-wenches, leaping and skipping like so many goats through those delightful

ful plains; and scarce had I set eyes on them, when I recognized them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and those two individual young women, with whom we spoke in the neighbourhood of Toboso. When I asked Montefinos if he knew them, he answered in the negative, but said he took them to be some enchanted ladies of quality; for they had appeared but a few days in that meadow; nor ought I to wonder at that circumstance, soasmuch as in the same place there were many ladies, of the past and present age, enchanted in different and strange forms; among whom he recollected Queen Ginebra and her duenna Quintanona, who was skinker to Lancelot, when he came from Britain.' Sancho, hearing his master talk in this manner, was ready to run distracted, or burst with laughing; for, knowing the truth of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of which indeed he himself had been the author and evidence, he was convinced, beyond all doubt, that his master was stark staring mad; and in that persuasion exclaimed, 'In evil hour, accursed season, and unlucky day, my dear master, did your worship go down to the other world; and in a mischievous moment did you meet with Signior Montefinos, who has sent you back in such a woeful condition. Well was your worship here above, in your sound judgment, such as God had bestowed upon you, saying sentences, and giving counsel at every turn, and not as at present, venting a heap of the greatest nonsense that was ever conceived.' 'I know thee too well, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'to mind what thou sayest.' 'And I, in like manner,' replied the squire, 'know you too well to regard what you say: wound me, or confound me, or kill me if you will, for what I have said, and what I mean to say, if your worship does not mend and correct your own speeches; but, now we are at peace, pray tell me how or by what token you came to know our lady mistress, and if you spoke to her, what answer she made?' 'I knew

‘ I knew her again,’ replied the knight, ‘ by the same cloaths she wore when thou thyself didst shew her to my astonished eyes; I likewise addressed myself to her, but she answered not a syllable; on the contrary, she turned about, and fled so swiftly, that an arrow would not have overtaken her: nevertheless, I wished to follow, and would certainly have pursued her, had not Montesinos advised me not to fatigue myself; for it would be to no purpose; and besides, it was time for me to return to the light above. He likewise told me, that, in process of time, he would give me notice in what manner he, Durandarte, Belerma, and all the rest, in those sequestered shades, were to be disenchanted. But what of all I saw and observed gave me the greatest pain was this; while I was engaged in this conversation with Montesinos, one of the hapless Dulcinea’s companions came up to me, unperceived, and, with tears in her eyes, thus accosted me, in a low and whispering voice: “ My Lady Dulcinea Del Toboso kisses your worship’s hands, and begs your worship will be pleased to let her know how your worship does; moreover, being in great necessity, she supplicates your worship, in the most earnest manner, to be pleased to lend her, upon this her new cotton under-petticoat, half a dozen rials, or any small matter your worship can spare which, upon her honest word, shall be restored in a very short time.” ‘ This message filled me with surprise and concern; and turning to the sage, “ Is it possible Signior Montesinos,” said I, “ that people of condition are exposed to necessity in a state of enchantment? ‘ To this question he replied, “ Take my word for it Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, that which we call necessity is known in all states, extending to all conditions, prevailing among every class of people, and not even sparing those who are enchanted; and since Signora Dulcinea Del Toboso sends to beg these few rials, and the pledge seems to be well worth the money you had better let her have them; for she must certainly be in great trouble.” ‘ The pledge I will not touch,

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said I, "nor indeed can I comply with her request; for I have not above four rials!" "which I gave her; and these were the very individual pieces which I received from thee, Sancho, t'other day, in order to give away in charity to the poor I might meet with on the road." "Sweetheart," said I, "tell your lady that her distress affects me to the very soul, and I wish I were as rich as Fouckar * to remove it; let her know, that I neither can nor will enjoy health while deprived of her agreeable presence and improving conversation; and that I fervently and earnestly beg her goodness will be pleased to indulge with her company, this her captive servant and afflicted knight. Tell her also, that, when least she dreams of any such matter, she shall hear that I have made a vow, like that which was sworn by the Marquis of Mantua, to revenge his cousin Valdovinos, when he found him at the last gasp, in the middle of the mountain; namely, that he would not eat from off a table-cloth, together with some whimsical additions, until he should have revenged his death; and in like manner I will swear never to be quiet, but traverse the seven divisions of the globe, more punctually than did the infant Don Pedro of Portugal †, until she be restored to the upper world." "All that and much more you owe to my lady," said the damsel; who, taking the rials, instead of curtsying, cut a caper in the air two yards high.'

VOL. IV.

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* Fouckar was a very rich merchant of Augsburg, and a great favourite of Charles V. who owed him a very considerable sum. It is reported of him, that when the emperor lodged at his house, in his return from Tunis, the fire in his chamber was of cinnamon, and his landlord lighted it with his imperial majesty's own obligation, thereby cancelling an immense debt. The wealth of these traders, for there were two brothers, became proverbial; and it was usual to say of any very opulent person, 'He is as rich as a Fouckar.'

† This was the great patron of the Portuguese discoveries along the coast of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope.

‘O holy God!’ cried Sancho, with a loud voice, ‘is it possible that those inchanters and enchantments should have such power to change the good sense of my master into such nonsensical madness! O Signior, Signior! for the love of God, look to yourself, have some respect to your own honour, and give no credit to those vanities, which have diminished and disturbed your senses.’ ‘Thy regard for me, Sancho, makes thee talk in that manner,’ answered the knight: ‘and as thou art not experienced in the events of this world, every thing that is uncommon, to thee seems impossible; but the time will come, as I have already observed, when I shall recount some circumstances which I saw below, that will compel thee to believe what I have now related, the truth of which neither admits of dispute or reply.’

CHAP. VII.

In which are recounted a thousand Fooleries, equally impertinent and necessary to the true understanding of this Sublime History.

HE who translated this sublime history from the original, composed by its first author Cid Hamet Benengeli, says, that coming to the chapter which treats of the adventure of the cave, he found this observation written on the margin in the hand-writing of the said Hamet.

‘I cannot conceive or persuade myself that the valiant Don Quixote literally saw and heard all that is recounted in the foregoing chapter, for this reason; all the adventures in which he has hitherto been engaged, are feasible and likely to have happened; but this of the cave I can by no means believe true, in any circumstance, because it is so wide of all reason and probability; then to suppose that Don Quixote would tell lies, he who was the truest gentleman and most noble knight of his time! it is not possible! He certainly would have suffered himself to be shot to death, rather than deviate one tittle from the truth; besides, I consider that he explained

plained and recounted the adventure so circumstantially, that he could not be supposed to have contrived extempore such a large concatenation of extravagancies : but, after all, should the adventure seem apocryphal, the blame cannot be laid to my door, and therefore I give it to the public without affirming it either to be true or false. Reader, if thou hast discernment, thou mayest judge for thyself ; for it is neither my duty, nor is it in my power, to do more : though it is held for certain, that the knight, on his death-bed, retracted the whole, saying, he had invented the story, because it seemed to agree and quadrate with those adventures he had read in his books.

Then the Arabian proceeds in his history to this effect.

The scholar was equally astonished at the presumption of Sancha Panza and the forbearance of his master, and concluded, that the satisfaction he derived from having seen his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even though enchanted, had produced that milkiness of temper which was now so remarkable : had not this been the case, Sancho's freedom and remarks were such as would have brought a wooden shower upon his shoulders ; for he was downright impertinent to his master, to whom the student thus addressed himself : ' For my own part, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, I look upon this as the happiest journey I ever performed ; for, in the course of it, I have made four valuable acquisitions. In the first place, I have gained the acquaintance of your worship, which I deem a piece of singular felicity. Secondly, I have been made acquainted with what is locked up and contained in the cave of Montesinos, together with the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the Lakes of Ruydera ; transmutations that will aptly fill a place in the Spanish Ovid which I have in hand. Thirdly, I have discovered the antiquity of card-playing, which, at least, must be as old as the time of Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words which your worship heard Durandarte pronounce,

when, at the end of that long harangue of Montefinos, he awoke and said, "Patience, and shuffle the cards." For that phrase and manner of speaking he could not have learned during his enchantment; but certainly, when he was alive and well in France, during the reign of the said Charlemagne: and this investigation comes pat to the purpose, for the other book which I am composing; I mean, the Supplement to Polydore Virgil, on the invention of antiquities; for I take it for granted, he has forgot to insert in his book the discovery of card-playing, which I will now explain, and doubtless it will be a very material circumstance, especially when confirmed by such a grave and authentic evidence as Signior Durandarte. Fourthly and lastly, I have now ascertained the source of the Guadiana, hitherto unknown among the nations.'

'You have indeed good reason to be satisfied,' replied the knight; 'but I should be glad to know, if, by God's assistance, you should obtain a licence for printing those books, (which is a matter of doubt with me,) to what patron you intend they should be dedicated?'—'There are plenty of lords and grandees in Spain,' answered the scholar, 'to whom they may be dedicated.'—'But a very few,' said Don Quixote; 'not but that a great many deserve dedications, but because few will receive them, that they may not lay themselves under the obligation of making such a recompence as may seem due to the labour and courtesy of authors: one prince, indeed, I know, who supplies the defect of the rest with such advantages, that if I durst presume to describe them, I might perhaps excite envy in many noble hearts. But let that circumstance rest till a more convenient season; and, in the mean time, let us endeavour to find some place where we may procure a night's lodging.'—'Not far from hence,' replied the student, 'is an hermitage, where lives an anchorite, who is said to have been a soldier, and bears the character of being a good Christian, and, moreover, a very discreet and charitable man: adjoining to the hermitage

hermitage is a little house, built by the labour of his own hands, which, though narrow, is large enough to receive travellers.'—'Can that same hermitage produce any poultry?' said Sancho. 'There are few hermitages destitute of that provision,' answered the knight; 'for the anchorites of these days are not like those who dwelt in the deserts of Egypt, cloathing themselves with palm-leaves, and subsisting on the roots of the earth. And here I would not be understood to extol one sort, in order to depreciate another; for the penance now in use does not come up to the rigour and austerity of those times. Nevertheless, they are all good; at least, so I suppose them to be; and even should the stream run foul, the hypocrite, who cloaks his knavery, is less dangerous to the commonwealth than he who transgresses in the face of day.'

This conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a man coming towards them on foot, walking fast, and switching a mule loaded with lances and halberts: when he came up he saluted them, and passed on at a good pace; and Don Quixote perceiving his hurry, 'Honest friend,' said he, 'pray stop a little, for you seem to go faster than your mule could wish.'—'Signior,' answered the man, 'I cannot tarry at present, because these arms, of which I have the charge, are to be used to-morrow morning, so that I cannot possibly stay, therefore adieu: but if you desire to know for what purpose they were procured, at the inn which is beyond the hermitage I have some thoughts of taking my night's lodging, and if you are travelling the same road, there you will find me, and there you shall hear strange tidings: so, once more, I bid you farewell.' So saying, he whipped up the mule in such a manner, that Don Quixote had not time to ask another question concerning those strange tidings which he promised to relate; but, being extremely curious, and fatigued with the desire of learning novelties, he ordered his company to set off that instant, and proceed to the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar

wished to pass the evening. In compliance with the knight's desire, all three mounted their beasts, and followed the direct road to the inn, which they reached a little before the twilight. The student, however, proposed, that they should call and take a draught at the hermitage. Sancho Panza, hearing this proposal, immediately turned Dapple's head towards it, being followed by Don Quixote and the scholar: but his ill luck seemed to have ordained, that the hermit should not be at home, as they were told by an under-hermit whom they found in the place. When the squire demanded a flask of his best and dearest, he answered, that his master had no wine; but if he chose a pitcher of his cheapest water, he should have it with all his heart. 'If I had chosen water,' said Sancho, 'there is plenty of wells upon the road, from which I might have quenched my thirst. O the wedding of Camacho! and the abundance of Don Diego's house! how often shall I lament the loss of you?'

When he had uttered this ejaculation, they quitted the hermitage, and pushed on towards the inn; and having rode forwards a little way, they overtook a lad who travelled the same road at his own leisure: he carried a sword over his shoulder, that supported a bundle of cloaths, which seemed to consist of trousers, a cloak, and shirt; for he wore a velvet jacket with some slips of fatten, and the shirt hanging out; he had silk stockings, and square-toed shoes in the court-fashion; his age seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen; he had a sprightly countenance, and an agility in his person; he amused himself in singing couplets to beguile the fatigue of travelling, and when they overtook him, had just finished one, which the student remembered to have run in this strain.

'To the wars my necessity drags me away;

'But if I had money at home I would stay.'

The first who accosted him was Don Quixote, saying, 'You travel very light, young gentleman; pray, good now, whither may you be going?' To this interroga-

tion

tion the youth replied, ' I travel so light on account of poverty, and the heat of the weather ; and I am going to the wars.—' The heat may be a very good reason,' resumed the knight ; ' but how should poverty be the cause of your travelling in that manner ?'—' Signior,' answered the youth, ' I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trunk-breeches, fellows to this jacket, which if I wear out in the country, they will do me no credit in town, and I have not wherewithal to purchase a reinforcement ; for this reason, therefore, and the benefit of the free air, I travel as you see me, until I get up with some companies of foot, which are quartered at a town about twelve leagues from hence ; there I shall enlist among them, and there will not be wanting some baggage-waggon, in which I may proceed to the place of embarkation, which they say is to be Carthagena ; and I would much rather have the king for my lord and master, and serve him in his wars, than be the lacquey of some scoundrel at court.'—' And have you obtained any post ?' said the scholar. ' Had I served a grandee of Spain, or some person of quality,' replied the youth, ' I should certainly have got something of that kind ; for this is the advantage of being in good service, that a man is frequently preferred from the back of his master's chair to a pair of colours, a company, or some handsome provision : but it was my unhappy fate to be always in the service of poor idle rascals, or foreigners, who give such a miserable and consumptive allowance of board-wages, that one half was expended in the starching of a ruff ; and it would be looked upon as a miracle, if any such page adventurer should obtain a tolerable provision.—' And pray, friend,' said Don Quixote, ' is it possible, that, during all the years you have been in service, you never had a livery ?'—' Yes,' answered the page, ' I have had two ; but as he who quits a convent before he professes, is stripped of his habit, and obliged to resume his own cloaths, so was I served by my masters, who, after having transacted the business that brought them to court, returned to their own

own homes, and took back the liveries, which they had given me out of mere ostentation.'

'A very scandalous *espilocheria* *, indeed, as the Italians call it,' said Don Quixote; 'but, notwithstanding, you may think yourself very happy in having left the court with such a laudable intention; for there is nothing upon earth more productive of honour and profit, next to the service of God, than the service of the king, our natural lord and master; especially in the exercise of arms, by which more honour, if not more wealth, is acquired than by learning itself; for, as I have divers and sundry times observed, although a greater number of families has been raised by learning than by arms, yet those founded upon arms rise, I don't know how, above their fellows, with a kind of natural splendor, by which all others are outshone; and what I am now going to say, I desire you will lay up in your remembrance, for it will be of much comfort and utility to you, in the midst of all your sufferings: never entertain a thought of what adversity may happen, for the worst is death; and provided it comes with honour, it is the greatest happiness to die. Julius Cæsar, that valiant emperor of Rome, being asked which was the most agreeable death, answered, "That which is sudden, unexpected, and unforeseen:" and though this reply favoured of the pagan, ignorant of the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless, with regard to his being freed from the pangs of human infirmity, he said well; for supposing you should be slain in the first action or skirmish, either by a cannon-ball, or the explosion of a mine, what does it signify? we must all die; and there is an end to the whole; and, according to Terence, a dead soldier, who falls in battle, makes a much nobler appearance than one who lives by running away: the good soldier acquires reputation in proportion to the obedience he pays to his captain, or those who have a right to command him;

and

* A knavish trick.

and pray, take notice, child, a soldier had much better smell of gunpowder than of civet ; and if old age overtake you in that noble employment, though you should be covered over with wounds, paralytic, or lame, it can never overtake you without such honour as poverty cannot diminish ; especially now, that provision is to be made for the maintenance and relief of old disabled soldiers ; for it is not reasonable that they should be treated like negro slaves, to whom, when they are old, and incapable of service, their masters often give their freedom, driving them from their houses, and, under the title of liberty, leaving them still slaves to hunger, which nothing but death can dispel. This is all I have to say at present ; therefore get up, and ride behind me to the inn, where I shall treat you with a supper, and in the morning you may pursue your journey, which I pray God may be as fortunate as your intention is good.'

The page excused himself from riding behind the knight, though he embraced his invitation to supper at the inn ; and Sancho said within himself, ' Lord comfort thee for a master ! Is it possible that a man who can utter so many good things, should affirm that he has seen all that impossible nonsense which he has told of the cave of Montesinos ! But time is the trier of all things.'

In such discourse they arrived at the inn, just as it grew dark ; and Sancho was not a little rejoiced to find that his master took it to be a real inn, and not a castle, according to his usual whims. They had scarcely entered, when Don Quixote enquired of the landlord about the man with the lances and halberts, and understood he was in the stable, providing for the accommodation of his beast ; an example which was followed by the student and Sancho, who preferred Rozinante to the best manger and stall of the whole stable.

C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

In which is set forth the braying Adventure, and the diverting Atchievement of the Puppets, with the memorable Responses of the divining Ape.

DON Quixote would not stay till his bread was baked, as the saying is, so impatient was he to hear and know the strange tidings that were promised by the arms-carrier, in quest of whom he forthwith went to the place where the landlord said he was; and having found him, desired he would by all means gratify him with a circumstantial account of those things he had mentioned on the road. ‘The account of my strange tidings,’ answered the man, ‘I shall give when I am more at leisure, and not at work, as I am at present: if your worship will give me time to take care of my beast, I will tell you such things as you will be surprized to hear.’—‘They shall not be delayed on that account,’ said the knight, ‘for I myself will lend you an helping hand.’ He accordingly winnowed the corn, and cleaned the manger; so that the man, induced by his humility, could do no less than grant his request, with good will: sitting down, therefore, in a hollow of the wall, close by Don Quixote, who, with the scholar, page, Sancho Panza, and the inn-keeper, composed his council, and audience, he began to relate as follows.

‘You must know, gentlemen, that in a village at the distance of four leagues and a half from this inn, it came to pass, that a certain alderman, through the craft and malice of a servant wench, which I have not time to explain, lost an ass; and though the said alderman used all possible means to find him, he found it impossible to succeed: fifteen days had the ass been missing, according to public fame and report, when the owner was, in the market place, accosted by another alderman of the same town, who said, “Hansel me for my good news, neighbour; your beast has appeared.”—“That I will, neighbour, and heartily,” answered the other; “but let us know where he has appeared.”

—“Upon

"Upon the mountain," replied the finder: "I saw him this morning, without pack-saddle or any sort of furniture; and so lean, that it was piteous to behold him. I would have driven him before me, and brought him home; but he is so wild and shy, that when I went near him, he took to his heels, and ran into the most concealed part of the mountain: if you chuse it, we two will go in quest of him: stay till I house my own beast, and I'll return presently."—"I shall be much obliged to you," said he of the strayed ass; "and I shall endeavour to repay you in the same coin." With these very circumstances, and in the self-same manner that I relate the affair to you, it is told and related by all those who have entered into the true spirit of the tale.

"In conclusion, the two aldermen walked hand in hand to the mountain, and coming to the place and spot where they expected to find the ass, they found him not: nor could they get one glimpse of him, although they searched all about over and over. Perceiving that he was not likely to appear, "Heark ye, neighbour," said the alderman who had seen him, "there is a contrivance come into my head, by which we shall certainly discover this animal, even though he should be concealed in the bowels of the earth, much more if he is in this mountain; and that is this; I have a marvelous knack at braying; and if you have any turn that way, you may conclude the business is done."—"Any turn, neighbour!" cried the other: "by the Lord! I will not yield in point of braying to the best man alive, not even to an identical ass."—"We shall see presently," answered the second alderman; "for my intention is that you should go to one side of the mountain, and I to the other, so as to walk round it quite, and every now and then you shall bray, and I will bray; and it cannot be but that the ass will hear, and answer, if he is on this mountain." To this proposal the owner replied, "Neighbour, it is an excellent scheme, and worthy your great genius." So parting, according

ing to agreement, it came to pass that both brayed almost at the same time, and each being deceived by the other's braying, ran forward in hopes of finding the ass; when perceiving their mistake, "Neighbour," said the loser, "is it possible that was not my ass which brayed just now?"—"No: it was I," answered the other. "Egad, then," cried the owner, "there is not the least difference, in point of braying, between you and an ass! for in my life did I never hear or see such a resemblance."—"That compliment and approbation," answered the contriver, "would be much better bestowed upon yourself than upon me, neighbour; for by the God that made me, you would give two heats of advantage to the biggest and best brayer in Christendom; for the sound you produce is deep, sonorous, within proper time and compass, and the falls frequent and sharp; in a word, I own myself overcome, and yield you the palm and banner of that rare talent."—"By the mass!" said the owner, "I will from henceforward have a higher opinion of my own ability, and believe I know something, since I really possess such a gift; for although I always thought I brayed tolerably well, I never imagined I excelled so much as you say I do."—"I therefore tell you," replied the other, "that many rare talents are lost in this world; and that they are ill-bestowed upon those who cannot turn them to advantage."—"Ours," said the owner, "except in such cases as this, that we have now in hand, can be but of little service; and even in this God grant it may turn to account."

After these mutual compliments they parted a second time, and began to bray again; but still they were deceived, and met as before, until, by way of counter-signal, from which they might know one another, they agreed to bray twice in a breath: accordingly they doubled their brayings, and encompassed the whole mountain, without being favoured with the least answer or sign from the strayed ass; and, indeed, no wonder the poor unfortunate animal did not answer;

for

for they found him in the remotest part of the wood, almost devoured by the wolves. The owner seeing him in this plight, "I marvelled much," said he, "that he did not answer; for had he been alive, and heard you, he must have brayed again, else he had been no ass; but as I have had the pleasure of hearing you bray so melodiously, neighbour, I think my trouble well bestowed, even although I have found him dead."—" 'Tis in good hands, neighbour," replied the other, "for in chanting the clerk is not a whit inferior to the curate."

Having made these mutual remarks, they returned to the village, equally hoarse and disconsolate, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, what had happened to them in their searching for the ass, extolling one another to the skies for the talent of braying; so that every circumstance of the story was related among the neighbouring villages; and the devil, who is never at rest, but always glad of an opportunity to sow discord and scatter quarrels, raising lies in the wind, and huge chimeras from little or no foundation, so ordered matters, that the people of the other villages, when they saw any person belonging to our town, began to bray, as if to hit him in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The story was taken up by the boys, which was all one as if it had fallen into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell, and the braying was circulated from one town to another in such a manner, that the natives of the village of Braywick are as well known and distinguished as a Blackmoor from a Spaniard; and this joke has become so serious, that our townsmen have frequently gone forth in arms and regular order to give battle to the jokers, without any regard to king or rook, or fear or shame: I believe that to-morrow, or next day, the men of Braywick will take the field once more against the people of another village within two leagues of us, who are our chief persecutors; and that we may be well provided for the occasion, I have purchased the lances and halberts you

have seen. Now these are the strange tidings which I said I would relate; and if you do not think them so, I have no other worth your hearing.'

Thus the honest man concluded his story; and at that instant came into the house, a man cloathed in a doublet, breeches, and hose of shamoy-leather, who said with a loud voice, 'So ho, Mr. Landlord! have you got any lodging for the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-shew of the deliverance of Melisendra?'—'Odd's bodikins!' cried the innkeeper, 'Master Peter here! we shall have rare doings i'faith.' We forgot to observe that the left eye and half of the cheek of this Master Peter was covered with a patch of green silk, from whence it was supposed all that side of the face laboured under some infirmity. Be that as it will, the innkeeper proceeded, saying, 'Welcome, good Master Peter; but where is the ape, and the puppet-shew? for I see neither.'—'They are at hand,' answered the owner of the shamoy-suit; 'but I came before to know whether or not we could have lodging.'—'The Duke D'Alva himself should be turned out to make room for Master Peter,' said the landlord: 'bring hither your ape and your shew, for there is company in the house that will pay for a fight of them.'—'In good time, then,' replied the wearer of the patch. 'I will lower the price, and think myself well paid, if they defray the expence of my lodging; meanwhile, I'll go and lead hither the cart that contains my puppets and my ape.'

So saying, he went out; and Don Quixote enquiring who this Master Peter was, with the puppet-shew and ape, the landlord replied, 'This is a famous puppet-shew man, who has long travelled through La Mancha and Arragon, representing the story of Melisendra, who was delivered by the famous Don Gayferos, one of the most entertaining and best represented histories which have been for many years seen in this kingdom: he likewise carries along with him an ape of the rarest talent that ever was known among apes, or conceived among

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among men: for if you ask any question, it listens attentively to what you say; then leaping upon its master's shoulders, and clapping its mouth to his ear, it gives an answer, which Master Peter immediately explains. Of things that are past it says much more than of those that are to come; and, though it does not hit the truth exactly in every thing, it errs but seldom; so that we are inclined to believe it is inspired by the devil. Every question costs a couple of rials, provided the ape answers; I mean, supposing the master answers for the ape, after it has whispered in his ear; wherefore, Master Peter is thought to be woundy rich: indeed, he is a gallant man, as they say in Italy, an excellent companion, and lives the pleasantest life in the world; he talks as much as any six, and drinks more than a dozen, and all at the expence of his tongue, his ape, and his puppet shew.

Just as he spoke those words, Master Peter returned with the cart that contained the puppets and the ape, which was a very large animal, without a tail; his buttocks were like felt, but not ugly withal; and Don Quixote no sooner beheld him than he asked, 'Pray, Mr. Fortune-teller, what have we got in the net? what fortune awaits us? Behold, here are my two rials.' So saying, he ordered Sancho to give them to Mr. Peter; who answered in the name of the ape, 'Senior, this animal gives no response or intelligence concerning what is to come; he is only acquainted with the past, and knows something of the present.' 'Rabbit it!' cried Sancho, 'I would not give a doit to be told of the past; for who knows that better than myself? and to pay for being informed of what I know, would be downright folly; but since he knows the present, here are my two rials; and tell me, good your apeship, how my wife Teresa Pánza is at present employed?' Master Peter refused to take the money, saying, 'I will not receive a premium per advance, until it is preceded by service.' Then clapping his hand twice upon his left shoulder, the ape with one skip leaped

upon it, and laying it's mouth to his ear, began to mow and chatter with great eagerness: having made this motion, which continued as long time as one would take in repeating the creed, with another skip he leaped upon the ground. Immediately Master Peter, with infinite hurry, threw himself on his knees before Don Quixote, and hugging his shins, exclaimed, 'These legs I embrace as I would embrace the pillars of Hercules, O thou celebrated reviver of the already forgotten order of knight-errantry! thou never-enough-to-be-applauded cavalier Don Quixote de La Mancha; the soul of the dejected, the prop of the falling, the shield of those that are fallen, the staff and comfort of all the unhappy!' Don Quixote was alarmed, Sancho thunderstruck; the scholar surprized, the page confounded, the Braywick carrier amazed, the landlord astonished, and, in a word, admiration prevailed among all those who heard the words of the shewman; while he proceeded, saying, 'And thou, worthy Sancho Panza, the best squire of the bravest knight in the universe, be merry and rejoice; for thine agreeable help-mate Teresa is in good health, and this very moment employed in dressing a pound of flax: by the same token, there stands at her right-hand a broken mouthed pitcher, containing a good sup of wine, with which she comforts herself while she is at work.' 'That I can easily believe,' answered Sancho; 'for she is a rare one, and if she was not a little given to jealousy, I would not exchange her for the giantess Andandona, who, as my master says, was a very proper and compleat housewife; and truly my Teresa is one of those who will live to their heart's content, even though their heirs should pay for it.'

'I am now convinced,' said Don Quixote, 'that he who reads and travels much, will see and learn a great deal. This observation I make, because no arguments would have been sufficient to persuade me, that there are apes in the world endowed with the gift of divination, as I have this day seen with my own eyes; for I



DON QUIXOTE.
 The amaze-ment of Don Quixote, & Sancho
 at the divinations of Master Peter's Ape.
Vide Vol. IV. Chapter 6. Page 96.

Engraved by R. Cook, & Coloured by C. Warren. Ser. C. Cooke. Sept. 1. 1799.

upon it, and laying it's mouth to his ear, began to mow and chatter with great eagerness: having made this motion, which continued as long time as one would take in repeating the creed, with another skip he leaped upon the ground. Immediately Master Peter, with infinite hurry, threw himself on his knees before Don Quixote, and hugging his shins, exclaimed, 'These legs I embrace as I would embrace the pillars of Hercules, O thou celebrated reviver of the already forgotten order of knight-errantry! thou never-enough-to-be-applauded cavalier Don Quixote de La Mancha; the soul of the dejected, the prop of the falling, the shield of those that are fallen, the staff and comfort of all the unhappy!' Don Quixote was alarmed, Sancho thunderstruck; the scholar surprized, the page confounded, the Braywick carrier amazed, the landlord astonished, and, in a word, admiration prevailed among all those who heard the words of the shewman; while he proceeded, saying, 'And thou, worthy Sancho Panza, the best squire of the bravest knight in the universe, be merry and rejoice; for thine agreeable help-mate Teresa is in good health, and this very moment employed in dressing a pound of flax: by the same token, there stands at her right-hand a broken mouthed pitcher, containing a good sup of wine, with which she comforts herself while she is at work.' 'That I can easily believe,' answered Sancho; 'for she is a rare one, and if she was not a little given to jealousy, I would not exchange her for the giantess Andandona, who, as my master says, was a very proper and compleat housewife; and truly my Teresa is one of those who will live to their heart's content, even though their heirs should pay for it.'

'I am now convinced,' said Don Quixote, 'that he who reads and travels much, will see and learn a great deal. This observation I make, because no arguments would have been sufficient to persuade me, that there are apes in the world endowed with the gift of divination, as I have this day seen with my own eyes; for I

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am the very Don Quixote named by that good animal, which, however, has expatiated rather too much in my praise; but be that as it may, I give thanks to God, who bestowed upon me a mild and compassionate disposition, ever inclined to do good to all mankind, and harm to no person whatever.' 'If I had money,' said the page, 'I would ask Signior Ape what will be the success of my present peregrination?' To this hint, Master Peter, who had rose from his prostration, replied, 'I have already told you, that this creature does not answer for what is to come; if he did, your want of money would be no objection; for, in order to serve Don Quixote here present, I would willingly forfeit all the interested views in the world; and now, as in duty bound, I will, for his amusement, set up my shew, and divert all the people in the house, without fee or reward. The landlord, hearing this declaration, was rejoiced beyond measure, and pointed out a proper place for the exhibition of his entertainment, which was prepared in a twinkling.

Don Quixote was not very well satisfied with the divinations of the ape, as he did not think it natural for such an animal to divine, in things either past, present, or to come; and therefore, while Master Peter was busy in setting up his shew, he retired, with his squire, to a corner of the stable, where they could confer together without being overheard, and spoke to this effect: 'Hark ye, Sancho, I have considered this wonderful talent of the ape; and, according to my notion, this same Master Peter, it's owner, must certainly have made a secret or express pact with the devil.' 'Nay, if it be the devil's pack,' answered Sancho, 'it must be a very dirty pack; but what signifies such a pack to Master Peter?' Sancho, replied the knight, 'you do not understand my meaning; what I would say is, that he must certainly have made some concert with the devil, who hath infused this talent into the ape, by which he gains his livelihood; and when he becomes rich, he must yield him his soul, which is the aim of that uni-

versal enemy of mankind; and what confirms me in this opinion, is, that the ape answers no questions but such as regard the past and present time: now, the devil's understanding reaches no farther; what is to come he knows only by conjecture, and that not always; for it is the attribute of God alone to know times and seasons; to him there is neither past nor future, but all things are ever present to his eyes. This being the case, as doubtless it is, the ape certainly speaks from the inspiration of the devil; and I am surprized it hath not been accused and examined by the holy office, which would soon discover by virtue of whom it presumes to divine; for surely this ape is no astrologer; nor did he or his master ever raise, or were capable of raising, those figures called judicial, which are now so common in Spain, that every pitiful little hussy, page, and even cobbler, has the impudence to raise an horoscope, as readily as a knave of trumps, from the ground, ruining and disgracing, by their ignorance and fallacies, the wonderful truth of that noble science. One lady I myself know, who having enquired of one of those pretenders, whether a little bitch she had would have puppies, how many, and of what colour they would be; Mr. Astrologer, after having raised his figure, replied, that the bitch would bring forth three puppies, one of a green, another of carnation, and the third of a mixed colour, provided the bitch would take the dog between the hours of eleven and twelve at noon or night, on Saturday or Monday. Notwithstanding this prediction, the bitch died in three days of a surfeit; and yet Mr. Figure-caster was still esteemed in the place a most infallible astrologer, as almost all those fellows are.' 'Nevertheless,' answered Sancho, 'I wish your worship would desire Master Peter to ask his ape, if what happened to your worship in the cave of Montesinos is really true; as for my own part, begging your worship's pardon, I cannot for the blood of me help thinking it was all a flam and a lye, or at least no better than a dream.' 'It may be so,' replied Don

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Quixote: 'but I will take thy advice; for, truly, I myself have some sort of scruples about the matter.'

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Peter, who came to tell him that the shew was ready, and invite him to come and see it; for it would be well worth his trouble. Then the knight imparted his sentiments, desiring he would ask the ape whether or not certain incidents that happened in the cave of Montefinos were dreams or realities, for to him the whole seemed to be a mixture of both. Master Peter, without answering one word, went and brought the ape into the presence of Don Quixote and Sancho, and thus accosted it: 'Look ye, Mr. Ape, this knight wants to know, whether certain things that happened to him in a place called the Cave of Montefinos be true or false.' Then making the usual signal, the creature leaped upon his left shoulder, and seemingly whispered something in his ear. In consequence of this communication. 'The ape,' said Master Peter, 'declares, that part of what your worship saw and underwent in that same cave is false, and part is likely to be true; and this, and nothing else, is all he knows touching that interrogation: but if your worship desires to be farther informed, he will next Friday answer all the questions you can ask; at present his virtue has left him, and will not return till Friday, as I have already observed.' 'Signior,' said Sancho to his master, 'did not I always affirm your worship should never make me believe that all, or even the half, of those accidents you pretended to have met with in the cave was true?' 'The event will shew,' answered Don Quixote; 'for there is nothing that time, the discoverer of all things, will not bring to light, even though it should be hidden in the bowels of the earth. Let that suffice for the present; and now we will go and see the puppet-shew of honest Master Peter, which I really believe will be productive of some novelty.' 'Of some!' cried Master Peter: 'my shew is productive of sixty thousand. Why, I tell your worship, Signior Don Quixote, there is nothing equal to it
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in the whole world ; but, *Operibus credite & non verbis*: let us begin presently ; for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say, and to shew.'

In consequence of this request, Don Quixote and Sancho repaired to the place where the puppet-shew was set up, and set forth with a great number of little wax lights, which made a most resplendent appearance. Master Peter withdrew within the curtain, in order to play the figures of the piece ; and on the outside sat a boy, who was his servant, to interpret and explain the mysteries of the shew, holding a wand, with which he pointed out the puppets as they entered. All the people of the inn being seated, some fronting the stage, and Don Quixote with Sancho, the page and the scholar, accommodated with the best places, the drugoman began to pronounce that which will be heard and seen by those who will take the trouble to read or peruse the following chapter.

C H A P. IX.

In which is continued the diverting Adventure of the Puppet-shew ; with other Matters really entertaining enough.

UNIVERSAL silence prevailed among Tyrians as well as Trojans ; that is, all the spectators of the shew sat in silent expectation, suspended as it were on the mouth of him who was appointed to expound the wonders of the piece ; when their ears were saluted with the sound of attabals, trumpets, and artillery, that issued from behind the scene ; and this noise being soon over, the boy thus began in an audible voice : ' This true history, which will now be represented before the honourable company, is literally extracted from the French chronicles and Spanish ballads, which may be heard every day repeated in the streets by man, woman, and child. It exhibits the manner in which Signior Don Gayferos accomplished the deliverance of his spouse Melifendra, who was a captive in Spain, detained by the Moors in the city of Sanluenna, which was formerly

formerly the name given to what we now call Saragossa; and pray, gentlemen, take notice, Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the old song:

“ Now Gayferos, at tables playing,

“ Of Melisendra thinks no more.”

And that personage who next appears, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, is the emperor Charlemagne, the supposed father of Melisendra, who, vexed at the indolence and carelessness of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him; and observe, with what vehemence and keenness he seems to scold; one would imagine he intended to give him half a dozen raps on the pate with his sceptre; nay, some authors say, that he actually did bestow them, aye, and that with very good-will. After having said abundance of things concerning the risk his honour would run, if he did not effect the deliverance of his spouse, he is reported to have added these words: “ I have said enough, look to it.” Behold, gentlemen, how the emperor turns about, and walks off, leaving Don Gayferos in a fume, who, in the impatience of his anger, throws away the table and pieces, and calls hastily for his armour, desiring his cousin Orlando to lend him his sword Durindana. Don Orlando will not comply with his request; but offers to attend him in his difficult enterprize: however, the provoked hero will not accept of his offer; on the contrary, he says his own single arm is sufficient to deliver his wife, even though she were concealed in the profoundest centre of the earth. So saying, he goes in to arm, that he may be able to set out with all expedition. Gentlemen, turn your eyes to the tower that appears yonder, and suppose it one of the towers belonging to the castle of Saragossa, now called Aljaferia. That lady who stands in the balcony in the Moorish dress is the peerless Melisendra, who from thence hath often cast her longing eyes towards the road to France, and consoled herself in her captivity, by thinking on the city of Paris and her valiant lord.

Observe

Observe likewise a new incident, the like of which perhaps you have never seen before: don't you see that Moor stealing along silently and softly, step by step, with his finger on his mouth, behind Melisendra? Now mind how he prints a kiss in the very middle of her lips, and with what eagerness she spits, and wipes them with the sleeves of her shift, lamenting aloud, and tearing, for anger, her beautiful hair, as if it had been guilty of the transgression. Behold, now, that venerable Moor in yon gallery; he is Marfilus, the king of Sansuenna, who, having perceived the insolence of the Moor, although he was his own relation, and a great favourite, orders him to be apprehended, and carried through the principal streets of the city, with the criers before, and the rods behind, with which he is to receive two hundred stripes; and here you shall see the sentence executed, almost as soon as the crime is committed; for among the Moors there is no copy of a writ, trial, or delay, as in our courts of justice.

Here Don Quixote interposing, said, with a loud voice, 'Boy, boy, follow your story in a right line, without falling into curves and crosses; for there is not so much proof and counter-proof required to bring truth to light.' 'Sirrah, (cried Mr. Peter, from behind the curtain) 'none of your vagaries, but follow that gentleman's counsel; which is good and wholesome: sing your plain song without counterpoints; for you may spin your thread so fine as to break it.' 'I shall obey your orders,' answered the boy, who proceeded, saying,

'That there figure a horseback, wrapped up in a cloak of Gascony, is the very individual Don Gayferos, to whom his only lady, by this time revenged of the presumptuous and enamoured Moor, talks with more seeming composure from the battlements of the tower, supposing him to be some traveller, and between the two passeth the whole discourse and conversation recorded in the ballad, which says,

"Sir Knight, if you to France do go,

"For Gayferos enquire:"

together

together with what follows, which I shall not at present repeat, because prolixity engenders disgust. Let it suffice that you see how Gayferos discovers himself, and that we learn from the joyful gestures of Melifendra, that she recognizes her husband; especially as we now see her let herself down from the balcony, in order to get a horseback behind her loving spouse; but as ill luck would have it, the border of her under petticoat has caught hold of one of the iron spikes of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling, without being able to reach the ground: but you see how compassionate Heaven brings relief in the most pressing emergencies; for Don Gayferos comes to her assistance, and, without minding whether or not the rich petticoat may be torn, seizes his lady, and by main force brings her to the ground; then with one jerk sets her upon the trupper of his horse, astride like a man, bidding her hold fast, and throw her arms around his neck, so as to cross them on his breast, that she may be in no danger of falling; for my lady Melifendra was not used to ride in that manner: you likewise perceive how the horse, by his neighing, expresses the satisfaction he feels in carrying the valiant and beautiful burden of his lord and mistress. You see how they turn about, and quitting the city, take the road to Paris, with equal eagerness and joy. Go in peace, ye peerless pair of faithful lovers; may you arrive in safety at your desired country, without fortune's raising any obstruction to your happy journey; and may the eyes of your friends and kindred behold you enjoy in peace all the days of your life, which I hope will exceed the age of Nestor!

Here Mr. Peter interposing again, called aloud, 'None of your flourishes, sirrah; seek not to intangle yourself, for all affectation is naught.' The interpreter, without answering a syllable, went on in this manner. 'There were not wanting some idle eyes, which nothing can escape; and they, perceiving the descent and flight of Melifendra, gave notice of it to king Marsilio, who straight gave orders for sounding to arms: and behold the

the hurry and commotion of the city, occasioned by the sound of bells that ring in every minoret.'

'It cannot be,' cried Don Quixote. 'In what regards the bells, Mr. Peter, is guilty of an impropriety; for the Moors use no bells, but attabals or kettle-drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like those belonging to our waits; so that the circumstance of ringing bells in San-fuenna is a downright absurdity.' Mr. Peter, hearing this observation, left off ringing, and answered, 'Senior Don Quixote, your worship must not mind such trifles, nor seek for that perfection which is not to be found. How many plays do you see every day represented, full of impropriety and absurdities? yet they happily run their career, and are heard, not simply with applause, but even with universal admiration. Proceed, boy, and let people talk; for, provided I fill my pocket, I don't care if there should be more improprieties than there are atoms in the sun.' 'You are in the right,' replied the knight; and thus the boy went on:

'Behold what a number of resplendent cavaliers marches out of the city in pursuit of the two catholic lovers: what a sound of trumpets, tinkling of dulcimers, and rattling of drums and kettle-drums! I am afraid they will overtake and bring them back tied to their horse's tail, and that would be a most dismal spectacle.'

Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing this uproar, thought it was incumbent upon him to assist the fugitives; and therefore starting up, he pronounced, with a loud voice, 'Never, while I breathe, will I consent that such an injury should be done in my presence to a knight so famous, daring, and enamoured, as is Don Gayferos: desist, ye base-born plebeians, seek not to follow and punish him, but face me in battle, if you dare.' With these words and actions, he unsheathed his sword, and springing up to the puppet show, began with incredible agility and fury to lay about him among the Moorish puppets, demolishing

some, beheading others, maiming this, and hacking that; and in the course of this exercise, he fetched such a back-stroke, that had not Mr. Peter stooped and squatted down with great expedition, he would have sliced off his head as easily as if it had been made of gingerbread. This unfortunate shew-man, exalting his voice, 'Hold, for the love of God! Signior Don Quixote,' said he, 'and take notice, that those whom you overthrow, kill, and destroy, are not real Moors, but poor, harmless, little figures of paste: consider, sinner that I am! you are ruining me, by depriving me of my livelihood.' Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the knight continued to play away in a perfect shower of back-strokes, fore-strokes, outside and inside, that fell as thick as hail; so that in less than a couple of credos, he brought the whole shew to the ground, all the tackle and figures being hewed down and dismembered: king Marsilio himself sorely wounded, and the crown, together with the head of the emperor, cleft in twain. The whole audience was involved in confusion; the ape fled to the roof of the house, the scholar trembled, the page was seized with consternation, and Sancho Panza himself overwhelmed with terror and dismay; for, as he swore after the hurricane subsided, he had never before seen his master in such a frantic rage.

The puppet-shew being thus entirely demolished, Don Quixote became a little more composed, saying, 'I wish I had before me, at this very moment, those who either do not, or will not, believe that knights-errant are of any benefit or service to mankind, that they might see what would have become of the worthy Don Gayferos, and the beautiful Melisendra, had not I been present on this occasion; certainly, by this time, they would have been overtaken by these dogs, who would have done them some grievous injury: let knight-errantry, therefore, live and flourish above all things upon the face of the earth.'—'In a happy hour let it live,' cried Mr. Peter in a languid tone, 'and let me die, who am so unfortunate, that I may say with king

Rodrigo, "Yesterday I was lord of Spain, and now there is not one battlement I can call my own." Half an hour, yea, not half a minute, is elapsed, since I saw myself in possession of kings and emperors; my stables, coffers, and bags, were filled with an infinite number of horses and other gay particulars, and now I find myself quite desolate and abased, poor and beggarly, and, which is worst of all, deprived of my ape, who, in good faith, will make my teeth sweat before he returns to me his lawful master; and all this misfortune I have suffered from this here Sir Knight, who is said to protect orphans, rectify wrongs, and perform other charitable actions; but, in me alone, his generous intention has failed; blessed and praised be the highest Heavens above! In a word, the Knight of the Rueful Figure is he by whom I and mine are disfigured and undone.'

Sancho Panza melted at this piteous lamentation. 'Do not weep, Mr. Peter,' said he, 'do not whine so piteously, or thou'lt break my heart; for I'd have thee know, my master Don Quixote is such a catholic and scrupulous Christian, that, provided he be convinced of having done thee wrong, he knows how to make amends, and will satisfy and repay thee with double interest.—' If Signior Don Quixote,' replied the shew-man, 'will make some atonement for the deeds by which he has undone me, I shall rest satisfied, and his worship's conscience will be at peace; for that man cannot expect salvation who withholds the effects of his neighbour against his will, and refuses to make restitution.—' You are in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'but as yet I do not know that I withhold any of your effects, Mr. Peter.—' How! none of mine?' cried the shew-man, 'and these unfortunate remains that lie extended on the hard and barren pavement, were they not thus scattered and annihilated by the invincible force of that redoubted arm? to whom but me did their unhappy bodies belong? and with what but them did I procure a comfortable subsistence?'—' Now,' cried Don Quixote, 'am I fully convinced of what I have on diverse occasions

occasions

occasions believed; namely, that those enchanters, by whom I am persecuted, take pleasure in presenting realities to my view, and then changing and metamorphosing them into such figures and forms as they chuse to bestow: believe me, gentlemen, to me every thing that has passed appeared a true and literal concurrence of real facts; and the figures represented, seemed to be really and truly the very individual persons of Melisendra, Don Gayferos, Marsilio, and Charlemagne: in consequence of that belief, my wrath was provoked; and, in order to fulfil the function of a knight-errant, I resolved to favour and assist the fair fugitive; in the execution of which resolve, I have done what you see. If the exploit has turned out contrary to my expectation, the blame ought not to lie with me, but with those miscreants by whom I am persecuted: nevertheless, as I have committed an error, although it did not proceed from malice aforethought, I stand by my own award condemned in costs: let Mr. Peter make out his own bill of the figures that are demolished, and I promise it shall be paid on the spot, in good and lawful current coin of this kingdom.' The shew-man, hearing this declaration, made a profound bow, saying, 'I expected no less from the unheard-of Christianity of the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, the unflinching auxiliary and support of the whole tribe of needy and forlorn vagabonds. Mr. Landlord and the great Sancho shall act as moderators and appraisers between your worship and me, with regard to what the injured figures are or might be worth.'

The innkeeper and squire having undertaken this office, Mr. Peter lifted up the headless Marsilio, king of Saragossa, saying, 'You see how impossible it is to reinstate the king in his former situation; and, therefore, with submission to better judgments, I think I must be allowed four rials and an half, on account of his death and final perdition.' The knight desiring him to proceed, 'Then,' said he, 'for this dreadful gash from top to bottom,' (taking up the cloven emperor Char-

lemagne,) 'I cannot be thought exorbitant, if I demand five rials and a quarter.'—'That's no small matter,' said Sancho. 'Nor a great deal too much,' replied the landlord. 'Split the difference, and set him down at five rials.'—'Let him have the whole five and the quarter', said Don Quixote; 'for in such a notable misfortune, a quarter more or less is a mere trifle. And pray, dispatch, Mr. Peter; for it is now supper-time, and I begin to feel some symptoms of a keen appetite.'—'For that figure without a nose, and deprived of one eye, which is the beautiful Melisendra,' proceeded Peter, 'I demand two rials and twelve maravedis.'—'The devil's in't,' cried the knight, 'if Melisendra is not by this time, with her husband, at least upon the frontiers of France; for the horse on which they were mounted, seemed to fly rather than tread the ground; so that there is no reason for your selling me a cat instead of a coney; that is, in presenting me with a noseless Melisendra, when, in all probability, that lady is now enjoying herself at leisure with her husband in France. God give every man joy of his own, Mr. Peter, and let us all endeavour to walk tightly and rightly! and now you may proceed.' Mr. Peter perceiving Don Quixote beginning to warp and return to his old bias, resolved to be even with him, and with that view said, 'This cannot be Melisendra, but must be one of her waiting-women, for whom I shall think myself very well paid, and rest satisfied with threescore maravedis.' In the same manner did he set prices on many other maimed figures; so that, after they were moderated by the two arbitrators to the satisfaction of both parties, the whole sum amounted to forty rials and three quarters, which being disbursed by Sancho, Mr. Peter demanded another brace of rials for the trouble he should have in catching the ape. 'Let him have them, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'not for catching the ape, but the juice of the grape *; and I would now

give

* In the original there is a miserable pun upon the words Mono and Mona, the first of which signifies an ape, and the other drunkenness.

give two hundred as a reward to any person who would certify that the Lady Donna Melisendra, and her lord Don Gayferos, are now safe among their friends in France.'—'No person on earth can resolve that question sooner or better than my ape,' replied Mr. Peter; 'but the devil himself cannot catch him at present; though I imagine hunger and affection will compel him to return to me some time to night; and if God will send us a new day, we shall see what can be done.' In fine, the hurricane of the puppet-show being quite blown over, the whole company supped together in peace and good fellowship, at the expence of Don Quixote, who was liberal to excess.

Before day-break, the lance and halbert carrier set out for his village; and early in the morning the scholar and the page came to take their leave of Don Quixote, the first intending to return to his own home, and the other to pursue his journey, for the comfort of which the knight made him a present of a dozen rials. Mr. Peter, having no inclination to re-involve himself in any sort of dispute with Don Quixote, to whose disposition he was no stranger, arose before the sun, and packing up the remains of his puppets, together with his ape, sallied forth also in quest of farther adventures. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was equally astonished at his madness and liberality. Finally, Sancho paid him handsomely, by his master's order; and the two bidding him farewell about eight o'clock in the morning, left the inn, and betook themselves to the road, in which we will leave them, having now a proper opportunity to recount other incidents appertaining and necessary to the illustration of this famous history.

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C H A P.



CHAP. X.

In which the Reader will discover who Mr. Peter and his Ape were; together with Don Quixote's bad Success in the Braying Adventure, which did not at all turn out according to his Wish and Expectation.

CID HAMET, author of this sublime history, begins this chapter with these words: 'I swear, as a Catholic Christian:' and upon this occasion the translator observes, that Cid Hamet, being a Moor, as he certainly was, in swearing as a Catholic Christian, means no more than that, as a Catholic Christian, when he makes oath, swears he will speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, in like manner he would adhere to it, as a Catholic Christian adheres to his oath, in what he intended to write concerning Don Quixote, especially in disclosing the mystery of Mr. Peter and the fortune-telling ape, whose talent attracted the admiration of all that country. He then proceeds to observe, that he who has read the first part of this history, cannot but remember that same Gines de Passamonte, whom, together with his fellow-slaves, Don Quixote set at liberty near the Brown Mountain; a benefit for which he was ill thanked, and worse requited, by that mischievous and immoral crew. This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixotte called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the very thief who stole Sancho's Dapple; and as, through the fault of the printers, neither the time nor the manner of that conveyance is described, in the first part of the book, many people ascribed this error of the press to want of memory in the author: but, in short, stolen he was, by Gines, even while Sancho was sitting sleeping on his back, by means of the same contrivance and expedient that was used by Brunelo, who, while Sacripante lay at Albraga, withdrew his horse from between his legs; and Sancho afterwards retrieved him, as we have already related. Gines, then, afraid of being overtaken by justice, that

was

was in quest of him, to chastise him for his numberless tricks and transgressions, which were so manifold and remarkable as to fill a large volume of his own composing; resolved to remove himself into the kingdom of Arragon, to cover his left eye with a patch, and profess the occupation of playing puppets, and performing tricks of legerdemain, which he understood to great perfection; he afterwards happened to fall in company with some Christians just delivered from bondage in Barbary, of whom he purchased that ape, which he taught to leap upon his shoulder, at a certain signal, and whisper, or seem to whisper, in his ear. Having so far succeeded, before he entered any place with his puppet-shew and ape, he took care to inform himself at the next village, or of any person whom he could conveniently pump, of the particular accidents that had happened at that place, with all their circumstances, which he retained by dint of a tenacious memory. The first thing he did was to represent his puppet-shew, the subject of which he extracted sometimes from one story, and sometimes from another; but it was always full of mirth and entertainment, and well known; and this being ended, he propounded the talents of his ape; telling the audience that he could disclose the past and present; but with regard to the future, he pretended to no knowledge: for every response he demanded two rials, though sometimes he afforded them cheaper, just as he felt the pulse of his consulters; and as he sometimes came to families, the anecdotes of which he knew, even though they would spend no money upon questions, he would make the signal to the ape, and then say he had communicated this and that circumstance, which tallied exactly with what had really happened. By these means he acquired the credit of infallibility, and drew the whole country after him: at other times, as he had abundance of cunning and penetration, he would answer in such a manner, that the responses agreed perfectly well with the questions; and there being nobody to hamper him, by enquiring and sifting into the bottom of

of this pretended divination of the monkey, he found means to make monkeys of all his followers, and fill his bags at the same time. As soon as he entered the inn, he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and this recognition enabled him to excite the admiration of the knight, squire, and all the by-standers: but his art would have cost him dear, had Don Quixote lowered his hand a little, when he decapitated king Marfilio, and destroyed his whole cavalry, as we have related that adventure in the preceding chapter.

So much for Mr. Peter and his ape; and now, returning to Don Quixote de La Mancha, we must observe, that, after having departed from the inn, he resolved, in the first place, to visit the banks of the river Ebro, and all the circumjacent country, before he should enter the city of Saragossa, as the length of time between this period and the tournaments permitted him to make such an excursion. With this resolution he proceeded in the road, through which he travelled two days, without encountering any thing worth relating, until on the third, as he ascended a rising-ground, his ears were saluted with a mighty noise of kettle-drums, trumpets, and muskets, which he at first imagined might proceed from some company of soldiers marching that way: in order therefore to view them, he spurred up Rozinante, and when he reached the top of the rising ground, saw below, as near as he could guess, above two hundred men, equipped with different kinds of arms, such as lances, cross-bows, partisans, halberts, pikes, a few muskets, and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew so near this squadron that he could distinguish their colours, and observe their devices, particularly a banner or pendant of white satin, on which was painted to the life, an ass of the small Sardinian breed, with his head raised, his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out, as if in the very attitude of braying, and surrounded by this motto in capital letters,

‘ It is no children’s play,
‘ When brother bailiffs bray.’

From

From this symbol Don Quixote gathered, that those people belonged to the village of Braywick; and this discovery he communicated to Sancho, whom he likewise made acquainted with the motto of the standard; observing, at the same time, that he, by whom they were informed of the adventure, had committed a mistake, in saying the brayers were aldermen; for, according to this couplet, they must have been bailiffs. To this observation, Sancho replied, 'Signior, in that circumstance there is nothing to be mended; for those who were aldermen when they brayed, might very well in time come to be bailiffs of the corporation, consequently they may be mentioned with both titles; especially as it is of small signification to the truth of the story, whether the brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, provided they really, conjunctly, and severally, did bray; for a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman.'

Finally, conjecturing and understanding that the people who were ridiculed had come forth to fight those who had ridiculed them, and carried the joke beyond the bounds of reason and good neighbourhood, Don Quixote approached their line of battle, to the no small chagrin of Sancho, who was never fond of interfering on such occasions; and they were immediately received by the whole squadron, who believed the knight was come to espouse their quarrel. Then Don Quixote, lifting up his visor, with graceful ease and courteous demeanour, advanced to the standard of the ass, where he was environed by the chiefs of the army, who gazed at him with that admiration incident to all those who beheld him for the first time. The knight, perceiving them looking at him so attentively, without speaking or asking any question, resolved to take advantage of their silence, and breaking his own, began in this manner, with an audible voice: 'Worthy gentlemen, I beg, in the most earnest manner, that you will not interrupt a discourse I intend to make until you perceive it becomes insipid and disgusting; in which case I will,

will, upon the least sign, put a seal upon my lips, and a gag upon my tongue.'

All the spectators assured him, he might say what he pleased, and they would willingly give him the hearing; so that, thus licensed, he proceeded to this effect: 'I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and whose profession is to assist the needy, and favour those who want favour and protection. Some days ago I was informed of your disgrace, and the motives which have induced you to arm at every turn, in order to take vengeance on your enemies: and having once and again revolved your affair in my mind, I find that, according to the laws of duel, you are in the wrong to suppose yourselves affronted: for no individual can affront a whole community, unless they are accused of treason by the lump, because the person guilty of the said treason is not known, consequently cannot be challenged by himself. Of this practice we have an instance in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who challenged the whole town of Zamorano, because he did not know that Velido Doltos alone was the traitor who had slain his king; he therefore defied the whole body of inhabitants, and to the whole body of them did the answer and revenge belong: though, indeed, Signior Don Diego bordered upon extravagance, and exceeded the bounds of defiance; for he had not sufficient reason to challenge the dead, the water and the bread, or those who were yet unborn, as well as other minute matters therein set forth: but let that pass. When choler once is born, the tongue all curb doth scorn *; I mean, a bridle to restrain it. This being the case, then, that one single person cannot affront an entire kingdom, province, city, society, or corporation, it plainly appears, that you have no just cause to come forth, in order to take vengeance for that which was not really an affront: for it would be a good joke indeed, if the inhabitants of a town called Clockwell should

* Literally, 'When choler quits the mother, the tongue has then no father.'

should take it in their heads, at every turn, to slay every person that might ask, "What is't o'clock *?" Or if the cheesemongers, fruiterers, whalebone-sellers, soap-boilers, and those of other names and appellations that are in the mouth of every boy, and hacknied among the vulgar; I say, it would surely be a good joke, if all those people, who are distinguished by their different callings, should be ashamed and incensed at such simple provocations, and be always making facious of their swords, in every trifling quarrel: no, no; God neither likes nor will suffer such unjustifiable revenge. Prudent men, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought to take up arms, unsheathe their swords, and risk their persons, lives, and fortunes, for four causes only: Firstly, to defend the Catholic faith; secondly, in self-defence, which is justified by the laws of God and nature; thirdly, in behalf of one's honour, family, and fortune; and, fourthly, in the service of his majesty, when he is engaged in a just war: and if we should add a fifth cause, (which, indeed, ought to be ranked as the second,) it is the defence of one's country. To these principal causes may be annexed some others, both just and reasonable, which may oblige us to have recourse to arms; but to take them up for childish trifles, and things that are rather subjects of laughter and diversion than of serious revenge, seems to denote a total defect of reason and discretion; especially as unjust vengeance (and surely no vengeance can be just) is diametrically opposite to that holy law we profess, by which we are enjoined to do good to our enemies, and love those by whom we are abhorred: a command which, though seemingly difficult, is not really hard to be observed, except by those who

* I have ventured to deviate a little from the precise meaning of the original, which the reader will own to be very insipid when he reads the literal translation: 'For it would be good, if the inhabitants of the town of Reloxa, (signifying a watch or clock) should, at every turn, slay those that call them so.'

who have less of God than of this world, and more of the flesh than of the Spirit; for Jesus Christ, the true God and true man, who never lied, who neither was nor is capable of falshood, as being our eternal Law-giver, tells us, that his yoke is easy, and his burden is light: therefore, he would not impose a command which we could not possibly fulfil; and consequently, good gentlemen, you are obliged by laws, divine and human, to be appeased.'

At this period, Sancho said within himself, 'The devil run away with me, if this master of mine is not a downright theologister! at least, if he is not, no two eggs were ever more alike.' Don Quixote, having taken breath a little, and finding the audience still attentive, was inclined to prosecute his harangue, and would certainly have pursued the subject, had not he been prevented by the archness of Sancho, who, during his master's pause, took it in hand, saying, 'My master Don Quixote de La Mancha, who, at one time, went by the name of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, but is at present called the Knight of the Lions, is a very learned gentleman, that understands Latin and Castilian like a perfect batchelor of arts. In all his sermons and exhortations he proceeds like a very able soldier, as having all the laws and ordinances of what you call duel at his finger's end; therefore, you have no more to do but let yourselves be guided by his counsel; and if you go wrong, the blame shall lye upon my shoulders; especially, as he hath already told you, that it is mere madness to be angry without any cause but that of a man's braying. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed whensoever and wheresoever I pleased without lett or molestation; aye, and so prettily and naturally, that I was always answered by all the asses of the common; yet, for all that, I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were most worthy people; and though, for this talent, I was envied by more than enow of the gravest folks in the parish, I valued not their envy two farthings; and that you may see I speak nothing

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nothing but the truth, wait a little, and give me the hearing; for the art of braying is like that of swimming, which, when once learned, is never forgot.'

So saying, he clapped his fingers to his nostrils, and began to bray so stoutly, that all the neighbouring valleys re-echoed the sound. But one of those who stood next him, supposing the squire made himself merry at their expence, lifted up a pole that was in his hand, and bestowed it upon him with such good will, that Sancho, in spite of his efforts, came to the ground.

Don Quixote, seeing his squire so roughly handled, attacked the aggressor lance in hand; but such a number of people interposed, that he found it impossible to take vengeance: on the contrary, perceiving a cloud of stones ready to pour upon him, and being threatened by a vast number of presented cross-bows and muskets, he wheeled Rozinante about, and galloped off as fast as the steed could carry him; recommending himself heartily to the protection of God, that he might be delivered from that danger; and in the apprehension that some ball would enter at his shoulder, and make its exit through his breast, he held in his breath at every step, in order to know whether or not he was wounded. But those who composed the squadron, being satisfied with his flight, did not shoot after him; and as for Sancho, they laid him across upon his beast, as soon as he recovered the use of his senses, and allowed him to follow his master; not that he was able to manage the ass; but Dapple followed the footsteps of Rozinante, from whom he could not bear to be parted, though but for a moment. The knight having rode a good way, turned his horse's head, and seeing Sancho following, waited for his coming up, as he perceived nobody attempted to pursue him.

The warriors of Braywick kept their ground till night; and as their adversaries did not think proper to give them battle, returned to their own town with joy and satisfaction; and had they known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy on the spot.

C H A P.

C H A P. XI.

Of things related by Benengeli, which he who reads them attentively will know.

WHEN a brave man flies, he must have discovered some odds or foul play; and it is the business of prudent captains, to reserve themselves for better occasions. This maxim was verified in Don Quixote, who, by giving way to popular fury, and the evil intention of that incensed squadron, took to his heels, and, without paying the least regard to Sancho, or the danger in which he left him, moved off to such a distance as he judged sufficient for his own security. He was followed by Sancho lying across the ass, as we have already observed, who, by that time he was brought up to his master, had just recovered the use of his senses, and fell from Dapple at the feet of Rozinante, all battered and bruised, and in an agony of pain.

The knight, dismounting to search his wounds, no sooner perceived he was found from head to foot, than he thus accosted him in an angry tone: 'In evil hour, you must understand braying, sirrah! Where did you learn it was convenient to talk of halters in the house of a man that was hanged? To the tenor of braying what bass could you expect but the basting of a cudgel? You have reason to thank God that, instead of receiving a benediction with a pole, you have not been crossed with a scymetar.'—'I am at present in no condition to answer,' said Sancho; 'for methinks I talk through my shoulders: let us mount, and depart from this place, and I shall make an end of my braying; though I shall never be weary of telling as how knights-errant run away, and leave their honest squires, beaten to chaff and pounded to cinders, in the power of their enemies.'—'There is a wide difference between flying and retréating,' answered Don Quixote; 'for you must know, Sancho, that valour which is not founded on the base of discretion, is termed temerity or rashness; and the achievements of a rash person ought to be ascribed rather

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rather to good fortune than courage. I own, therefore, I have retreated, but not fled ; and in so doing have imitated a great number of valiant chiefs, who reserved themselves for more dignified occasions : and of these instances histories are full ; but I omit rehearsing them at present, because the recital would be of no advantage to thee, or entertainment to myself.'

By this time, Sancho being set upon his ass again by Don Quixote, who likewise mounted Rozinante, they jogged along softly, in order to shelter themselves in a grove that appeared at the distance of a quarter of a league ; and the squire, every now and then, heaving up a most profound ' Ah ! ' accompanied with piteous groans, his master desired to know the cause of such bitter ejaculations. To which question the squire replied, that, from the extremity of his rump to the nape of his neck, he felt such intolerable pain as was like to deprive him of his senses. ' The cause of that pain,' said Don Quixote, ' must doubtless be this ; as the pole or staff by which you have suffered was long and large, it extended over the whole back, comprehending all those parts that now give you pain ; and if it had reached still farther, the pain would have been more extensive.'—' Fore God,' cried Sancho, ' your worship has taken me out of a huge uncertainty, and resolved the doubt in delicate terms. Body o' me ! was the cause of my pain so mysterious, that there was a necessity for telling me, I feel pain in those parts that were cudgelled ? Had my shins ached, there might have been some reason for guessing at the cause of their aching ; but, surely, there is no great witchcraft required to tell me that my back aches, because it was crossed with a quarter staff ! In good faith, Sir Master of mine, Our neighbour's care hangs by a hair. Every day I see more and more how the land lies, and how little I have to expect from keeping your worship's company ; for if you left me to be cudgelled at this time, we shall, upon a hundred different occasions, return to our late blanketings, and other such toys ; and though this misfortune

has fallen upon my shoulders, they next may light upon my eyes. Abundantly better should I have done, but I am such a barbarian, that in all the days of my life I never did well; I say again, abundantly better should I have done, had I returned to my house, my wife, and my children, and maintained and brought them up with what Providence should please to bestow, rather than sag after your worship in this manner, through roadless roads and pathless paths, drinking bad liquor and eating worse food; then, when I come to sleep—"Brother Squire, measure out seven feet of ground; and if you chuse to bemoire at your ease, take as much more, for the ladle is in your own hand, and lay yourself out to your heart's desire." 'Would to God I could see the first man who meddled with knight-errantry burnt to a cinder; at least the first booby who chose to be squire to such wiseacres as all former knights-errant must have been! Of the present, I say nothing; as your worship is one of the number, I hold them in respect, because I am sensible, that, in speeching and understanding, you know a point more than the devil himself.'

'I would venture to lay a good wager, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that now, while you are permitted to speak without the least hindrance, you feel no pain in any part of your body. Proceed, child, and out with every thing that comes into your head, or tarries at your tongue's end; for, provided you are free from pain, I shall convert into pleasure that disgust which proceeds from your folly and impertinence; and if you are so much bent upon returning to your house, your wife, and your family, God forbid that I should oppose your resolution: You have some of my money in your hands; recollect how long it is since we set out on this my third sally; then reckon what you might and should have earned monthly, and be your own paymaster.' 'When I worked for Thomas Carrasco, father of Bachelor Sampson, who is your worship's acquaintance,' answered Sancho, 'I earned two ducats a month, besides my victuals: with your worship I know not what

I can

I can earn; though well I know that the squire of a knight-errant has a much more troublesome office than that of a farmer's servant; for, in fact, we who serve husbandmen, let us work never so hard through the day, and happen what will, have a hot supper out of the pot at night, and lie in a good bed, which I have never enjoyed since I have been in your worship's service, except for that short space of time that we stayed in the house of Don Diego de Miranda; and bating the good cheer I found among the scum of Camacho's kettle; and my eating, drinking, and sleeping, at the habitation of Basilius; all the rest of the time I have slept on the hard ground, under the cope of heaven, exposed to what you call the inclemencies of the weather, living upon cheese-parings and crusts of bread, and drinking cold water, sometimes from the brooks and sometimes from the springs we met with in the public roads through which we travelled.'

'Allowing,' said Don Quixote, 'that all you have mentioned is true, how much more do you think I ought to give you than that which you received from Thomas Carrasco?—' With the addition of two rials a month,' replied Sancho, 'I shall think myself well paid; that is, with regard to my wages; but, as to some satisfaction, for your worship's word and promise of making me a governor of an island, methinks it would be but fair and honest to add six rials more; and then altogether will come to thirty.'—'Very well reckoned,' answered the knight. 'Now, according to the tale of wages you have mentioned, calculate fairly and exactly what I am indebted to you, for the five-and-twenty days that are elapsed since our departure from our now village, and, as I said before, be your own pay-master.'—'Body o'me!' cried Sancho, 'your worship is quite out in your reckoning; for in regard to the promise of the island, we must compute from the day in which your honour made the said promise to this blessed hour.'—'How long, then, has that same promise been made?' said Don Quixote. 'If my memory does not fail me,' answered

the squire, 'it must be above twenty years, a few days, over or under?' Here, the knight slapping his forehead with his hand, began to laugh heartily, saying, 'Why, my stay in the Sierra Morena, with the whole course of our peregrinations, has scarcely employed two months: and wilt thou say I have promised thee that island these twenty years? Now I perceive thy intention is to keep, in lieu of wages, all my money that is in thy hands; and if that be the case, and thou really lookest upon it with an eye of desire, I give thee the whole sum from this moment, and much good may it do thee; for, provided I find myself rid of such a wretched squire, I shall think myself happy, though poor and penniless. But, tell me, thou prevaricator of all the squirely ordinances of chivalry! where hast thou seen or read that any squire of a knight-errant ever presumed to bargain with his master touching a certain monthly salary for his service? Launch out, launch out! you ruffian, vagabond, and hobgoblin! for such you are; launch out, I say, into the *mare magnum* of chivalry; and if you find that any squire ever attempted to say, or even to think, what thou hast here uttered, I will give thee leave to nail the passage on my forehead, and pinch the sign of the four nipples on my face, by way of additional mortification. Turn immediately the reins of the halter of your ass, and return to your house, your wife, and your family; for one step farther thou shalt not travel with me. O bread ill bestowed! O promise misapplied! O wretch that favourest more of the beast than of the man! At this juncture, when I was on the eve of raising thee to such a station as would have ennobled thee, even in spite of thy wife, thou seekest to leave me! Now thou art going away, when I had firmly and unalterably resolved to make thee lord of the best island in the universe! In a word, as thou thyself hast observed upon other occasions, An ass's mouth was not made for honey, &c. An ass thou art, an ass thou wilt be; aye, and thou wilt die like an ass, when the course of thy life is finished;

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finished ; for I am convinced that thy days will reach their utmost period, before thou shalt learn and know what a beast thou art !

Sancho looked woefully at his master, while he poured forth these reproaches, from which the squire felt such compunction, that the tears started in his eyes ; and he replied in a faint, whimpering tone, ‘ My good master, I confess that, in order to be really and truly an ass, I want nothing but a tail, which, if your worship will furnish me with, I shall think it well bestowed, and serve you as a beast of burden all the days of my life. Good your worship, forgive and look upon my green years with compassion, and consider that I know very little ; and if I speak a great deal of nonsense, it does not proceed from malice but infirmity ; and Those who sin and kiss the rod, find favour in the sight of God.—‘ I should have been surprized, Sancho,’ said the knight, ‘ if thou hadst not seasoned thy discourse with some proverbial expression. Well, then, for the present, I forgive thee, in hope of thy amendment, and on condition that thou wilt not henceforward betray such a fordid and selfish disposition, but endeavour to enlarge thy heart, fortify and encourage thy mind, to wait the accomplishment of my promises ; which, though it may not speedily happen, is nevertheless far from being impossible.’ Sancho said he would do his endeavour, and follow his advice, even though he should gather strength from feebleness.

Then they betook themselves to the covert of the grove, where the knight accommodated himself at the foot of an elm, and the squire retreated to the foot of a beech ; for these and other such trees never want feet, though they are always destitute of hands. Sancho passed the night in great trouble ; for the cold air augmented the pain of his bruises ; whereas Don Quixote amused himself with his incessant meditations. Nevertheless, both master and man gave way to the operations of sleep, and at the approach of morn, prosecuted their way to the banks of the renowned Ebro, where they were involved in an adventure that will be recounted in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

Of the famous Adventure of the enchanted Bark.

BY dint of travelling at a very deliberate pace for the space of two days after they had quitted the grove, Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at the river Ebro, the sight of which afforded infinite pleasure to the knight, who eagerly contemplated the amenity of its banks, the transparency of it's water, the tranquillity of it's course, and the abundance of it's chrystal stream, the joyous prospect of which renewed in his remembrance a thousand amorous thoughts, that chiefly turned upon what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; for, although Master Peter's ape had declared, that part of those circumstances was true, and part of them false, he inclined more to the belief that they were altogether real; while Sancho, on the contrary, looked upon the whole detail as one continued lye.

As they jogged on in this manner, their view was saluted by a small boat, without oars, or any other tackle, close to the river-side, and made fast to a tree that grew on the bank. Don Quixote looking around him, without perceiving any living soul, alighted immediately from Rozinante, commanding Sancho to quit the back of Dapple, and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that grew upon the spot. When the squire desired to know the cause of this sudden descent and ligation, 'You must know, Sancho,' said the knight, 'that this vessel is here on purpose without a possibility of any other design, to call and invite me to embark, that I may be conveyed to the succour of some knight, or other necessitous personage of high degree, who must certainly be involved in some dire disaster; for this is the very spirit of books of chivalry, and the practice of those enchanters concerning whom they treat, who, when any knight in distress cannot be delivered by their art, but solely by the prowess of another errant, though perhaps at the distance of two or three thousand leagues or more, the

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snatch him up in a cloud, or provide him with a vessel, in which he embarks, and in the twinkling of an eye he is transported either through the air, or by sea, to the place where his assistance is required: this bark, therefore, O Sancho, is brought hither for the like purpose, as sure as it is now day; and before the day be spent, take and secure Dapple and Rozinante together, and let us commit ourselves to the direction of God; for even the bare-footed Carmelites shall not dissuade me from embarking.' 'Since that is the case,' answered Sancho, 'and your worship is resolved at every turn to plunge into these (I know not whether I should call them mad) vagaries, I have nothing to do but bow and obey; according to the proverb, If you obey the commands of your lord, you may sit as a guest at his board. Nevertheless, in order to disburden my conscience, I must give your worship notice, that in my opinion this same bark has nothing to do with enchanted people, but belongs to some fishermen of this river, in which they catch the best shads in the world.'

This remonstrance was made while he tied the cattle, which he could not leave to the protection of enchanters without being grieved to the very soul. But the knight exhorted him to banish his anxiety on account of the animals, which would be carefully maintained and protected by the same sage destined to transport their riders through roads and regions of such longitude. 'I do not understand what you mean by logicthood,' said the squire; 'for I never heard such a word before in the whole course of my life.' 'By longitude I mean, length,' answered the knight; 'but I do not at all wonder that thou shouldst not understand the word; for thou art not obliged to be acquainted with the Latin tongue, like some arrogant people, who pretend to knowledge, of which they are entirely ignorant.' 'The beasts are now secured,' said Sancho; 'what is next to be done?' 'What?' replied Don Quixote, 'but to cross ourselves and weigh anchor; I mean to embark, and cut the rope by which the vessel is made fast.'

So saying, he leaped on board, whither he was followed by Sancho, and the fastening being cut, the boat edged gently off from the bank. The squire seeing himself about two fathoms from the shore, began to tremble, in the apprehension of perishing; but nothing gave him more pain than hearing Dapple raise his voice, and seeing Rozinante struggle for his freedom. 'Now, Dapple,' said he to his master, 'brays for grief at our departure; and Rozinante strives to get loose that he may throw himself into the water and swim after us! Farewel, my dearly beloved friends, peace be with you, and may the madness that parts us be converted and undeceived, that we may be restored to your agreeable company.'

Then he began to weep so bitterly, that the knight exclaimed, in a tone of rage and vexation, 'Of what art thou afraid, cowardly miscreant! wherefore dost thou weep, thou heart of butter! who persecutes, who molests thee, thou soul of a garret mouse! or what wants dost thou suffer, beggarly wretch, rolling as thou art in the very bowels of abundance! Art thou, peradventure, travelling, barefoot over the Riphean mountains: No, seated like an archduke upon a convenient bench, thou art softly conveyed by the gentle current of this delicious river, from which in a little time we shall launch into the wide and extended ocean: but indeed, we must have already entered the open sea, and sailed at least seven or eight hundred leagues; and, if I had here an astrolabe to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell thee exactly what way we have made; though either I have little skill, or we have already passed, or will pass in a very little time, the equinoctial line, that divides the globe into two equal parts.' 'And how far shall we have gone when we come to that same line your worship mentions?' said Sancho. 'A great way,' replied the knight: 'for, three hundred and sixty degrees, comprehending the whole terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer ever known.'

own, we shall have traversed one half when we reach the equinoctial line.' 'Fore God!' cried Sancho, your worship has brought a set of rare witnesses to prove the truth of what you say, Copulation and Kiss-me-gaffer, with the addition of Tooli'me, or some such name *. Sancho laughed at Sancho's blunders, upon the imputation of the cosmographer Ptolemy; adding, 'You must know, Sancho, that one of the signs by which those who embark at Cadiz for the East Indies, know they have passed the equinoctial, is the total destruction of vermin among the passengers and seamen: that not one louse remains alive, or can be had in the whole ship, even though you should give it's weight in gold; thou mayest therefore slip thy hand along thy thigh, Sancho, and if thou canst catch any thing alive, my doubt will be resolved; but if there is nothing to be found, we must certainly have passed the line.' 'I can hardly believe it,' answered the squire; 'but, however, I will do as your worship desires; though there is no necessity for trying those experiments; for I can see with my own eyes, that we have not moved five fads from the bank; no, nor have we driven two fads below the cattle; for there stand Rozinante and his apple, in the very spot where they were left; and being aim as I do now, I vow to God, we do not move an inch at the pace of a pismire.' 'Sancho,' said the knight, 'perform the investigation I have mentioned, and give thyself no trouble about any other circumstance; for thou dost not know the meaning of colours, parallels, zodiacks, eclipticks, poles, solstices, equinoxes,

As it is altogether impossible, in a translation, literally to preserve the low humour arising from blunders upon words or sounds, I have been obliged to substitute an equivalent jingle, in the room of *puta, gase, and meon*, which are Spanish words, signifying a *whore*, a *catamite*, and a *bed*: so that Sancho, deceived by the affinity of these sounds to *computo, cosmographa, and Ptolemeo*, thought he had reason to say his master had produced a fair set of evi-

equinoxes, planets, constellations, points, and measures, that compose the spheres celestial and terrestrial. Wert thou acquainted with these, or even a part of them, thou wouldst distinctly perceive what parallels we have crossed, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. I therefore repeat my request, that thou wouldst examine and go anishing upon thyself; for I am persuaded thou art clean and smooth as a sheet of white paper.'

Sancho, in compliance with his desire, slipped down his hand softly, and felt about his left ham; then raising his head, and looking at his master, 'Either the experiment is false,' said he; 'or we have not reached the place your worship mentioned, by many leagues.' 'What!' said the knight, 'hast thou found something?' 'Aye, more than one something,' answered the squire: who snapped his fingers, and afterwards washed them in the river, along the current of which the boat glided softly, without the assistance of any secret power, or concealed inchanter, being conveyed by nothing but the stream, which then ran with a smooth and gentle course.

In this manner they proceeded, when they discovered some large mills, built in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner perceived, than he addressed himself to Sancho, in an exalted voice: 'Behold, my friend, yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, that contains some oppressed knight errant, queen, infant, or princess in distress, for whose relief I am brought hither.' 'What the devil does your worship mean by a city, fortress, or castle?' cried the squire: 'don't you see these are mills, built in the river, for grinding wheat?' 'Peace, Sancho,' replied the knight; 'although they appear to be mills, they are in reality edifices of a very different nature: I have already told thee, that all things are transformed and changed by the power of enchantment; I do not mean that they are really changed in any circumstance but appearance

as we have been taught by woeful experience in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hope.'

By this time, the boat being sucked into the middle of the stream, so as to move considerably faster than at first, was perceived by the millers, who seeing it advancing to the indraught of the wheels, came suddenly out in a body, with long poles to stop it's motion; and as their faces and cloaths were bepowdered with meal, they made a frightful figure, while they exclaimed, with great vociferation, 'You devils of men! where are you going: are you mad; to come and drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?'

Don Quixote, hearing this address, 'Did not I tell thee, Sancho,' said he, 'that we had arrived at the scene in which I must exert the prowess of mine arm? Behold, what felons and assassins come forth to try my valour; behold what a number of hobgoblins range themselves against me; behold, I say, what horrid physiognomies appear to scare and overawe us; but you shall presently see what will happen. Ye ruffians!' Then, starting up, he began to threaten and revile them, exclaiming aloud, 'Ye scum, ye scoundrels, ill-intentioned and worse-adviced! release, I charge you, and restore to the full fruition of freedom, the person whom ye keep confined and oppressed in that fortress or gaol, let him be high or low, or of what rank and quality soever he may be; for I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwise intitled the Knight of the Lions, destined, by the appointment of Heaven above, to bring this adventure to an happy issue.'

So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and brandished it in the air, in defiance of the millers, who hearing this rhapsody without understanding it, began to employ their poles, in order to turn aside the boat, which by this time had entered the current and canal of the wheels. As for Sancho, he fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly that Heaven would deliver him from such imminent danger; and his deliverance was accordingly effected by the alertness and dexterity of the mil-

lers, who pushed back the boat with their poles; yet not without oversetting the vessel; so as that the knight and his squire were soufed over head and ears in the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose: nevertheless, the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom; and had not the millers thrown themselves into the river, and weighed them up by main force, it might have been said, 'Here Troy once stood *.

They were no sooner dragged ashore, rather drenched than dead of drought, than the squire, humbling himself upon his knees, again clasping his hands, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, uttered a very fervent petition to God, that he might be from thenceforward delivered from the frantick projects and mad attempts of his master. This ejaculation was scarce finished, when they were joined by the fishermen who were owners of the boat, which was crushed to pieces by the mill-wheels; and they perceiving the wreck, began to strip Sancho, and demand indemnification of his master, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing at all had happened, told the millers and fishermen that he would pay for the bark with the utmost chearfulness, on condition that they would release, without ransom or security, the person or persons whom they detained in durance and oppression within the castle.

'What does the madman mean by persons and castles?' answered one of the millers; 'wouldst thou carry off the customers that bring grist to our mills, forsooth?' 'Enough,' said Don Quixote within himself; 'I might as well preach to the desert, as attempt, by intreaties, to prevail upon such miscreants to do any virtuous action. In this adventure there must certainly be two powerful incanters engaged on opposite sides, one of whom baffles the designs of the other; by one I

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* In allusion to the speech that Virgil puts in the mouth of Panthus Oihryades, who says to Æneas,

— *suit Ilum, et ingens*
Gloria Teucrorum!

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was provided with a bark, and his antagonist overturned me in the water. Lord mend us! the world is nothing but a continual warfare of opposite machinations and deceit; for my own part, I can do no more.' Then raising his voice, and fixing his eyes upon the mills, 'Friends,' cried he, 'whosoever you are who lie confined within that prison, forgive me, that, for my misfortune, as well as yours, it is not in my power to extricate you from your distress; for some other knight the adventure must be reserved.' Having pronounced this apostrophe, he compounded with the fishermen, for whose boat he paid fifty rials, which Sancho disbursed with great reluctance, saying, 'Two such boatfuls will sink our whole stock to the bottom.'

The fishermen and millers gazed with admiration at those two figures, so different in appearance from other men; and as they could by no means understand the meaning and tendency of Don Quixote's discourse, and the questions he asked, they looked upon them as madmen, and went away. The millers retreated to their mills; the fishermen betook themselves to their cottage; the knight and squire, like beasts, returned to their beasts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAP. XIII.

Of what passed between Don Quixote and a fair Huntress.

IN a melancholy plight did the knight and squire reach the place where their cattle stood; indeed, they were both sufficiently out of humour, especially Sancho, who was cut to the soul by the incroachment upon their capital, which to him was as precious as the apple of his eye. At length they mounted, in the most profound silence, and departed from the banks of that famous river; Don Quixote buried, as it were, amidst the meditations of his love, and Sancho immersed in those of his preferment, which at that time seemed to be at a weary distance; for maugre all his simplicity

and folly, he could easily perceive that all, or the greatest part of his master's actions, proceeded from frenzy and distraction; he therefore resolved to take an opportunity of retreating abruptly to his own house, without expostulation, or the ceremony of taking leave. But fortune ordained that things should fall out quite contrary to his apprehensions.

Next day, at sun-set, as they came out of a wood, Don Quixote, extending his view over a delightful green meadow, perceived some people at the farther end of it; and, as he proceeded, saw they were hawkers: approaching still nearer, he observed among them a gay lady, mounted upon a palfrey, or beautiful pad, as white as the driven snow, adorned with green furniture and a saddle of silver; the lady was likewise dressed in a rich habit of the same colour, as fine as finery itself. On her left-hand she carried a hawk, a circumstance from which the knight concluded she was some lady of high rank, and mistress of all the rest; nor was he mistaken. On this supposition, therefore, he said to his squire, 'Make haste, son Sancho; go and tell that lady of the palfrey and hawk, that I, the Knight of the Lions, send my respects to her exceeding beauty; and that, with her good leave, I will go and pay my compliments in person, and make her a tender of my service to the utmost of my power, in whatever she shall please to command; but keep a guard upon your tongue, Sancho, and beware of thrusting in some of your proverbs, while you deliver my embassy.' 'To be sure, you have found me a deadly thruster,' answered the squire, 'that you give me such warning! as if this were the first time in my life, that I have carried embassies to ladies of high rank and augmentation.' 'Except that which you carried to the Lady Dulcinea,' said the knight, 'I do not know that ever you carried another; at least while in my service.' 'That's true,' replied Sancho; 'but a good paymaster never wants bail; and a dinner is easily got, where there is plenty of meat for the pot: what I mean is, that

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there is no occasion to tell me or advertise me of any thing; for I am never out, and have a sort of a sinack of every thing.' 'I believe it, Sancho,' said Don Quixote: 'go in peace, and God be your guide.'

The squire setting out accordingly, at a good rate, and spurring Dapple beyond his natural pace, came up with the fair huntress; then alighting and kneeling before her, 'Beautiful lady,' said he, 'yonder knight, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, known at my own home by the name of Sancho Panza; and that same Knight of the Lions, though formerly of the Rueful Countenance, sends me to beg your grandeur would be pleased to allow him purposely, courteously, and consentingly, to come and gratify his desire, which is no other, as he says, and I believe, than to serve your exalted beauty and hawkingship; and in so doing, your excellency will do a thing that will redound to your own advantage, and from which he will receive the most notorious honour and satisfaction.'

'Worthy squire,' replied the lady, 'assuredly you have delivered your embassy with all the circumstances that such embassies require: pray rise, for it is not reasonable that the squire of such a great knight-errant as he of the Rueful Countenance, whose character is well-known in these parts, should remain in that posture; rise, friend, and go tell your master, that he shall be extremely welcome to command the services of me and the duke my husband, at our country-house in the neighbourhood.' Sancho arose, equally astonished at the beauty, good-breeding, and affability, of this worthy lady; but he was still more surprised at what she said concerning the well-known character of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; for if she did not give him the appellation of the Lions, it was because he had but lately assumed that epithet. 'Pray tell me, brother squire,' said the duchess, whose title is not known, 'is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de La

Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?' 'The very same, my lady,' answered Sancho; 'and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that history, by the name of Sancho Panza, unless they have changed me in the cradle; I mean, in the press.' 'I am extremely glad to hear it,' replied the duchess; go, brother Sancho, and tell your master, that he is well met, and welcome to my estate; and that nothing could give me more pleasure than his arrival.'

Sancho, in an excess of joy, occasioned by this agreeable answer, returned, and recounted to his master all that this lady of rank had said, extolling to the skies, in his rustic phrase, her exceeding beauty, good-humour, and politeness. The knight chose one of his genteelst attitudes, fixed himself well in his stirrups, adjusted his vizor, quickened Rozinante, and, with an agreeable air, advanced to pay his respects to the duchess; who, while he approached, ordered her husband to be called, and communicated the curious embassy. As they had read the first part of the history, from which they learned the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, they waited with infinite pleasure, and the most eager desire of being acquainted with the original, fully determined to gratify his humour in every thing, and treat him all the time he should stay with them as a real knight-errant; that is, with all the ceremonies described in those books of chivalry they had read, and to which, indeed, they were greatly attached. Meanwhile, Don Quixote approaching with his beaver up, made a motion to alight, and Sancho made haste to hold the stirrup; but he was so unfortunate, that, in dismounting from Dapple, he slipped his foot through the noose of the stirrup rope, in such a manner, that he could not possibly disentangle himself, but continued hanging with his face and part of his body on the ground. The knight, who never alighted without his assistance, imagining that Sancho, as usual, held the stirrup, threw himself off with a swing, and the saddle, which

which must have been very ill girted, and he, came to the ground together; not without great disgrace, and a thousand curses which he muttered between his teeth against the unfortunate Sancho, whose leg was still in the stocks.

The duke, seeing their distress, ordered his huntsmen to assist the knight and squire; and they lifted up Don Quixote, who was very much bruised by the fall; nevertheless, he advanced as well as he could, with a limping pace, and kneeled before this noble pair: but the duke would by no means allow him to remain in that posture; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he ran to embrace the knight, saying, 'I am heartily sorry, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that the first time you touch my ground, you should be so unlucky; but the carelessness of squires is often the cause of greater misfortunes.' 'This accident, valiant prince,' replied Don Quixote, 'cannot possibly be deemed a misfortune, though I had been plunged into the profound abyss; for even from thence should I have been raised and extricated by the glory of seeing your grace. My squire, whom God confound! is more ready at untying his tongue, in order to utter malicious insinuations, than at tying and securing the girth of a saddle; but whether fallen or exalted, a-foot or on horseback, I shall always be devoted to your service, and that of my Lady Duchess, your grace's worthy consort, the dignified queen of beauty, and universal princess of politeness.' 'Softly, my good Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha,' said the duke: 'where my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso reigns, no other beauty deserves applause.'

By this time Sancho Panza had disentangled himself and come up, and interposing in the discourse, before his master could make any reply, 'It cannot be denied,' said he, 'but must always be affirmed, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is extremely beautiful: but the hare starts where she is least expected; for I have heard it said, that the power called Nature is like a potter, who, if he can make one beautiful vessel, can

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n like manner make two, three, aye, and a hundred; this, I observe, because, in good faith, my Lady Duchess comes not a whit behind my Lady Mistress Donna Dulcinea del Toboso.' Don Quixote, turning to the duchess, 'Your grace must know,' said he, 'that no knight errant upon earth has such a prattling and free-spoken squire as mine; and he will certainly verify my words, if your highness shall be pleased to make use of my service for a few days.' 'I have the better opinion of honest Sancho, for his being free-spoken,' answered the duchess: 'that is a sign of his discretion; for plainness and wit, Signior Don Quixote, as your worship very well knows, do not love to dwell in a reserved disposition; and therefore, since honest Sancho is frank and free-spoken, I from henceforth set him down as a man of discretion.' 'And loquacity,' added the knight. 'So much the better,' said the duke; 'for a great deal of wit cannot be expressed in a few words; and that we may not spend more time in them, come, renowned Knight of the Rueful Countenance——' 'Of the Lions, your highness must call him,' cried Sancho; 'the Rueful Countenance is no more.' 'Of the Lions let it be then,' continued the duke; 'I say, come, Sir Knight of the Lions, to a castle I have in this neighbourhood, where you shall meet with that reception which is due to a person of your fame and character, and that respect which I and the duchess always pay to the knights-errant who favour us with their company.'

By this time Sancho having replaced and secured Rozinante's saddle, Don Quixote bestrode that famous steed; and the duke mounting a beautiful courser, they rode towards the castle, on each side of the duchess, who desired Sancho to keep close to her; for she took infinite pleasure in hearing his conceits. Indeed, the squire did not need intreaty, but mingling among the three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the unspeakable satisfaction of their graces, who thought themselves extremely fortunate in having an opportunity

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CHAP. XIV.

Which treats of manifold important Subjects.

SANCHO rejoiced exceedingly at seeing himself, as he thought, a favourite with the duchess; for being a staunch well-wisher to good cheer, he imagined he should find the same abundance in the castle which prevailed in the houses of Don Diego and Basilius, and alwas took by the forelock every occasion of living at his ease. The history then relates, that before they reached the castle or pleasure-house, the duke, riding on before, directed his servants how to behave to Don Quixote; who no sooner arrived at the gate with the duchess, than two lacquies or grooms came forth, clad in long trailing morning gowns of fine crimson sattin, and, lifting him off, said, without being heard or perceived, 'Your highness must go and help my Lady Duchess to dismount.' The knight took the hint, and a dispute of compliments passed between them on the subject; but, at length, the obstinacy of the duchess prevailed; for she would not quit her palfrey, or alight, except in the arms of the duke, saying, she was not worthy to load such an excellent knight with such an useless burden: at last, the duke came out to perform the office, and when they entered the court-yard, they were met by two beautiful damiels, who threw a mantle of the finest scarlet over Don Quixote's shoulders, and the corridors were instantly crouded with servants of both sexes, who exclaimed aloud, 'Welcome, thou flower and cream of knights-errant!' while all, or the greatest part of them, emptied bottles of sweet water upon him and their graces, to the admiration of Don Quixote, who now, for the first time, was sure and satisfied of his being a real and not a fantastic knight-errant, because he saw himself treated as the knights of former ages, whose histories he had read.

Sancho

Sancho quitted Dapple, and betaking himself to the duchess, entered the castle; where, however, his conscience upbraiding him for having left his beast alone, he made up to a reverend duenna, who, with others, had come out to receive the duchess, and accosting her in a soft voice, 'Signora Gonzalez,' said he, 'or what's your name, Madam?' 'My name is Duenna Rodrigues de Grijalva,' answered the gentlewoman: 'what are your commands, brother?' 'I wish you would do me the favour, good Madam,' replied the squire, 'to go to the castle-gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine, and be so good as either to send or lead him to the stable; for the poor creature is a little timorous, and cannot bear to be alone, by any manner of means.' 'If the master be as wise as the man,' cried the duenna, 'we have brought our pigs to a fine market: get you gone, brother, with a vengeance to you, and those who brought you hither, and take care of your ass with your own hands; the duennas of this house are not used to such employment.' 'But, for all that,' said Sancho, 'I have heard my master, who is a perfect mine of history, tell us how, when Lancelot came from Britain, ladies tended his own person, and duennas took care of his horse; now, with respect to my ass, I declare I would not exchange him for Signior Lancelot's courser.' 'Hark ye, friend,' replied the duenna, 'if you are a jack-pudding, keep your jokes for a proper place, where they may turn to account; from me you'll get nothing but, a fig for them.' 'Very well,' said the squire. 'I'll answer for its ripeness; your worship won't lose your game by a short reckoning.' 'You whoreson,' cried the duenna, in a violent rage, 'whether I am old or not, I must render an account to God, and not to such a garlick-eating rascal as you.'

This address she pronounced in such an audible voice, that she was overheard by the duchess; who, turning about, and seeing her woman in such wrath and trepidation, asked, with whom she was in such passion.

'With this honest fellow, here,' answered the duenna:

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'who has earnestly desired me to go and house an ass of his, that stands at the castle-gate, telling me, forsooth, as an example, that the same employment was undertaken by some ladies, who took care of one Lancelot, while the duennas looked after his horse; and, to crown the compliment, he tells me I am old.' 'I, myself,' said the duchess, 'would construe that into the greatest affront that could be given. Take notice, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is in the prime of her youth; and that the veil she wears is more for authority and custom, than on account of her years.' 'Accursed be those I have to live,' cried the squire, 'if I spoke to her for that reason; but only for the great affection I bear to my ass, whom I thought I could not recommend to a more charitable person than Signora Donna Rodriguez.' Don Quixote, overhearing all that passed, 'Is that proper discourse for this place, Sancho?' said he. 'Signior,' replied the squire, 'every man must speak of his wants where he finds them: here I thought of Dapple, and here I talked of him; and if he had come into my head in the stable, there too he should have been honourably mentioned.' Here the duke interposing, 'Sancho is very much in the right,' said he, 'and must not be blamed for what he has said; Dapple shall have no more to do but ask and have as much provender as he can eat; so that Sancho may be quite easy in that respect, for his beast shall be treated like his own person.'

This conversation, which was extremely agreeable to all, except Don Quixote, brought them to the top of the stair-case: and the knight being conducted into an apartment, hung with the richest tissue and brocade, was unarmed, and attended by six sprightly damsels, well instructed by the duke and duchess in the particulars of behaviour which they were to observe towards Don Quixote, in order to convince him that he was treated in all respects like a knight-errant. Thus disarmed, he remained in his strait breeches and shamoy doublet, so long, so lank, so lean, with his lantern

jaws

jaws kissing each other, that if the damsels had not been very careful in preserving their gravity, according to the precise orders they had received, they must certainly have burst with laughing at sight of such an uncouth figure. They desired he would allow them to undress and shift him; but he would not assent to this proposal, saying that knights-errant ought to be as remarkable for decency as for valour: he therefore bade them deliver the shirt to Sancho, with whom shutting himself up in a chamber, furnished with a magnificent bed, he was immediately undressed and shifted. Then being alone with his squire, 'Tell me,' said he, 'thou modern buffoon and ancient blockhead! was it thy province to dishonour and affront a venerable duenna, so worthy of reverence and respect! Was that a time to think of Dapple? or couldst thou imagine those noble persons would neglect the cattle belonging to guests whom they treated with such elegance? For the love of God, Sancho, set a guard upon thy tongue, and behave so as that people may not discover, by the thread, the coarse country web of which thou art woven: consider, sinner as thou art, that the master is respected in proportion to the discretion and good-breeding of his servants; and this is one of the greatest advantages which noble-men have over people of inferior rank: dost thou not consider, thou plague to thyself, and vexation to me, that if they perceive thee to be a base-bred clown or blundering fool, they will take me for some cheating impostor or knight of the post! No, no, Sancho, shun and avoid those inconveniences; for he who sets up for a merry-andrew, falls at the first stumble into a disgraced buffoon: bridle thy tongue, therefore, consider and ruminate well, before the words issue from thy mouth, and remember that we are now arrived at a place from whence by the favour of God, and the valour of mine arm, we shall depart, bettered three, nay, five-fold both in fortune and in fame.' Sancho promised, with repeated assurances, that he would rather stitch up his mouth, or bite off his tongue, than utter one word that

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should not be pat to the purpose, and well considered, according to his command; and that he might make himself perfectly easy on that score, for by him it should never be discovered who they were.

Don Quixote having dressed himself, girded on his sword, thrown the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, and covered his head with a cap of green velvet, which he received from the damsels, came forth thus equipped, into the great hall, where he found the maidens placed in two equal rows, furnished with the implements for hands-washing, which they administered with profound respect and abundance of ceremony: then came the major-domo, attended by twelve pages, to conduct him to the table where their graces waited for him: he was accordingly surrounded by these domestics, and led with great pomp and majesty into another hall, in which appeared a table, nobly decorated, with four covers. The duke and duchess came to the door to receive him, attended by one of those grave ecclesiastics who govern the families of noblemen; who being of no birth themselves, know not how to direct those who are; who seek to measure the grandeur of the great by the narrowness of their own souls; and, in attempting to make their pupils oeconomists, convert them into downright misers: such, I say, was the grave clergyman who came out to receive Don Quixote, with the duke and duchess. After a thousand courteous compliments, they walked on each side of him to the table, where the duke complimented him with the upper end; and though he refused that honour, they importuned him so much, that he was obliged to comply; the clergyman sitting opposite to him, and the duke and duchess taking their places at the sides.

Sancho, who was present at all this ceremony, being confounded and astonished at the honours which were paid to his master, and perceiving the formality and entreaties that passed between his grace and Don Quixote, about sitting at the head of the table, intruded himself, as usual, into the discourse, saying, 'With your ho-

nour's leave, I'll tell you a story of what happened in our village, with respect to the upper hand in sitting.

Scarce had he pronounced these words, when the knight began to tremble with apprehensions that he was going to utter some absurdity; but the squire seeing and understanding the cause of his master's trepidation, 'Signior,' said he, 'your worship needs not be afraid that I shall misbehave, or say something that is not to the matter in hand; for I have not forgot the advice I just now received from your worship, about speaking a little or a great deal, to the purpose, and not to the purpose.'—'I know nothing at all of the matter,' answered the knight: 'say what thou wilt, so thou sayest it quickly.'—'Well then,' replied Sancho, 'what I am going to say is true; for my master Don Quixote, here present, would not suffer me to tell a lie.'—'As for me,' said Don Quixote, 'you may lie as much as you please, without lett or molestation: but I advise you to consider well what you are about to say.'—'I have it so well considered and reconsidered, that I am as safe as he that has the repique in hand, as will appear in the performance.'—'Your graces will do well,' said Don Quixote, 'to order the servants to turn out this madman, who will commit a thousand blunders.'—'By the life of the duke!' cried the duchess, 'I will not part with my good friend Sancho, for whom I have a very great respect, because I know him to be a person of wit and pleasantry.'—'Pleasant may all the days of your holiness be, for your good opinion of my deserts,' said the squire; 'though God knows, they are but slender enough: however, my story is this.

'There was an invitation given by a gentleman of our town, who was both rich and well born, as being come of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married to Donna Mencia de Quinones, daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, Knight of the Order of St. Jago, who was drowned in the Herradura, and occasioned a quarrel some years ago in our village, in which, if I am not mistaken, my master Don Quixote was concerned;

but this I know, mad Tom, the son of old Balvatio the blacksmith, was hurt on that occasion — Now, Sir Master of mine, is not this God's truth? I speak upon your worship's honour, that these noble persons may not look upon me as a chattering liar? — 'Hitherto,' said the clergyman, 'I take you to be a chatterer rather than a liar; but I know not what I shall take you for in the sequel.' — 'Thou hast produced so many witnesses and tokens,' replied the knight, 'that I cannot but say thy story looks like truth: proceed, however, and shorten thy tale, for thou art in the way of lengthening it out for the space of two whole days' — 'He shall not shorten it,' said the duchess, 'if he consults my entertainment; but, on the contrary, tell it in his own way, though it should not be finished in six days; for should it hold out so long, they will be some of the pleasantest I ever passed.'

'Well, then, my masters,' proceeded Sancho, 'that same gentleman, whom I know as well as I know these two hands, for it is not above a bow-shot from his house to mine, invited a farmer, who, though not rich, was a very honest man. — 'Dispatch, brother,' cried the priest, interposing; for at this rate, your story will reach to the other world.' — 'It will hardly go half so far, an it please God,' answered the squire; who thus proceeded: 'So, as I was saying, the farmer going to the house of the gentleman inviter, who is now dead, God rest his soul! by the same token they say he died like an angel; for my own part, I was not present at his death, having gone a reaping to Tembleque.' — 'As you hope to live, son,' cried the ecclesiastic, 'return quickly from Tembleque, and finish your story, without staying to inter the gentleman, unless you have a mind to bury us all?' — 'Well, to come to the point,' replied Sancho; 'when the two came to be seated at table. Methinks I see them now more than ever.' The duke and duchess were infinitely pleased with the disgust which the reverend ecclesiastic expressed at the tedious and circumstantial manner in which the squire re-

lated his story, while Don Quixote was almost consumed by shame and indignation. 'I say, moreover,' resumed Sancho, 'that the two, as I have already observed, coming to sit down at the table, the farmer obstinately refused to take the upper-end, according to the desire of the entertainer; while the gentleman, on the other hand, as obstinately insisted upon his compliance, alledging that he ought to be master in his own house; but the farmer, who piqued himself upon his politeness and good-breeding, still persisted in his refusal, until the gentleman, growing angry, took him by the shoulders, and thrust him into the seat, saying, "Know, Mr. Chaffthresher, that wheresoever I sit, I shall always be at the head of the table." Now this is my tale, and I really believe it was brought in pretty pat to the purpose.'

Don Quixote's brown face was speckled with a thousand different colours at this recital: and their graces restrained their laughter, that he might not be quite abashed at the sarcastic insinuation of his squire. To change the discourse, therefore, and prevent Sancho from uttering any other such dangerous contents, the duchess addressing herself to the knight, asked, when he had heard from the the Lady Dulcinea; and if he had lately sent her any presents from the great number of giants and robbers whom he must have vanquished. To this interrogation the knight replied, 'My misfortunes, Madam, though they had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have vanquished; telons and robbers I have sent; but where must they find her, enchanted and transformed as she is, into the most homely country wench that can be imagined!'—'This I know,' said Sancho Panza: 'to me she seemed the most beautiful creature in the whole world; at least, in point of nimbleness and leaping, she would get the better of a professed rope-dancer.—In good faith, my Lady Duchess, she skipped from the ground upon her ass like a perfect cat.'—What! have you seen her enchanted, Shancho? said the duke. 'How! I seen her?' replied the squire:

who

‘who the devil but I was the first that fell upon the plot of the enchantment: to be sure she was as much enchanted as my father.’

The ecclesiastie hearing them talk of giants, felons and enchantments, began to imagine that this must be the Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose history the duke took such delight in reading, that he had often reprehended his grace for being so mad as to read such nonsense; and being now confirmed in his suspicion, he said to the duke, in a very cholerick tone, ‘Signior, your excellency is accountable to Heaven for the actions of that poor man. That Don Quixote, or Don Driveller, or what’s his name, would not, I imagine, be such a fool, if your excellency did not administer fuel and encouragement to his madness and folly.’ Then addressing himself to the knight, ‘And pray, Mr. Wiseacre,’ said he, ‘who has stuffed your brain with the ridiculous conceit of your being a knight-errant, conquering giants, and apprehending robbers? Return, in good hour, (for in good hour I advise you,) return to your own house, educate your children, if you have any, take care of your own concerns, and leave off strolling about the country, sucking the wind, and exposing yourself to the laughter of those who do, and those who do not, know your infirmity. Where, in evil hour, did you find that there are, or ever were, knights-errant? Where did you ever see giants in Spain, caitiffs in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, with all that tribe of absurdities that are recounted as your adventures?’

Don Quixote, who listened attentively to the discourse of this venerable person, no sooner perceived he had left off speaking, than forgetting the respect he owed the duke and duchess, he started up, and, with ireful aspect and glowing visage, replied—But the reply deserves a chapter for itself.

C H A P. XV.

Containing Don Quixote's Reply to his Reprover; with other serious and diverting Incidents.

DON Quixote starting up, and trembling from head to foot, like quicksilver, thus accosted the ecclesiastick, with an eager yet faltering tongue: 'The place and presence in which I am, and the respect which I always had and still have for the function you profess, withhold and tie up the hands of my just resentment; for these reasons, as well as because I know what all the world knows, that gownmen and women make use of no weapon but their tongues, I will, with mine, fairly engage your reverence, of whom I might have expected good advice, rather than infamous reproach; as wholesome and well-meant reproof requires far other circumstances, and ought to be conveyed in gentler terms: at least, a rebuke in public, delivered with such asperity, has exceeded all the bounds of Christian reprehension, the beginning of which ought to be mild rather than severe; nor is it just to call the delinquent, in plain terms, a wiseacre and a fool, without knowing the nature of the fault for which he is reprehensible. But, pray tell me, reverend Signior, for which of the absurdities you have noted in my behaviour, do you condemn and reproach me, bidding me return to my own house, to take care of my family, my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either wife or children? What then! is there nothing required but to enter a house at random, in order to lead the master by the nose; and shall a narrow-minded pedant, on the strength of having taught a few pupils to read Latin, though he has seen no more of the world than what may be contained in twenty or thirty leagues of district, presume abruptly, without permission, to give laws to chivalry, and judge of knights-errant? Is it a vain undertaking then, or is the time mispent, which we employ in travelling about the world, not in quest of its delights, but its adversities, by which good men ascend

ascend the throne of immortality? Had I been counted a fool by knights, or people of fashion, birth, or generosity, I should have deemed myself irreparably affronted; but my being regarded as a madman by book-worms, who never entered or trod the paths of chivalry, I value not a farthing; a knight I am, and a knight I shall die, according to the pleasure of the Almighty. Some chuse the spacious field of proud ambition; others take that of base and servile adulation; a third set follow the paths of deceitful hypocrisy; and a fourth proceed in that of true religion; but I, by the influence of my stars, pursue the narrow track of knight-errantry, for the exercise of which, I undervalue fortune in the chace of honour. I have assisted the aggrieved, redressed wrongs, chastised the insolent, overcome giants, and overthrown hobgoblins. I am enamoured, for no other reason but because it is necessary that knights-errant should be in love; and this being the case, I am not a vicious libertine, but a chaste platonic admirer. My intention I always direct to a worthy aim, namely, to do good unto all men, and harm to no creature. Whether or not he who thinks, acts, and speaks in this manner, deserves to be called a fool, let your graces determine?

‘Well argued, master!’ cried Sancho: ‘Fore God! your worship needs say no more in behalf of your own character; for there is no more to be said, thought, or insisted upon; especially as that gentleman denies, and he certainly has denied, that there either are, or ever were, knights-errant in this world; so that he knows nothing at all of the matter!’ ‘Brother,’ replied the priest, ‘belike you are that Sancho Panza, to whom they say your master has promised an island?’ ‘Yes, I am,’ said the squire; ‘and I hope I deserve it as well as another. I am one of whom you may say, ‘Keep good company, and you’ll learn good manners; and, I ask not where you was hatched, but where you was watched. And again, Well sheltered shall he be, who leans against a sturdy tree. Now I have leaned against a good

a good master, and accompanied him many months, and will learn to be just such another as himself; and if God pleases, and he live and I live, he will not want governments to give, nor I islands to govern.' 'No, surely, friend Sancho,' said the duke; 'for I myself, in the name of Signior Don Quixote, will confer upon you the government of an odd island, and that not inconsiderable, which is in my possession.' 'Fall upon your knees, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, 'and kiss his excellency's feet, for the honour he has done you.' Sancho did as he was desired: and the ecclesiastic no sooner saw the ceremony performed, than he rose from table in a violent passion, saying, 'By the habit which I wear, I affirm, that your excellency is as mad as these poor sinners: what wonder that they should be frantick, when people who are in their senses canonize their phrenzy! Your excellency may enjoy their company by yourself: for while they remain in this house, I shall stay in my own, and excuse myself from reproving what I cannot remedy.' Without farther speech, or eating another mouthful, he went away abruptly, in spite of all their graces could say to detain him. Indeed, the duke said not much; for he was hindered by the laughter which the priest's impertinent indignation had produced; however, as soon as he could resume his gravity, he addressed himself to Don Quixote in these words.

'Sir Knight of the Lions, your worship has made such an ample reply, that nothing farther remains to be done, by way of satisfaction for that, which though it may seem an affront, falls by no means under that denomination; for neither the female sex nor the clergy can give affronts, as your worship so very well knows.' 'Undoubtedly,' answered the knight; 'and the reason is, because those persons who cannot receive, are not capable of giving an affront. Women, children, and ecclesiastics, as they cannot defend themselves when attacked, so neither can they be affronted: for there is this difference between an injury and affront, as your excellency

excellency well knows ; an affront comes from a person who is capable of giving an affront, and when it is given, maintains it ; whereas, an injury may come from any quarter, unattended by an affront. For example, a man, walking carelessly in the street, is assaulted and cudgelled by ten armed persons, against whom he draws his sword, and behaves like a man of honour ; but he is overpowered by the number of his antagonists, and prevented from executing his intention, which is to revenge the wrong ; this man is injured, not affronted. A truth which we will confirm by another example : a man comes and strikes another, whose back is turned, and then betakes himself to his heels ; and the other pursues, though he cannot overtake the fugitive. The man so struck received an injury, but no affront, because an affront ought to be maintained. If he who gave the blow, though it was done by stealth, in a cowardly manner, had drawn his sword, and stood facing the enemy, he who received the blow would have been both injured and affronted : injured, because he was surprized ; and affronted, because he who gave the blow maintained it by keeping his ground. And therefore, according to the punctilios of honour, I may be injured but not affronted ; for women and children do not feel those things ; they can neither fly nor stand their ground : and the same rule holds good with those who are consecrated to the service religion. Now these three classes of mankind are destitute of offensive and defensive weapons ; and though nature obliges them to stand in their own defence, yet they can offend nobody : and albeit I just now said I might be injured, I now affirm it cannot be in any shape ; for he who cannot receive, much less can he give an affront. For which reasons I ought not to resent, nor do I resent, the reproaches of that honest man ; I only wish he had staid a little, until I should have convinced him of his error, in thinking and saying, there never were, nor are, knights-errant upon the face of the earth ; an asseveration which might have turned

to his prejudice, had it been overheard by Amadis, or any one of his infinite progeny.' 'I'll take my corporal oath,' cried Sancho, 'that they would have given a back-stroke that would have laid him open from top to toe, like a pomegranate or ripe melon: they were a rare set to endure such tickling. By my holy dame! I am well assured, that if Reynaldos of Montalvan had heard this manikin's discourse, he would have given him such a slap in the mouth, that he should not have spoke another word in three long years. No, no! let him meddle with them, and he'll see how well he'll escape out of their clutches.' The duchess had well-nigh died with laughing at this speech of Sancho; who, in her sentiment, was a more diverting madman than his master, and a great many people at that time were of the same way of thinking.

Finally, Don Quixote was appeased, dinner ended, and the cloth being taken away, in came four damsels, one of them with a silver ewer, another with a flask of the same metal, a third with a couple of very fine white towels over her arm, and a fourth with her arms bare up to the elbow, and in her white hands, for doubtless they were white, a wash ball of Neapolitan soap. She who carried the ewer, approaching with a genteel carriage, and modest assurance, thrust it under the beard of Don Quixote, who, without speaking one word, wondered at this ceremony; from which he concluded, that it was the custom of the country to wash beards, instead of hands: he therefore stretched out his chin as far as he could, and immediately the flask began to rain; the damsel with the soap-ball lathered him with great expedition, raising flakes of snow, (for the suds were as white,) not only upon the beard, but also over the whole face of the obedient knight, insomuch that he was obliged to shut his eyes in their defence; while the duke and duchess, who were not in the secret, sat impatiently waiting to see the issue of this ablution. The young she-barber having raised the lather as high as her hand, pretended the water was spent, and bade the damsel

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damfel of the flask go for a fresh supply, and Signior Don Quixote would have patience till her return. He accordingly waited with patience, exhibiting the strangest and most ludicrous figure that ever was conceived, to the view of numerous spectators, who seeing half a yard of neck more than moderately brown, two eyes shut, and his beard covered with lather, had need of great discretion to restrain their laughter, and it was a wonder they could smother it at any rate. As for the damsels concerned in the joke, they kept their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring to look at the duke and duchess, who were at once agitated by mirth and indignation; and did not know, whether they should resolve upon chastising their presumption, or rewarding them for the pleasure they received in seeing the knight in such an attitude. At length the damsel returning with more water, they finished the ablution of Don Quixote; then she who carried the towels having wiped and dried him with great composure, all four at once made a most profound curtsy, and were going away. But the duke, fearing the knight would smell the joke, called to the damsel of the ewer, saying, 'Come hither, and wash me too, and be sure you have water enough.' The girl, being very handy and acute, obeyed without hesitation, placed the ewer under his grace's chin, and when he was well washed, lathered, wiped, and dried, they dropped their curtsies and retired. It was afterwards known, the duke had sworn within himself, that if they should have refused to serve him in that manner, he would have chastised them for their assurance; but they prudently escaped a scouring, by scouring his grace.

Sancho having attentively considered this ceremony of cleansing, 'God's mercy!' said he within himself, 'is it the custom in this country to wash the squire's beard as well as the knight's? For God and my own conscience knows, I have need of such purification; and if they would give me the touch of a razor, the benefit would still be the greater.' 'What is that you mutter, Sancho?'

Sancho?' said the duchess. 'I say, my lady,' answered the squire, 'I have always heard it said, that in the courts of other princes, when the cloth is taken away, water for the hands is brought in, but not fuds for the beard; so that the longer we live, the more we learn: yet it is also observed, that he who lives much time will bear much misfortune; though to undergo such a purification as this may pass for a pleasure rather than a toil.' 'Give yourself no concern, friend Sancho,' said the duchess, 'for I will order my maids not only to wash, but also to lay you a-bucking, should it be necessary.' 'I shall be satisfied with the lathering of my beard,' replied the squire; 'at least for the present; and God will ordain what is to happen in the sequel.' The duchess, turning to the major domo, 'Remember,' said she, 'what honest Sancho desires, and gratify his inclination with the utmost punctuality.' This domestick promised that Signior Sancho should be obeyed in all things; and returning to dinner with the squire, left their graces and Don Quixote sitting at the table, discoursing on many and various subjects, though all of them related to chivalry and the exercise of arms.

The duchess entreated the knight, who seemed to possess such a tenacious memory, to delineate and describe the beauty and deportment of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, she concluded, from what fame had proclaimed of her charms, must be the fairest creature, not only in the whole world, but even in La Mancha. Don Quixote sighing, at her grace's request, 'If,' said he, 'I could take out my heart, and lay it before your highness in a plate, upon this table, I should save my tongue the trouble of saying what is almost inconceivable; for in it your excellency would see her picture at full length: but why should I now attempt to delineate and describe circumstantially the particular charms of the peerless Dulcinea? A burden worthy of other shoulders than mine, and a task which ought to employ the pencils of Parrhasius, Timanthes, and Apelles, together with the chissel of Lysippus, to exhibit

exhibit her image on canvas, brass, and marble, as well as the Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence to sound her praise.' 'What does Signior Don Quixote mean by Demosthenian,' said the duchess, 'which is a word I never heard before in the whole course of my life.' 'Demosthenian eloquence,' answered the knight, 'has the same signification as the eloquence of Demosthenes, and Ciceronian means that of Cicero; for these two were the greatest orators in the whole world.' 'Certainly,' said the duke, 'and you exposed yourself by such an interrogation: nevertheless, Signior Don Quixote would give us infinite pleasure, could he be prevailed upon to describe that beauty which, even in a sketch or rough draft, would certainly appear such as might excite envy in the most beautiful women of the creation.' 'I would assuredly comply with your grace's desire,' replied the knight, 'were not her idea blotted from my remembrance, by the misfortune which hath lately befallen her; a misfortune which induces me to bewail rather than describe her; for your highness must observe, that when I went some time ago to kiss her hands, and receive her benediction, consent, and licence, for this my third sally, I found her quite otherwise than I expected; I found her enchanted and transformed from a princess into a country wench, from beauty into deformity, from an angel into a dæmon, from a delicious perfume into a pestilential vapour, from the pink of compliment into the most clownish dialect, from light into darkness, from a sedate young lady into a rustic romp, and finally, from Dulcinea del Toboso into a Sayago * drab.' 'God protect us!' cried the duke with a loud voice, 'who can have done such mischief to the world, in robbing it of that beauty by which it was delighted, that good humour by which it was entertained, and that modesty which did it honour!' 'Who?' answered the knight; 'who could it be, VOL. IV. O be,

* Sayago is a district in the kingdom of Leon, the inhabitants of which were extremely poor, and very meanly clothed.

be, but one of the malignant and envious tribe of enchanterers by whom I am persecuted? That accursed race, brought into the world on purpose to obscure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to illustrate and extol the deeds of the wicked. Persecuted I have been by enchanterers, persecuted I am by enchanterers, and enchanterers will persecute me, until I and all my lofty feats of chivalry are plunged into the abyss of oblivion; nay, they injure and wound me in that part where they know my feeling is most acute; for to deprive a knight-errant of his mistress, is to rob him of the eyes with which he sees, the sun by which he is enlightened, and the support by which he is maintained. I have many times said, and now I repeat the observation, that a knight-errant without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, and a shadow without the substance by which it is produced.'

'There is no more to be said,' replied the duchess; 'nevertheless, if we are to believe the history of *Senior Don Quixote*, which has lately been ushered into the world, with the general applause of the different nations that compose it, we must conclude (if I right remember) that your worship never saw the *Lady Dulcinea*, and that there is no such person in being; but that it is only a fantastical mistress, begot and born in your imagination, which hath decked her with all the graces and perfection that fancy could conceive.'—'Much may be said on that subject,' answered *Don Quixote*; 'God knows whether or not there is such a person as *Dulcinea* in the world, whether she is fantastical or not fantastical; for these things are not to be too nicely investigated: for my own part, I neither begat nor bore my mistress, although I contemplate her with that admiration which is due to a lady, in whom are concentrated those qualities that ought to render her renowned throughout the whole world, such as beauty without blemish, gravity without pride, tenderness with chastity, affability from courtesy, courtesy from good-breeding; and, finally, dignity from birth, because nobleness of blood

blood reflects an additional splendor upon beauty, and shews it to greater perfection than that which we find among the fairest of those who are meanly born.'—
 'Your observation is extremely just,' said the duke: 'but Signior Don Quixote must give me leave to mention what the history of his adventures, which I have read, obliges me to declare; namely, that though we grant there may be a Dulcinea, either in or out of Toboso, and that she may be beautiful to excess, as your worship has described her, yet, in respect to pedigree, she is by no means on a footing with the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, Madasimas, together with the rest of that class, which occurs so often in those histories that are so familiar to your worship.'

'To that observation I can answer,' said the knight, 'that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works; that good qualities ennoble the blood; and that a virtuous person of low descent ought to be more esteemed than a vicious man of high degree; especially as Dulcinea possesses qualifications which may raise her to the throne of a crowned and sceptered queen; for the merit of a virtuous and beautiful woman is sufficient to work still greater miracles, and virtually, though not formally, contains within itself still greater advantages.'—'Signior Don Quixote,' said the duchess, 'every thing you say is spoken with deliberation, and, according to the proverb, you proceed with the plummet in your hand: henceforth I shall firmly believe, and make my whole family, even the duke himself, should there be occasion, believe, that Dulcinea is living at this day in Toboso; that she is beautiful, high born, and in all respects worthy to be served and admired by such a knight as Signior Don Quixote; and that is the highest compliment that can be bestowed. But I cannot help forming a scruple, and entertaining a kind of grudge against Sancho Panza: the scruple arises from a particular of the history, importing, that the said Sancho found the Lady Dulcinea winnowing a sack of wheat, when he carried a letter to her from your worship; by the same

token, it is said to have been red wheat; a circumstance that makes me doubt the nobleness of her pedigree.'

To this remark Don Quixote replied—'Madam, your highness must know that all or the greatest part of the incidents that happen to me, deviate from the ordinary limits of those adventures which occur to other knights-errant, either conducted by the inscrutable will of destiny, or effected by the malice of some envious enchanter; and it is a circumstance well known of all or the greatest part of renowned knights-errant, that one possessed the virtue of being proof against enchantment, another of being invulnerable, which was the case of the famous Orlando, one of the Twelve Peers of France, who, as it is recorded, could not be wounded in any other place but the sole of his left foot, and even there, with no other weapon than the point of a large pin; so that Bernardo del Carpio, who slew him at the battle of Ronsevalles, perceiving that he could make no impression upon him with steel, lifted him off the ground, and strangled him between his arms, in imitation of the manner in which Hercules destroyed Anteus, that ferocious giant said to be the son of Earth. What I would infer from what I have said is, that I too may have some of these virtues centered in my person, though not that of being invulnerable; for I have been frequently convinced by experience, that my flesh is very tender, and by no means impenetrable; nor that of being proof against enchantment, for I once found myself cooped up in a cage, in which the whole world would not have had strength enough to inclose me, without the additional power of enchantment; but since I freed myself from that confinement, I am apt to believe that no other will ever interrupt the course of my adventures; and, therefore, those enchanters, seeing that their wicked arts will not take effect upon my own person, revenge themselves on those things to which my affection is chiefly attached, and endeavour to deprive me of life, by persecuting that of Dulcinea, for whom alone I live. I therefore am persuaded, that when my

squire

squire delivered my message, they had converted her into a coarse country wench, employed in such a mean exercise as that of winnowing wheat: but I have already said, that it could not be red wheat, nor indeed any sort of wheat, but oriental pearls; and as a proof of this asseveration, I must tell your highnesses, that when I lately went to Toboso, I could by no means find Dulcinea's palace; and the day following, while my squire Sancho beheld her in her own figure, which is the fairest in the whole world, to me she seemed a rustic and homely country wench, without any thing sensible in her conversation; whereas she is in fact the very pink of discretion and good sense. Now, since I myself neither am, nor, in all probability, can be enchanted, she is the person enchanted, offended, changed, perverted, and transformed; and in her my enemies have taken vengeance upon me; so that, for her, I shall live in perpetual affliction, until I see her restored to her former state: all this I have observed, that nobody may scruple about what Sancho said of her sifting and winnowing; for since they have transformed her in my view, no wonder they should change her form in his. Dulcinea is a person of birth and fashion, one of the genteel families of Toboso, which are very numerous, ancient and noble; and certainly no small part of these qualifications falls to the share of the peerless Dulcinea, on whose account the place of her nativity will become famous and renowned in future ages, as Troy is become famous by Helen, and Spain by Cava, though with a better title and nobler fame. On the other hand, I must inform your graces, that Sancho Panza is one of the most pleasant squires that ever served a knight-errant: sometimes his simplicity is so arch, that, to consider whether he is more fool or wag, yields abundance of pleasure; he hath roguery enough to pass for a knave, and absurdities sufficient to confirm him a fool; he doubts every thing, and believes every thing; and often, when I think he is going to discharge nonsense, he will utter apophthegms that will raise him to the skies; in a

word, I would not exchange him for any other squire, even with a city to boot ; and therefore I am in doubt whether or not it will be expedient to send him to that government which your grace has been so good as to bestow upon him ; although I can perceive in him a certain aptitude for such an office ; so that, when his understanding is a very little polished, he will agree with any government, like the king with his customs ; for we know by repeated experience, that great talents and learning are not necessary in a governor, as there are a hundred at least, who govern like *jerfaulcons*, though they can hardly read their mother tongue ; provided their intention is righteous, and their desire to do justice, they will never want counsellors to direct them in every transaction, like your military governors, who, being illiterate themselves, never decide without the advice of an assessor. I shall advise him corruption to eschew, but never quit his due : and inculcate some other small matters that are in my head, which, in process of time, may redound to his own interest, as well as to the advantage of the island under his command.

Thus far the conversation had proceeded between their graces and Don Quixote, when they heard a number of people talking, and a great noise in the palace, and presently Sancho entered the hall in a fright, tucked with a dish-clout by way of bib, and followed by several boys, or rather scullions, and other small gentry, one of whom brought a tray full of water, which, by its colour and filth, appeared to be dish-washings, pursuing and persecuting the poor squire, and struggling to thrust it under his chin ; while another, with the same earnestness, endeavoured to lather his beard. ‘ What is the matter fellows ? ’ cried the duchess ; ‘ what is the matter ? What designs have you upon that worthy gentleman ? Hah ! don’t you consider he is governor elect ? ’ To this apostrophe, the barber-scullion replied—‘ The gentleman won’t suffer himself to be washed according to the custom and manner practised upon my Lord Duke and his own master.’—‘ Yes, will,’ cried Sancho in a violent passion, ‘ but it must be

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be with whiter towels, clearer fuds, and cleaner hands : for surely there is not such a difference between me and my master, as that he should be washed with angel water, and I drenched with devils' lye. The customs of different countries, and the fashions of princely courts, are no farther good than as they are agreeable ; but this here custom of lathering is worse than the exercise of disciplinants *. My beard is clean enough, and needs no such scrubbing ; and if any man pretends to lather me, or touch a hair of my head, (my beard I mean,) saving this honourable presence, I'll drive my fist in his scull ; for these ceremonies of soap-scouring look rather like making game than making welcome.' The duchess was ready to burst with laughing at the rage and remonitance of Sancho : but Don Quixote was not extremely well pleased to see his squire tucked up with such a dirty cloth, and surrounded with so many sons of the kitchen ; he therefore, making a low bow to the duke and duchess, by way of asking their permission to speak, thus addressed himself to the scullions, in a solemn tone—' So ho, you gentlemen cavaliers ! I desire your worships will let the young man alone, and return to the place from whence you came, or go whithersoever you please ; my squire is as cleanly as another, and those trays are as unfit for him as a narrow-necked bottle : take my advice, therefore, and let him alone ; for neither he nor I understand such impertinent jokes.'

Here

* In Spain and Italy there is, upon every Holy Thursday, a procession of disciplinants, or people who do penance in sackcloth, carrying a flambeau in one hand, and in the other a scourge, with which they belabour their own shoulders, in such a manner, that the very street is sometimes coloured with their blood : some of these disciplinants, however, are mere hypocrites, who under their sackcloth wear women's stays, buff jackets, and even plates of tin ; so that they are often detected from the sound of the stroke : and at Rome nothing is more common than to hear the people who accompany these devotees, call out, according to the report of the application, '*Guippone di Buffalo!—Busfi di Donna ! and Corrazini di Latta !*'

Here Sancho, taking the word out of his master's mouth, proceeded, saying—'No, no, let them perform their clumsy joke, which I shall bear as sure as it is now night; let them fetch a comb, or what they will, to curry this beard; and if they catch any thing that should give offence to cleanliness, they shall shear me against the hair.'

At this period, the duchess still laughing—'Sancho Panza,' said she, 'is certainly in the right in all that he has said, and will be in the right in all that he shall say; he is already clean enough, and as he observes, has no occasion to be washed; and if he does not like the custom of the place, he shall follow his own inclination *; besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and negligent, not to say presumptuous, in bringing to such a personage and such a beard, trays, wooden troughs, and dishcloths, instead of ewers and golden basons, and towels of the finest holland: but the case is, you are base-born miscreants, and like caittifs as you are, cannot forbear shewing the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-errant.' The whole scullion ministry, as well as the major-domo, who came in with them, believed her grace was actually in earnest, and sneaked away in great shame and confusion, after having untied the dishcloth from the neck of Sancho, who, seeing himself delivered from that imminent danger, went and fell upon his knees before the duchess, saying, 'From great ladies great benefits are expected; and this that I have now received from your grace, I can in no other shape repay, than in wishing I were dubbed a knight errant, that I might spend all the days of my life in the service of such a noble and exalted lady: a peasant I am, and Sancho Panza by name, with a wife and family, and serve in quality of a squire; and if in any of these respects I can serve your highness, I shall be more speedy in obeying than your grace

* *Su alma en su palma.* The original expression literally signifies, 'His soul is in his hand,' i. e. 'He is at his own discretion.'

in laying your commands.'—'Sancho,' replied the duchess, 'it plainly appears that you have learned politeness in the school of courtesy itself; I say, it plainly appears, that you have been bred up at the feet of Don Quixote, who is the cream of compliment, and flower of ceremony, or, as you term it, Sarah-money: long-life and prosperity to such a master and such a pupil; one the north pole of knight-errantry, and the other the very star of squirish fidelity. Rise, friend Sancho, and I will remunerate your politeness, by prevailing upon my Lord Duke to perform his promise of the government with all possible dispatch.'

Here the conversation being broke off, the knight retired to take his afternoon's nap*; and the duchess desired Sancho, if he was not very much disposed to sleep, to go and pass the evening with her and her women, in a very cool and pleasant apartment. Sancho told her, that although it was really his custom to sleep for four or five hours every afternoon in the heat of summer, yet, for the satisfaction of her grace's goodness, he would that day strive with all his might to keep himself awake, and obey her commands in all things: he accordingly attended her steps; while the duke gave fresh directions for treating Don Quixote as a real knight-errant, without deviating one tittle from the style in which the ancient knights are said to have been entertained.

* In Spain the people always retire after dinner, and sleep till six o'clock, whence the afternoon's nap is called *siesta*.

END OF BOOK II. PART II.



PART II. BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

Of the pleasant Conversation that passed between the Duchess, her Women, and Sancho Panza; worthy to be read and remembered.

THE history then relates, that Sancho did not sleep that afternoon; but, according to his promise, went, eating all the way, into the apartment of the duchess, who took great delight in hearing his conversation, and desired him to sit close by her on a joint stool, though the squire, out of pure good-breeding, begged to be excused; but her grace told him, he should sit as governor, and speak as squire, for in both capacities he deserved the individual seat of the champion Cid Ruy Dias.

Sancho, shrugging up his shoulders, obeyed and took his place, surrounded by all the damsels and duennas who listened with profound silence and attention. Nevertheless, the duchess was the first who began the discourse, saying—‘Now that we are by ourselves, unheeded by any body, I must entreat Mr. Governor to resolve certain doubts of mine, produced by the printed history of the great Don Quixote; one of which doubts is this: as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea, I mean the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor conveyed to him the letter of Signior Don Quixote, which remained with the memorandum-book in Sierra Morena, how durst he feign an answer, and pretend that he found her winnowing wheat, a circumstance altogether ridiculous and untrue, so much to the prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea’s reputation, and so ill becoming the station and fidelity of a trusty squire?’

Without making any immediate answer to this interrogation, Sancho rose from his seat, and moving softly on his tiptoes, with his body bent, and a finger on his lips, examined the whole apartment, lifting up

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and looking behind the tapestry ; and this scrutiny being made, returned to his stool, and replied—‘ Now, my Lady Duchess, that I am assured there is no skulker listening, and that we are not overheard by any but this good company, I will, without fear or trembling, answer all the questions of your grace ; and first and foremost, I will own, I look upon my master Don Quixote as an incurable madman ; although sometimes he says things, which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who hear them, are so sensible and well-directed, that even Satan himself could not mend them : nevertheless, I am really and truly, and without any scruple, fully persuaded within myself, that he is downright disaffected. Now as I am possessed with this notion, I venture to make him believe any story, without either head or tail, like that of the answer to his letter ; and another trick that I played him six or eight days ago, which is not yet recorded in the history ; I mean, the enchantment of Donna Dulcinea, which I palmed upon him, though it was a tale as wild and uncertain as the hills of Ubeda *.’

The duchess desired he would recount that enchantment or deception ; and he accordingly related it exactly as it happened, to the no small entertainment of the hearers ; but when he was about to proceed in his discourse, her grace, interposing, said—‘ From this remark of honest Sancho, a scruple has started in my mind, to head whispers me in the ear, since Don Quixote de La Mancha is so lunatic, crazy, and mad, and his squire Sancho Panza, who knows his infirmity, nevertheless follows him, and even depends upon his vain promises ; the said squire must, without all doubt, be more crazy and mad than his master : and if this be the case,

* This is an expression proverbially applied to any story that is vague, inconsistent, or of dubious authority ; for the hills of Ubeda make an extensive chain, the different parts of which are differently denominated, from the different countries or districts through which it extends ; so that the whole is not easily ascertained.

case, as it certainly is, it would be no great sign of wisdom in you, my Lady Ducheſs, to beſtow an iſland on ſuch a governor; for how will he be able to govern other people, who cannot govern himſelf?

‘Fore God, my Lady,’ cried the ſquire, ‘your ſcruple ſtarts in the right place; and I beg your Ladyſhip will let it ſpeak out in its own way, for I know it ſpeaks truth. Had I been wiſe, I ſhould have left my maſter long ago; but this was my fate and my miſventure: I cannot do otherwiſe, but follow him I muſt. We are of the ſame town; I have eaten of his bread; I have an affection for him; he returns me his love, and has given me his colts; but, above all, I am conſtant and faithful, and therefore nothing can poſſibly part us but the ſexton’s ſhovel. If your highneſs does not chuſe to perform your promiſe of the iſland, God made me of a leſs matter, and perhaps your reſuſal may turn out to the eaſe of my conſcience; for maugre all my madneſs, I underſtand the proverb that ſays, The piſſ-mire found wings to her ſorrow: and perhaps Sancho the Squire may get ſooner to heaven than Governor Sancho: There’s as good bread baked here as in France; and By night all cats are grey; and ſure, The man his lot may rue, who has not broke his faſt by two; Between man and man the maw cannot differ a ſpan; and, as the ſaying is, With hay or with ſtraw we’ll fill up the craw; The little birds of the field have God for their ſteward and ſhield; Four yards of coarſe Cuença ſtuff are warmer than as much of fine Segovia ſerge; When we leave this world, and are laid in the ground, the lord goes in as narrow a path as his labourer; and, The pope’s body takes up no more room than the ſexton’s; for though the one be higher than the other, When we go to the pit, we muſt lie ſnug, and make it fit; or, We ſhall be obliged to find room, though ſcanty is the tomb: and ſo good night. Wherefore I ſay again, if your grace will not give me the iſland, becauſe I’m a fool, I ſhall be ſo wiſe as not to break my heart at the diſappointment; and I have often

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heard, that the devil skulks behind the cross; It is not all gold that glitters; and that, From his oxen, his yokes, and his ploughs, Bamba the husbandman was raised to the throne of Spain; and that from his riches, pastime, and embroidery, Rodorigo was taken to be devoured by serpents, if the rhimes of old ballads do not lie.'

Here Donna Rodriguez the duenna, who was one of the hearers, interposing, 'Wherefore should they lie?' said she; for the ballad says as how they thrust King Rodorigo all alive into a tomb full of toads, lizards, and snakes; and, two days after, he was heard to cry with a weak and doleful voice, "Now they eat me! now they gnaw the part in which I sinned so heinously!" And therefore the gentleman is in the right to say he would rather be a husbandman than a king, to be devoured by vermin.'

The duchess could neither help laughing at the simplicity of her duenna, nor admiring the discourse and proverbs of Sancho, to whom she replied—'Honest Sancho very well knows whatsoever a knight promises must be fulfilled, even though it should cost him his life; now, my lord and husband the duke, though no errant, is, nevertheless, a knight; and therefore will perform his promise of the island, in spite of all the envy and malice of the world; let Sancho, then, be of good cheer; for when he least thinks of the matter, he will see himself seated in the saddle of his island and dominion, and grasp his government, which he would not exchange for one of superfine brocade; but I charge him to mind how he governs his vassals, who, I give him notice, are all people of honest parents and approved loyalty.'

'With respect to their being happy under my government,' said the squire, 'you need not give me any thing in charge; for I am naturally charitable and compassionate towards the poor; and, From him who can knead and bake, it is not easy to steal a cake. By my salvation, they shall not pass false dice upon me! I

am an old dog, not to be taken in with, "Come hither, poor Tray *." I know how to snuff my peepers upon proper occasions; nor will I consent to walk with cobwebs in my eyes; for I know where the shoe pinches. This I observe, because the righteous shall always have the benefit of my heart and hand, but the wicked shall have neither foot nor footing. In my opinion, every governor must have a beginning in the art and mystery of government; and perhaps, in a fortnight's administration, I shall lick my fingers after the office, and know as much of the matter as I do of day-labour, to which I was bred.:

'Sancho,' said the duchess, 'you are certainly in the right; for no man was ever a scholar at his birth; and bishops are made of men, and not of blocks. But to return to our former discourse about the enchantment of the Lady Dulcinea; I take it for an absolute certainty, and not a bare asseveration, that Sancho's scheme of deceiving his master, and making him believe that the country wench was Dulcinea, whom the knight could not know, because she was enchanted; I say, this scheme was altogether the invention of one of those enchanters who persecute Don Quixote; for I know, from very good authority, that the village maiden who skipped upon the ass, was really and truly the individual Dulcinea del Toboso; and that Sancho, in thinking himself the deceiver, was, in fact, the person deceived: a truth of which we ought no more to doubt, than of things we never saw; for Signior Sancho Panza must know, that here also we have friendly enchanters, who, out of real regard, impart to us every thing that passes, truly and distinctly, without circumlocution or deceit; and therefore, Sancho may believe me, when I affirm, that the jumping wench was, and is, Dulcinea del Toboso, who is as much enchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we dream of no such thing, we shall see her in her own shape, and then Sancho will be undeceived.'

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* In the original, 'And thoroughly understand "Tus,"' which is an expression in Spain, to wheedle a cur.

‘There is nothing more likely,’ cried the squire; ‘and now I am apt to believe my master’s account of the cave of Montesinos, where he saw my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, dressed in the same manner that I described, when I enchanted her for my own amusement. Now, the whole affair must have been quite the reverse, as your ladyship observes; for it cannot be supposed that my ignorant pate could contrive, in an instant, such an ingenious stratagem; nor can I think my master such a fool, as, upon my weak and meagre persuasion, to believe such an improbable device; but for all that, my lady, your goodness ought not to take me for an evil-minded person, seeing a blockhead, like me, is not obliged to bore into the designs and knavery of abominable enchanters. I contrived the scheme, in order to escape the displeasure of my master Don Quixote, and not with any design to do him hurt; and if it has turned out otherwise, there’s a Judge in heaven who knows the heart.’ ‘Very true,’ answered the duchess; ‘but tell me now, Sancho, the story of the cave of Montesinos, which I shall be extremely glad to hear.’

Then Sancho Panza recounted every circumstance of that adventure, as it hath been already related; and her grace having heard the whole—‘From this incident,’ said she, ‘we may infer, that since the great Don Quixote says he beheld in that place the same country wench whom Sancho saw in the neighbourhood of Toboso, it could be no other than Dulcinea, and that the enchanters of this country are very officious, and extremely curious.’ ‘This I will venture to say,’ replied Panza, ‘that if my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is really enchanted, ’tis her own loss, and that it is no business of mine to enter the lists with my master’s enemies, who are certainly both wicked and numerous. True it is, she I saw was a country wench, for such I took her, and such I judged her to be. If that was Dulcinea, it ought not to be laid to my charge, nor am I to be blackened for that reason; yet I must be lugged in, at every bawdy-house bench, with “Sancho

said this; Sancha said that; Sancho went, and Sancho came!" as if Sancho were just such as they would please to make him, and not the very same Sancho Panza who has already travelled all the world over in books, as I have been informed by Samson Carrasco, who is, at least, a batcheleering person of Salamanca; and such people cannot tell an untruth, except when it comes into their heads, or will turn to their account; wherefore, nobody has any right to meddle with me; and seeing I live in good repute, and I have heard my master say, A good name is better than tons of wealth, even shove me into this government, and they shall see marvellous things; for he who has been a good squire, will never become a bad governor.'

'All that honest Sancho has uttered,' said the duchess, 'is Catonian wisdom, or at least the very essence of Michael Verino *, *Florentibus occidit annis*. In a word, to speak in his own stile, A good drinker is often found under a rusty cloak.' 'In sober truth, my lady,' answered Sancho, 'I never in my life drank out of malice; from thirst I might, for I have not the least spice of hypocrisy in my belly; I drink when I chuse it, and even when I would rather be excused, because I am desired so to do, that I may not seem shy or ill-bred; for sure he must have an heart of marble who can refuse to pledge a friend; for though I put on my shoes, I will not defile them; especially, as the squires of knights-errant usually drink water, as they are always strolling through forests, woods, and meadows, and over rocks and mountains, without finding the smallest charity of wine, even though one should offer to purchase it with an eye.' 'I believe what you say,' answered the duchess: 'at present Sancho may go to rest; and we shall afterwards talk more at large upon these subjects, and take order that with all convenient dispatch he may be, to use his own words, shoved into that same government.'

Sancho

* A young Florentine, of great genius, who died in the seventeenth year of his age, and was lamented by all the poets of his time.

Sancho kissed his hands again, and begged her grace would be so good as to give directions about the entertainment of Dapple, who was the light of his eyes. When she asked, what he meant by Dapple—‘My ass,’ replied the squire, ‘whom, rather than use the vulgar term, I call Dapple. When I first came to the castle, I desired Madam Duenna here to take care of him; and truly she was as much affronted as if I had called her ugly and old; though I think it would be more natural and proper for duennas to look after cattle, than to regulate rooms of state. God’s my life! what a spite a gentleman of our town had to these waiting-gentlewomen.’ ‘He must be some ill-bred clown,’ said Donna Rodriguez the duenna; ‘for had he been a gentleman of birth, he would have exalted them above the horns of the moon.’ ‘Enough for the present,’ resumed the duchess: ‘hold your tongue Donna Rodriguez, and let Signior Panza make himself perfectly easy, and leave me to take special care of Dapple, whom, as being a moveable appertaining to Sancho, I will place him above the apple of mine eye.’ ‘The stable is a place good enough for him,’ answered the squire; ‘for neither he nor I are worthy of being placed for one moment above the apple of your highness’s eye; and I will as soon consent to his being disposed of in that manner, as I would to drive a dagger in my breast; for although, as my master says, in point of courtesy, one ought to lose the game by a card too much, rather than by a card too little; in respect to asses, and the apple of an eye, one ought to proceed cautiously with the compass in his hand, and measure as he goes.’

‘Sancho may conduct him to his government,’ said the duchess, ‘and there entertain him to his heart’s content; nay, even enfranchise him from all labour.’ ‘Your grace, my Lady Duchess, needs not think much of that,’ replied the squire; ‘for I have seen more than one or two asses go to governments; and therefore it will be no new practice if I carry Dapple to mine.’

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This remark renewed the laughter and satisfaction of the duchess, who having dismissed him to his repose, went to communicate the conversation to the duke; and this noble couple contrived and gave directions about the execution of a pleasant joke upon Don Quixote, which should turn out a famous incident, and be conformable in all respects to the stile of chivalry; in which they invented a number, with such propriety and discretion, that they are counted the best adventures contained in this important history.

C H A P. II.

Which gives an Account of the Information received, touching the Means for disenchanted the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; one of the most renowned Adventures of this Book.

GREAT was the satisfaction which the duke and duchess received from the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and being confirmed in their design of practising some jokes, which should bear a faint shadow and appearance of adventures, they took the hint for a very extraordinary contrivance, from the knight's account of what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos: but what mostly excited the admiration of the duchess, was the amazing simplicity of Sancho, who was by this time brought to believe, as an infallible truth, the enchantment of Dulcinea, though he himself was the only inchanter and projector of that whole stratagem. Their graces having given directions to the servants, touching the execution of the scheme they had laid, at the end of six days they went forth to hunt the wild boar, with as great an apparatus of hunters and spearmen as used to attend the king in person. Don Quixote was presented with a hunting suit, and Sancho received another of superfine green cloth; but the knight excused himself from accepting the present, observing that, in a few days, he should be obliged to resume the rugged exercise of arms, and therefore could not encumber himself with baggage and wardrobes;

wardrobes : as for the squire, he took that which was offered to him without scruple, intending to sell it with the first opportunity.

On the morning of the appointed day, Don Quixote armed himself at all points, Sancho put on his green suit, and mounting Dapple, which he would not exchange for the best steed in the stable, mingled among the troop of hunters : the duchess came forth very gaily caparisoned, and the knight, out of pure courtesy and good breeding, would have held the reins of her palfrey ; but the duke would not consent to his performing such an office. At length they arrived at a wood, between two very high mountains, where the disposition being made, the toils set, and the people distributed in their different posts, the hunt began with a vast noise of hallooing and crying, and nothing could be distinctly heard for the barking of the dogs and the sound of the horns. The duchess alighted, and with a pointed boar-spear in her hand, took post in a place through which she knew the wild beasts were used to come ; the duke and Don Quixote likewise dismounting, posted themselves on each side of her grace, while Sancho stayed in the rear, without parting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit, lest some misfortune should happen to that darling beast.

Scarce had they set foot on ground, and taken their stations, supported by a number of servants, when they beheld a monstrous boar, baited by the dogs and pursued by the hunters, running towards them, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth. The knight no sooner perceived this savage, than bracing his shield, and unsheathing his sword, he advanced to receive him ; while the duke did the same with his boar-spear ; but the duchess would have been the foremost of the three, had she not been restrained by her lord. Sancho alone seeing this furious animal, forsook his friend Dapple, and running full speed, in order to climb a lofty oak, found his endeavours altogether ineffectual ; for having surmounted one half of the ascent,

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the branch on which he stood struggling to gain the top, unfortunately gave way, and in falling, he was caught by another stump of the tree, so that he hung dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. Perceiving himself thus suspended, that his green suit was torn, and supposing that if the wild boar should come up, he would be able to seize him as he hung, he began to utter such doleful cries, and roar so hideously for assistance, that all those who heard his clamour, without seeing his situation, actually believed he was in the jaws of some savage beast. At length the tusked boar being pierced and killed by the number of spears that opposed him, Don Quixote turned about his head, in consequence of Sancho's cries, by which he recognized his faithful squire, whom he saw hanging from the oak, with his head downwards; and immediately he perceived Dapple, who did not forsake him in his calamity: and Cid Hamet observes, that he very soon saw Sancho without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, such was the friendship and fidelity subsisting between them. Don Quixote immediately advanced, and unhooked Sancho; who finding himself delivered, was fairly placed upon firm ground, examined the rent in his hunting suit, which grieved him to the soul; for in that dress he thought he had obtained an invaluable inheritance.

About this time they laid the mighty boar across a sumpter mule, and covering him with sprigs of myrtle and rosemary, carried him in triumph, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where they found the cloth ready laid, and the table furnished with such a grand and sumptuous entertainment as well bespoke the wealth and magnificence of the founder. Sancho presenting to the duchess the skirts of his torn suit, 'If,' said he, 'this had been hare or sparrow-hunting, my coat would have been secure from this unlucky accident: for my own part, I do not know what pleasure there is in attacking an animal, which, if he can once fasten his tusks on

you,

you, will deprive you of life. I remember to have heard people sing an old ballad, that says

“ May bears upon thy carcase feed,
“ As erst on Fahila they did.”

That was a Gothic king,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ who’ in going to the chace, was devoured by a bear.’ ‘ That is the very thing I say,’ replied the squire: ‘ I would not have kings and noblemen run themselves into such dangers, for the enjoyment of a diversion which, in my opinion, hardly deserves the name, as it consists in murdering a poor beast that never committed any crime.’ ‘ There, Sancho, you are mistaken,’ said the duke; ‘ for the exercise of hunting wild beasts is of all others the most necessary and suitable to kings and noblemen. The chace is a picture of war, comprehending schemes, feints, and stratagems, for taking advantage of the enemy; by this we are enabled to endure extreme cold and excessive heat, to contemn ease and undervalue sleep; our bodies acquire strength, and our limbs agility; in a word, it is an exercise that affords pleasure to numbers, and does prejudice to none; and what renders it superior to all others is, that it cannot be enjoyed by every body, like all the other kinds of sport, except hawking, which is also peculiar to sovereigns and persons of rank: you must therefore alter your opinion, Sancho; and when you are governor, employ yourself in the chace, which you will find of incredible service*.’ ‘ Surely, that cannot be,’ answered the squire; ‘ a good governor will stay at home, as if he had a broken bone. It would look rarely indeed, if, when people, fatigued with a journey, come to visit him upon business, he should be taking his diversion upon the hills; in that case the government would go to wreck. In good faith, my lord, such pastime is more proper for idle folks than for governors. I intend, God willing, to amuse myself with a game
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* Literally, ‘ And you shall see it will be worth a loaf that will serve a hundred.’

at cards at Easter, and with nine pins on Sundays and holidays; for as to these chaces or cases, they neither suit my condition, nor agree with my conscience.' 'God grant Sancho may behave as he says he will,' replied the duke; 'but there is a wide difference between saying and doing.' 'Let it be as wide as it pleases,' cried Sancho. 'A good paymaster needs no pawn; God's blessing is better than early rising; and, The belly is carried by the feet, and not the feet by the belly; I mean, that with God's assistance, and a righteous intention, I shall certainly be able to govern like any goshawk: aye, aye, let them thrust their fingers in my mouth, and they shall see whether or no I can bite.'

'The curse of God, and all his saints, light on thee, accursed babbler!' cried Don Quixote: 'will that day never come, as I have often said, when I shall hear thee speak sensibly and distinctly, without lugging in old saws? My Lord and Lady Duchels, I entreat your graces to let that madman alone; otherwise he will grind your souls, not between two, but two thousand, proverbs, dragged in as much to the purpose, and as seasonably, as I wish God may give him health, or me protection, if I desire to hear them.' 'The proverbs of Sancho Panza,' said the duchess, 'though more in number than those of the Greek commentator, are not the less to be esteemed for the conciseness of the apophthegms. I can safely say for myself, that they give me much more pleasure than I should receive from others, though better culled, and more suitable to the occasion.'

In the midst of this and other such savoury conversation, they quitted the tent, to examine some snares they had laid; in which amusement the day was soon elapsed, and was succeeded by the night, which did not appear so serene and composed as it might have been expected at the season of the year, which was midsummer, but along with it came a certain *darkness visible*, which greatly assisted the design of the duke and duchess.

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duchefs. When the night, therefore, began to fall, a little after the twilight, all of a sudden the four quarters of the wood seemed to be on fire, and here and there, and every where, they heard an infinite number of cornets and other warlike instruments, as if a great number of cavalry had been marching through the wood; so that the light of the flames, and the sound of those warlike instruments, dazzled and astonished the eyes and ears of the bye-standers, and indeed of all the people in the wood. This noise was succeeded by innumerable *lelilles*, or cries used by the Moors in battle; the trumpets and clarions exalted their brazen throats, the drums rattled, and the fires resounded all together, in such a continued and alarming concert, that the man must have been utterly devoid of all sense who did not lose it in consequence of such confusion and uproar. The duke was confounded, the duchefs amazed, Don Quixote astonished, Sancho Panza affrighted; and, finally, even those who were let into the secret seemed to be seized with consternation, which produced among them a most dreary silence.

During this pause, came a postillion, dressed like a devil, and, instead of a cornet, blew an unmeasurable horn, which yielded an hoarse and dreadful sound. 'Holla! brother courier,' cried the duke, 'who are you? where are you going? and what troops are those that seem to march across the wood?' To these interrogations the courier replied, in a dismal, hollow tone, 'I am the devil, going in quest of Don Quixote de La Mancha: those who follow are six troops of enchanters, who bring upon a triumphant car the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso enchanted, accompanied by the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, to instruct Don Quixote in a certain method for disenchanted the said Lady Dulcinea.' 'If you were the devil,' answered the duke, 'as you say you are, and your figure seems to declare, you would have distinguished that same knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, who now stands before you.' 'Fore God! and upon my conscience,' cried the devil, 'I did

‘I did not see him; for my thoughts are so much distracted by different avocations, that I had forgot the principal aim of my coming.’ ‘Without doubt,’ said Sancho, ‘that devil must be an honest man, and a good Christian, otherwise he would not swear, ‘Fore God, and on my conscience! Now I am fully convinced that there must be some worthy people even in hell.’

Then the courier, without alighting, fixed his eyes upon Don Quixote, and pronounced, ‘To thee, the Knight of the Lions, (and would I might see thee in their clutches,) am I sent by the unfortunate though valiant knight Montefinos, who commanded me to desire, in his name, that thou wouldst wait on the very spot where I should find thee, because he brings along with him one Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to communicate what will be necessary towards her disenchantment; and as this message was the sole cause of my coming, there is no cause that requires my longer stay. Devils like me be with thee, and good angels guard that noble pair!’ So saying, he sounded his dreadful horn, and rode off, without waiting for the least reply.

This address renewed the astonishment of all present, especially of Sancho and Don Quixote; of Sancho, because, in despite of truth, he saw they were resolved that Dulcinea should be enchanted; and of Don Quixote, because he could not be certain of the truth of what had happened to him in the cave of Montefinos. While he was wrapped in these meditations, the duke accosted him, saying, ‘Signior Don Quixote, do you intend to wait?’ ‘Wherefore not?’ replied the knight: ‘here will I wait, courageous and intrepid, though all hell should come to assault me.’ ‘Then, for my part,’ cried Sancho, ‘if I see another devil, and hear another horn like that which passed, I should as soon wait here as in Flanders.’

About this time the night being more advanced, a number of lights began to gleam through the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth that glide through the air, and are mistaken by ignorant people for shooting

stars: their fears were likewise invaded by a frightful sound, like that occasioned by the massy wheels of waggons drawn by oxen; an harsh and grating noise, from which the very bears and wolves (if any chance to be in the way) are said to fly with terror. This uproar was succeeded by another more terrible than all the rest; for all at once, at the four corners of the wood, there really seemed to be four encounters or battles: in one place was heard the horrid din of cannon; in another a vast number of muskets were fired; here resounded the cries of the combatants; there the Moorish *lelilles* were repeated with vast vociferation. In a word, the cornets, horns, bugles, clarions, trumpets, drums, artillery, and musketry, but, above all, the dismal noise of the cars, formed all together such a confused and horrible concert, that Don Quixote was obliged to recollect his whole courage, in order to bear it without emotion; but Sancho's heart died within him, and down he came in a swoon upon the train of the duchess, who received him as he fell, and with marks of great concern, ordered her servants to throw water in his face: in consequence of this application, he recovered, just as one of the waggons with the creaking wheels came up to the place where they stood. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, wholly covered with black trappings, with a large lighted taper tied to each horn; and in the waggon was raised a lofty seat, in which sat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as snow itself, that flowed down below his middle, and a large loose garment of black buckram; for the waggon being stuck full of lights, it was easy to observe and distinguish every thing that it contained. It was conducted by two ugly devils, clad also in buckram, with such hideous features, that Sancho no sooner saw them than he shut his eyes, that they might not encounter such frightful objects. This carriage being come up, the venerable senior rose from his lofty seat, and pronounced aloud, 'I am the sage Lirgandeo.' He said no more; and the waggon proceeded. Another car-

riage followed in the same manner, with another old man inthroned, who ordering the waggon to stop, said with a voice as solemn as the first, 'I am the sage Alquife, the great friend of Urganda the unknown.' And so the carriage proceeded. Then a third approached in the same stile: but he who possessed this throne, instead of being old like the others, was a robust man of a very disagreeable aspect, who rising from his seat, like the other two, exclaimed in a more hoarse and diabolical tone, 'I am the inchanter Arcalaus, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and his whole race.' And so the carriage passed on; but when they had proceeded a little way, the three waggons halted, then ceased the dismal creaking of the wheels, and no other sound was heard but that of an agreeable musical concert, which rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who took it as a good omen, and in that persuasion said to the duchess, from whom he had not budged an hair's breadth, 'My Lady Duchess, where there is musick there can be no harm.' 'As little should we expect any harm where there is light and illumination,' answered the duchess. 'And yet,' replied the squire, 'we may be easily burnt by such torches and bonfires as these, notwithstanding all the light and illuminations they produced; but music is always a sign of joy and feasting.' 'Time will shew,' said Don Quixote, who overheard the conversation; and he said well, as will appear in the following chapter.

C H A P. III.

Being a Continuation of what was imparted to Don Quixote, touching the means for disenchanting Dulcinea; with an Account of other surprizing Incidents.

MOVING to the sound of this agreeable music, came one of those carriages, called triumphal cars, drawn by six grey mules, covered with white linen, and upon each was mounted a penitent of light *, clad all

* *Disciplinante de luz*, is a cant phrase, applied to those who are exposed to public shame.

in white, with a large lighted wax taper in his hand. The car was twice, nay thrice, as large as the carriages which had passed, and the tops and sides were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as snow, with their lighted tapers: a sight that excited equal terror and surprise. Seated on a lofty throne appeared a nymph, habited in robes of silver tissue, bespangled with innumerable leaves of gold brocade; so that her dress, if not rich, was extremely gaudy; her face was covered with a delicate and transparent veil of fine tiffany, the plaits of which could not conceal the beauteous features of a young lady; and the number of lights enabled the spectators to distinguish her charms and her age, which seemed to be turned of seventeen, but under twenty. Close by her appeared a figure clad in what is called a robe of state, that reached to his feet; and his head was muffled in a black veil. The car had no sooner come opposite to the duke and duchess and Don Quixote, than the music of the waits, the harps, and lutes, ceased all at once; then this figure rising, threw aside his robe, and taking off the veil, disclosed to view the horrible and incarnate form of death; at sight of which Don Quixote was startled, Sancho overwhelmed with fear, and the duke and duchess exhibited some affected marks of consternation.

This living death standing upright, began, with a languid voice and tongue, but half awake, to repeat the following address—

- ‘ I Merlin am, by histories bely’d,
- ‘ That represent the devil as my sire :
- ‘ A falsehood sanction’d by the lapse of time.
- ‘ I am the prince of magic, in whose breast
- ‘ The Zoroastrian science lies intomb’d :
- ‘ The rival of invidious Time, whose wings
- ‘ Still seek to shade and darken all exploits
- ‘ Atchiev’d by the illustrious errant knights,
- ‘ For whom my friendship glows, and ever glow’d.
- ‘ Tho’ all my fellows of th’ enchanting tribe,
- ‘ The magi and magicians, ever nurs’d

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‘ A disposition

' A disposition barbarous and harsh,
 ' Mine still was tender, gentle, and humane,
 ' A friend to all the various race of man.
 ' In the profoundest cave of gloomy Dis,
 ' Where my industrious spirit was employ'd
 ' In forming mystic characters and spells,
 ' Mine ears were wounded with the wailing cries
 ' Of fam'd Dulcinea, that matchless fair.
 ' I learn'd her strange enchantment, and condol'd
 ' Her transformation from a gentle nymph
 ' To the vile figure of a rustic wench.
 ' An hundred thousand volumes I perus'd,
 ' Fraught with the dark and diabolic art;
 ' Then in the horrible and ghastly trunk
 ' Of this dry skeleton my soul enclos'd:
 ' And now I come on purpose to impart
 ' An easy remedy for her mishap.
 ' O thou! the glory of all knights who wear
 ' Impervious coats of mail and adamant;
 ' Thou light and lanthorn, path, and north, and guide
 ' Of all who quit the drowsy joys of sloth,
 ' And, starting from the lazy down, embrace
 ' Th' intolerable use and exercise
 ' Of rude, unwieldy, sanguinary arms:
 ' To thee I speak, great chief, whose valiant deeds
 ' So far transcend the loudest blast of fame.
 ' Quixote, for courage and discretion fam'd,
 ' La Mancha's mirrour, and the star of Spain,
 ' In order to recover and restore
 ' Thy peerless mistress to her former state,
 ' Sancho, thy faithful squire, must undergo
 ' Three thousand and three hundred stripes, apply'd
 ' To his posteriors, passively expos'd;
 ' And he himself must wield the pliant scourge,
 ' And start, and smart, and tingle with the pain.
 ' Thus stands th' irrevocable doom pronounc'd
 ' By the fell authors of her dire mischance;
 ' And on this errand, gentles, am I come.'

' I vow to God!' cried Sancho at this period, ' not
 to mention three thousand, I will as soon give myself
 three

three stabs with a dagger as three single stripes with a scourge. Now, devil take such ways of disenchanting! I cannot conceive what my buttocks have to do with enchantments. Before God! if Signior Merlin can find no other method for disenchanting my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she may e'en go enchanted to her grave.—Hark ye, Don Garlick-eating rustic,' said Don Quixote, 'I shall take and tie you to a tree, naked as your mother bore you, and not to mention three thousand three hundred, give you six thousand six hundred lashes, so well laid on, that three thousand three hundred twitches shall not pull them off; and answer me not a syllable, or I will tear thy soul from thy body.'

Merlin hearing this declaration—'Not so, neither,' said he; 'the lashes to be received by honest Sancho must be voluntary, not upon compulsion, and at his own leisure, for there is no time fixed for the final execution; nevertheless, he is so far indulged, that he may be quit for one half of the stripes, provided he will allow the other half to be inflicted by another hand, though it may chance to be a little weighty.'—'No man's hand shall touch my flesh! neither another's, nor my own, nor weighty, nor unweighed. What a plague! did I, forsooth, bring my Lady Dulcinea into the world, that my backside must suffer for the transgression of her eyes? My master, indeed, who is a part of her, and is continually calling her his life, his soul, his sustenance and support, may and ought to lash himself for her sake, and take with all dispatch the necessary steps for her disenchantment; but for me to scourge my own body, I denounce it!'

Scarcely had Sancho uttered this remonstrance, when the embroidered nymph, who sat by Merlin's spirit, rising up, took off her transparent veil, and disclosing a face, which to all the spectators seemed more than exceedingly beautiful, addressed herself in these words directly to Sancho Panza, with a masculine assurance, and a voice that was not extremely melodious—O ill-conditioned squire! thou soul of a pitcher, heart of

cork, and bowels of flinty pebbles! hadst thou been commanded, thou nose-slaving caitiff, to throw thyself down from a lofty tower; hadst thou been desired, thou enemy of human species, to swallow a dozen of toads, twice the number of lizards, and three dozen of snakes; hadst thou been urged to murder thy wife and children with some sharp and ruthless scymetar, it would not have been strange to see thee shy and fearful; but to make such objections to three thousand three hundred stripes, which there is scarce a naughty boy that does not receive every month, astounds, astonishes, and affrights the compassionate bowels of all this audience, as well as of all those who shall hear it in the future course of time. Turn, O miserable, hard-hearted animal! turn, I say, thy mulish goggle eyes upon these balls of mine that emulate the glittering stars, and see how they weep, thread by thread, and skein by skein, creating trenches, paths, and furrows, through the delightful meadows of my cheeks! Wilt thou not relent, thou crafty and malicious monster, at seeing me, in the flower of my age, (for I am still in my teens, being no more than nineteen, which is one year short of twenty,) consume and pine within the bark of a homely rustic wench? in which form if I do not now appear, it is owing to the particular favour of Signior Merlin, who has indulged me so far, that my beauty might melt thy savage heart; for the tears of afflicted beauty soften rocks to cotton, and transform tygers into gentle lambs. Chastise, chastise, obdurate beast, that brassy beef of thine; arcuze that slothful spirit which inclines thee to nothing but to gorge an regorge thy voracious maw, and set at liberty the beauty of my face; and if, for my sake, thou wilt not mollify thyself, and listen to any reasonable terms, at least relent in favour of that poor knight who stands forlorn at thy elbow; I mean, thy master, whose soul I now can see traversed in his throat, not above ten fingers breadth from his lips, waiting for nothing but thy kind or rigorous reply, in consequence

consequence of which it will either leap out of his mouth, or retire to his stomach.'

Don Quixote hearing these words, felt his throat, and turning to the duke, 'By Heaven! my lord,' said he, 'Dulcinea has spoke truth; for here do I feel my soul traversed in my throat, like the nut of a cross-bow.' When the duchess asked what Sancho said to that circumstance, 'I say,' replied the squire, 'what I have said already, that the whipping I denounce.'—'You must call it renounce,' said the duke, 'and not denounce.'—'I would your grace would let me alone,' answered Sancho; 'this is no time for me to mind niceties and letters, more or less; for I am so confounded at those stripes which I am to receive, or execute upon myself, that I neither know what I am saying or doing: yet I should be glad to know where my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso learned that manner of asking favours. She comes to desire me to tear open my flesh with a horse-whip, and calls me soul of a pitcher, obdurate beast, and a whole rigmarole of villainous names, which the devil may suffer for me! What a plague, is my flesh made of brass; or is it any thing to me, whether she is disenchanting or no? What baskets of white linen, shirts, caps, and socks, (though I wear none) does she bring to soften me? Nothing but abuse upon abuse; without remembering the proverb, that says, An ass loaded with gold will skip over a mountain. A generous gift the rock will rift. We must fervently pray, and hammer away. I will give thee, is good; but, Here, take it is better. Then, my master, who ought to lead me fair and softly by the hand, and persuade me with gentle words to whip myself into wool and carded cotton, declares, forsooth, that if he should once take me in hand, he will tie me naked to a tree, and double the allowance of stripes. These angry gentlemen ought to consider it is not only a squire, but a governor, whom they desire to flog himself, as if it was no more than drinking after cherries. Let them learn, let them learn, with a vengeance,

geance, how to entreat and beg with good-breeding; for all seasons are not the same; and a man is not always in good-humour: here am I ready to burst with vexation to see the rent in my green coat, and they must needs come and desire me to whip myself with good will, when, God knows, I am as far from doing it with good will, as I am from turning Turk *.

‘Nevertheless, friend Sancho,’ said the duke, ‘if your heart does not become softer than a ripe fig, you shall finger no government of mine. It would be a fine scheme, indeed, if I should send to my islanders a cruel, flinty-hearted governor, who would not melt at the tears of damsels in affliction; nor at the entreaties of wise, imperious, ancient sages and enchanters! In a word, Sancho, you must either consent to whip yourself, or be whipped, or lay aside all thoughts of being a governor.’—‘My good lord,’ replied the squire, ‘will not they give me two days to consider and determine what will be for the best?—‘By no means,’ cried Merlin: ‘on this very spot, and this very instant, the business must be discussed; otherwise Dulcinea will return to the cave of Montefinos, and the appearance of a country-wench; whereas, if you comply, she will, in her present form be transported to the Elysian fields, where she must reside until the number of the stripes be accomplished.’

‘Go to, honest Sancho,’ said the duchess; ‘pluck up your spirits, and behave like a grateful squire that has eaten the bread of Signior Don Quixote, who is entitled to the service and acknowledgments of us all, by his amiable disposition and sublime chivalry. Say Aye, my son, to this same flagellation, and let the devil fetch the devil; leave fear to the coward; for a stout heart quails misfortune, as you very well know.’

To these exhortations Sancho made no reply; but addressing himself to Merlin, with his usual extravagance, ‘Good, your worship, pray tell me, Signior Merlin,

* Literally, *cacique*, which was the appellation given to Indian princes.

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Merlin, the meaning of one thing: a certain courier devil came here with a message to my master, from Signior Montefinos, desiring him to stay in this place until he should come up; for he would teach him a way to disenchant my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and hitherto we have seen no such person?' To this interrogation Merlin replied, 'That devil, friend Sancho, is an ignorant blockhead, and a very great knave. I sent him hither in quest of your master; not with a message from Montefinos, but from myself; for Montefinos is still in his cave, planning, or rather expecting, his disenchantment, the worst of which is still to come; but if he owes you any thing, or you have any business to transact with him, I will bring you face to face wherever you shall appoint. In the mean time, dispatch, and give your consent to this discipline; which, I assure you, will greatly redound to the advantage both of your soul and body: to your soul, from the charity of the undertaking; and to your body, as I know you are of a florid complexion, and will be the better for losing a little blood.'

'What a number of leeches have we got in this world!' said Sancho; 'the very enchanters are physicians; but since every body says so, although I cannot perceive it myself, I am content to give myself three thousand three hundred lashes, on condition that I may give them when and where I shall think proper, without being confined to any certain time, or rate of allowance; and I will endeavour to discharge the debt as soon as possible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, since, contrary to my former belief, she appears to be really beautiful. I likewise covenant that I shall not be obliged to fetch blood with the scourge, and that in case I should chance to be whipped by the officers of justice *, every lash so received

* The other translators have interpreted *mosqueo* into a fly-flap, which is undoubtedly one of his meanings; but as it likewise signifies flagellation at the cart's tail, I have taken it in this last acceptation, which, I think, heightens the humour of the passage.

received shall enter into the tale: Item, lest I should commit a mistake in the number, Signior Merlin, who knows every thing, shall take care to reckon them, and give me to understand how far I have fallen short, or exceeded the appointed score.' 'There will be no occasion to apprise you of the overplus,' said Merlin; 'for as soon as the number shall be completed, the Lady Dulcinea will be disenchantèd, and come, out of pure gratitude, to return thanks, and even a recompence to the charitable Sancho for his good work. You need not, therefore, make any scruple about the superplus or the deficiency; nor will Heaven allow me to defraud any person, even of a single hair.' 'A God's name, then,' cried Sancho, 'I consent in my tribulation; I say, I accept of the penance on the conditions aforesaid.'

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when the music of the waits began to play again, and an infinite number of muskets were discharged, while Don Quixote, hanging about Sancho's neck, imprinted a world of kisses on his cheeks and forehead: the duke and duchess, and all the by-standers, expressed the utmost pleasure; the car began to move, and the beauteous Dulcinea, in passing, bowed to their graces, and made a profound curtsy to Sancho.

About this time the cheerful smiling morn advanced; the flowerets of the field, with heads erect, diffused their fragrance; and the liquid chrystal of the rills, murmuring among the variegated pebbles, went sliding on to pay its tribute to the rivers, that waited to receive their customary dues: the joyous earth, the splendid firmament, the buxom air, and light unclouded; each singly, and all together joined, prognosticated plainly, that the day, which trod upon Aurora's skirts, would be serene and fair. The duke and duchess, extremely well satisfied with the chace, as well as with the ingenious and fortunate execution of their design, returned to the castle, with full intention to perform the sequel of their jest, than which no real adventure could have given them more delight.

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CHAP. IV.

Which gives an Account of the perilous and inconceivable Adventure of the afflicted Duenna, alias the Countess Trifaldi; together with a Letter which Sancho Panza wrote to his Wife Teresa Panza.

THE duke's steward was a man of humour and ingenuity, who acted the part of Merlin, and adjusted all the apparatus of the foregoing adventure; for he composed the verses, and directed a page to represent Dulcinea: finally, under the auspices of his lord and lady, he projected another of the most agreeable and strange fancy that could possibly be conceived.

Next day the duchess asking Sancho if he had begun the task of the penance which he was to undergo for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, he answered in the affirmative, and said, he had that same night given himself five lashes: but when she enquired about the instrument with which they were inflicted, he owned they were applied with his hand. 'That is rather clapping than lashing,' replied her grace; 'and I take it for granted, the sage Merlin will not be content with such delicacy; it will be absolutely necessary that honest Sancho should make a scourge of briars, or use a switch that will make him feel it; for learning is not acquired without pain, and the liberty of such an high born lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased for a trifle.' To this remonstrance Sancho replied, 'I wish your grace would lend me some convenient whip, or ragged rope's end, which would do the business without giving me a great deal of pain; for I would have your grace to know, that, although I am a labouring man, my flesh has more of the cotton than the mat weed in it; and there is no reason that I should destroy myself for another's advantage.' In good time be it,' answered the duchess; 'to-morrow morning I will give you a scourge that will fit you to an hair, and agree as well with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it was its own brother.' This affair being adjusted, 'My lady,' said Sancho

Panza, 'your highness must know I have writ a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, giving an account of all that hath befallen me since we parted: here it is in my bosom, and wants nothing but a superscription. I wish your grace, in your great understanding, would read it; for, in my mind, it smacks of the governor; I mean, of the manner in which governors ought to write.' 'And who was the inditer?' said the duchess. 'Who should indite it, sinner that I am, but myself!' answered the squire. 'Did you likewise write it yourself?' replied her grace. 'I did not so much as think of any such matter,' said Sancho; 'for the truth is, I can neither read nor write, though I know very well how to set my mark.' 'Let us see this epistle,' quoth the duchess, 'in which, I dare say, you have displayed the quality and extent of your understanding.'

Then Sancho pulling an open letter from his bosom, the duchess took and read it to this effect.

Sancho's Letter to his Wife Teresa Panza.

'If I have been finely lashed, I have been well mounted; if I have obtained a good government, it has cost me a good whipping. This, Teresa, thou wilt not now understand, but shalt learn some other opportunity. Know, Teresa, I am determined thou shalt ride in a coach, which is a resolution pat to the purpose; for any other way of travelling is fit for none but cats. A governor's lady you shall be, and I would fain see the best of them tread upon thy heels. I have sent thee a green hunting suit, which was a present from my Lady Duchess. Make it up into a petticoat and jacket for our daughter. My master Don Quixote, as I have heard in this country, is a sensible madman, and a diverting fool; and I myself am nothing short of him in these respects. We have been in the cave of Montesinos; and the sage Merlin has pitched upon me to disenchant the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who in your parts is called Aldonza Lorenzo; with three thousand three hundred stripes, lacking five, which I am to

give

give myself, she will be as much disenchantèd as the mother that bore her. Thou shalt not mention a syllable of this to any person whatsoever; for if you go to seek advice about your own concerns, one will say it is white, and another swear 'tis black.

‘A few days hence I shall set out for my government, whither I go with a most outrageous desire of getting money; and I am told, this is the case with all new governors. I will feel the pulse of it, and give thee notice whether or no thou shalt come and live with me.

‘Dapple is in good health, and sends his most hearty commendations: I believe I shall not forsake him even if they should make me the Grand Turk. My Lady Duchess kisses thy hand a thousand times: return the compliment with two thousand; for, as my master says, Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners. It has not pleasèd God that I should stumble upon another portmanteau with a hundred crowns, as heretofore; but let that give thee no uneasiness, my dear Teresa, for he is safe who has good cards to play; and what is amiss will come out in the washing of this same government. One thing, I own, gives me great concern: I am told that if once I taste it, I shall be apt to eat my fingers; and should that be the case, it will be no cheap bargain; though the lame and the paralytic enjoy a sort of canonry in the alms they receive. Wherefore, one way or another, thou wilt certainly be rich and fortunate. The Lord make thee so, as he very well may, and preserve for thy service thy husband the governor.

‘*Sancho Panza.*

‘From the Duke’s
Castle, July 20, 1614.’

The Duchess having read the letter to an end, ‘In two circumstances,’ said she, ‘the honest governor is a little out of the way. First, in saying or insinuating, that the government was bestowèd upon him, in return for the stripes he must undergo; whereas he knows,

and cannot deny, that when my Lord Duke promised him the island, nobody thought of any such thing as stripes in the world: Secondly, he discovers an avaricious disposition, and I should not like to see him a skin flint; for greediness bursts the bag, and a covetous governor will do very ungoverned justice.' 'I did not write with that intention,' answered the squire: 'and if your ladyship thinks this is not a proper letter, there is nothing to do but tear it and write another, which perhaps will be still worse, if it be left to my own numskull.' 'No, no,' cried the duchess; 'this will do very well, and must be shewn to the duke.'

Accordingly, repairing to a garden, where they were to dine that day, she communicated Sancho's epistle to the duke, who perused it with infinite pleasure. Here they went to dinner, and after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themselves a good while with the savoury conversation of Sancho, their ears were suddenly invaded with the dismal sound of a fife and a hoarse unbraced drum: all the company were startled at this confused, martial, and melancholy music, especially Don Quixote, whose emotion would not allow him to sit quiet. With regard to Sancho, all that can be said is, that he was driven by fear to his usual shelter, the side or skirts of the duchess: for the sound they heard was really and truly horrible and dreary. In the midst of this confusion and surprise, which took hold on all present, they saw two men enter the garden, in mourning-cloaks, so large and long that they trailed upon the ground. These figures were employed in beating two large drums, which were likewise covered with black, and they were accompanied by a fifer as black and dismal as themselves, and followed by a personage of gigantic stature, rolled, rather than clothed, in a cassock of the blackest hue, furnished with a train of unmeasurable length: over this cassock, his body was girded and crossed with a broad black belt, from which depended an immense scymitar, with hilt and sheath of the same sable colour. His face was covered with

with a black, transparent veil, through which appeared a huge and bushy beard, as white as snow; and in walking he kept time to the sound of the drums, with great gravity and composure. In a word, his tallness, his demeanour, his melancholy dress, and his attendants, were sufficient to surprise, and did surprise, all those who beheld him, without knowing the nature of the scheme. With the said solemnity of personification he advanced in order to kneel before the duke, who, with the rest of the company, received him standing; but his grace would by no means hear his address until he rose. The prodigious spectre complied with his desire, and stood upright; then unveiling his face, and displaying the largest, whitest, thickest, and most stupendous beard that ever human eyes beheld, he fixed his eyes upon the duke, and in a grave, sonorous voice, extracted and discharged from his ample and dilated chest, pronounced, 'Most high and mighty prince, I am Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise distinguished by the appellation of the afflicted duenna: from her I bring a message to your grace, requesting that your magnificence would be pleased to give her leave and opportunity to enter and declare in person her mishap, which is the strangest and the newest that ever the most hapless imagination could conceive: and first of all, she wants to know if the valiant and invincible knight Don Quixote de La Mancha now resides within your castle; for in quest of him she is come a foot and fasting from the kingdom of Candaya to these your territories: a circumstance which might and ought to be deemed a miracle, or at least effected by the power of enchantment. She is now at the gate of this fortress or pleasure-house, and only waits for your permission to come in.'

So saying, he hemmed; and, with both hands stroaking his beard from top to bottom, waited with great composure for the duke's reply, which was this: 'Worthy Squire Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, many days are passed since we have been apprized of the mis-

fortune of my Lady Countess Trifaldi, on whom the enchanters have entailed the epithet of the afflicted duenna: well may you, stupendous squire, desire her to come in; and here is the valiant knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, from whose generous disposition she may securely promise herself all manner of aid and protection; and you may likewise give her to understand, in my name, that if my assistance be necessary, it shall not be wanting; for I think myself obliged to grant it, as being a knight, to which title is annexed, and belongs, that maxim of assisting the fair-sex with all our might, especially widowed, reduced, and afflicted duennas, like her ladyship.' Trifaldin hearing this declaration, bent his knee to the ground, and making a signal to the fife and drums to repeat the same note, and resume the same pace with which they entered, he retired from the garden, leaving the whole company astonished at his presence and deportment.

Then the duke turning to Don Quixote, 'In a word, renowned knight,' said he, 'it is not in the power of all the clouds of ignorance and malice to conceal or obscure the light of valour and of virtue. This observation I make, because your excellency has been scarce six days in this castle, when the melancholy and afflicted come in quest of you from the most distant and sequestered countries, not in coaches or on dromedaries, but a-foot and fasting, confident of finding in that most valiant arm the remedy and cure of their toils and misfortunes: thanks to your illustrious exploits, which pervade and encircle the whole habitable globe.'

'My Lord Duke,' replied the knight, 'I wish that some pious ecclesiastic was here at present; he, who at your grace's table, the other day, expressed so much ill-will and such an inveterate grudge to knights-errant, that he might see with his own eyes whether or not such knights are of any service in this world; or, at least, be fully convinced that the distressed and disconsolate overwhelmed with extraordinary woes, and enormous misfortunes, do not go for redress to the houses of learned

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learned men, to the mansions of parish priests, nor to the knight who never dreamed of going beyond the limits of his own estate; nor to the idle courtier, who would rather enquire about news, that he might have the pleasure of repeating and retailing them, than endeavour to perform actions and exploits for others to perpetuate and record: the redress of grievances, the support of the necessitous, the protection of damsels, and the consolation of widows, are found in no set of people more than in knights-errant: that I am one of these, I return infinite thanks to Heaven, and shall cheerfully undergo whatever danger and disgrace may befall me in the course of such an honourable exercise. Let this duenna approach, and beg what boon she shall desire, I will commit her cause to the strength of my arm, and the intrepid resolution of my aspiring soul.'

C H A P. V.

In which is continued the famous Adventure of the afflicted Duenna.

THE duke and duchess were exceedingly rejoiced to see Don Quixote's behaviour correspond so well with their design. Sancho interposing, 'I wish,' said he, 'this Madam Duenna may not throw some stumbling-block in the way of my government; for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, observe, that nothing good could happen where duennas interfered. Lord help us! what a spite that same apothecary had to the whole tribe! from whence I conclude, that seeing duennas of all qualities and degrees whatsoever are offensive and impertinent, what must those be who are afflicted, which they say is the case with this Trifaldis*, or three-tailed countess? for, in my country, skirts and tails, and tails and skirts, are the same thing.' 'Hold your tongue, friend Sancho,' said Don Quixote: 'this lady, who is come in quest of me from remote countries, cannot be one of

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those

* *Faldis*, in Spain, signifies skirts.

those to whom the apothecary alluded, especially as she is a countess; and when ladies of that rank serve as duennas, it must be under queens and empresses; for in their own houses they are honoured with the title of Ladyship, and have other duennas in their service.'

To this remark Donna Rodriguez, who was present, replied, 'My lady duchess has duennas in her service, who might have been countesses, had it pleased fortune; but the law's measure is the king's pleasure: and let nobody speak disrespectfully of duennas, especially of those who are ancient and maidens; for although I am not of that class, I can easily perceive and comprehend the advantage a maiden duenna has over one that is a widow: and he that undertakes to shear us, will have no easy task to perform.' 'And yet, for all that,' replied Sancho, 'if my barber's word may be taken, you duennas require so much to be shorn, that, 'You had better not stir the porridge though it stick to the pot.' The squires are always our enemies,' answered Donna Rodriguez: 'they are imps of the antichamber, who are every minute making a jest of us; and except when they are at prayers, which is not often the case, their whole time is spent in back-biting, disinterring our bones, and interring our reputation. But let me tell those moving blocks, that, in spite of all they can do, we will live in the world, aye, in noble families, though we should die of hunger, and clothe our delicate or indelicate bodies with a black shroud, as they cover or shade a dunghill with tapestry on a day of procession. In good faith! if I were allowed, and the time required it, I could demonstrate not only to those who are now present, but likewise to the whole world, that there is no kind of virtue which does not center in a duenna.' 'I believe there is reason, and a great deal of reason, in what the worthy Donna Rodriguez observes,' said the duchess; 'but she must wait for a proper opportunity to appear in behalf of herself and other duennas, and confute the ill opinion of that malicious apothecary, as well as to eradicate those sentiments from the breast of the

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the mighty Sancho Panza.' To this remark the squire replied: 'Since the fumes of a governor have expelled the vapours of a squire, I value not all the duennas upon earth a fig's end.'

They would have proceeded with this duennian conference, had not they heard again the sound of the fife and drums, which announced the entrance of the afflicted duenna. The duchess asked the duke, if it would be proper to advance and receive her, as she was a countess and person of quality. 'With regard to her being a countess,' said Sancho, before the duke could reply, 'it would be right for your graces to go and receive her; but in respect to her being a duenna, I think you should not move a step.' 'Who taught thee to interfere in such matters?' said Don Quixote. 'Who, Signior?' replied Sancho. 'I interfere, because I am qualified to interfere, as a squire who has learned all the punctilios of courtesy in the school of your worship, who is the most courteous and best-bred knight that ever the province of courtesy produced; and in these matters, as I have heard your worship observe, the game is as often lost by a card too many as one too few; but a word to the wife is sufficient.' 'It is even so as Sancho has remarked,' said the duke; 'let us first see a specimen of the countess, and from that sample consider what courtesy she deserves.'

At that instant the fife and drummers entered as before: and here the author concludes this short chapter, in order to begin another with the sequel of the same adventure, which is among the most remarkable of the whole history.

CHAP. VI.

In which is recounted the Misfortune of the afflicted Duenna.

IN the rear of those melancholy musicians, about a dozen duennas, divided into two files, began to enter the garden, clad in loose mourning-gowns, seemingly of milled stuff, with white veils of fine muslin, so long that

that nothing but the borders of the gowns were seen. After these came the Countess Trifaldi, led by her Squire Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, and cloathed in a robe of the finest black serge, which, had it been napped, would have displayed grains as large as the best Martos garavances *. The tail or skirt, or whatso-ever it is called, was divided into three parts, supported by three pages, who were likewise in mourning, making a remarkable mathematical figure, with the three acute angles formed by the three divisions, a circumstance from which all who saw this divided train, concluded that from hence she was called the Countess of Trifaldi, as if we should say, the Countess of Three Skirts: and this is what Benengeli affirms for truth: observing, that her proper appellation was, the Countess de Wolf, because her country produced a great number of those animals; and if it had been famous for foxes, she would have been called, my Lady Fox; for it is the custom in those countries for people of fashion to take their denomination from the thing or things with which their estates chiefly abound; but this Countess, in order to favour the fashion of her train, laid aside the name of Wolf, and assumed that of Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and their lady advanced at a procession-pace, their faces covered with white veils, though not transparent like that of the Squire Trifaldin; on the contrary, they were so close that nothing appeared through them. When the whole duennian squadron appeared, the duke and duchess, Don Quixote, and all those who beheld the procession, stood up; and the twelve duennas halting, made a lane through which the afflicted lady advanced, without quitting the hand of Trifaldin, while their graces and Don Quixote went forwards about a dozen steps to receive her: then she kneeled upon the ground, and with a voice that was coarse and rough, rather than smooth
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* A kind of pea that grows at Martos, a town in the province of Andalusia.

and delicate, pronounced this address: 'I beg your graces will be pleased to wave all this courtesy to your humble varlet—I mean your handmaid*—Indeed, I am so overwhelmed with affliction, that I can hardly return a rational answer: for my strange and unheard-of misfortune hath hurried away my understanding, I know not whither; though it must be at a great distance, because the more I seek the farther I am from finding it.' 'He must be deprived of it all together, my Lady Countess,' answered the duke, 'who could not discover your worth from the appearance of your person, which, without farther enquiry, is deserving of the whole cream of courtesy, and the very essence of polite ceremony.'

So saying, he presented his hand, and raising her up, seated her in a chair close by the duchess, who likewise received her with great respect. Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho ready to burst with curiosity to see the faces of the Countess Trifaldi and some of her duennas; but he could not possibly gratify his desire, until they unveiled themselves of their own free will and motion. Every body was hushed, expecting who would put an end to the general silence, which the afflicted Countess broke in these words: 'Confident I am, O powerful lord, most beautiful lady, and most sagacious by-standers, that my most wretchedness will find a reception equally placid, generous, and dolorous, within your valorous bosoms; for such it is, as were enough to soften marble, melt the diamond, and mollify the steel of the most obdurate heart; but before it appears in the parade of your hearing, not to say your ears, I would I were certified whether or not the perfectionatissimo

* This blunder is much more natural in the Spanish *criado* for *criada*; but as in the English language, the gender is not distinguished by the termination, I have been obliged to substitute the words varlet and handmaid. Varlets were the servants of yeomen, though formerly squires were known by that appellation.

fectionatissimo Knight Don Quixote de La Manchissima, and his Squirrissimo Panza, are in this groupe, circle, or assembly?' Before any other person could reply, 'Panza,' cried Sancho, 'is here, and likewise Don Quixotissimo; and therefore, most dolorous duennissima, you may say what you think properissimo; for we are all ready and promptissimos to be your servantissimos.' Then Don Quixote rising and addressing himself to the afflicted duenna, 'If your misfortunes, distressed lady,' said he, 'can derive any remedy or redress from the valour or strength of any knight-errant, here are mine, which, though feeble and defective, shall be wholly exerted in your behalf. I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose office it is to assist the necessitous of all degrees: and this being the case, as it really is, you have no occasion, Madam, to bespeak benevolence, and seek after preambles: but only to rehearse your misfortunes plainly and without circumlocution, and they shall be heard by those who, though perhaps unable to redress, will at least condole them.'

The afflicted duenna, hearing this declaration, attempted to throw herself at the feet of Don Quixote; nay, even executed the attempt, and struggling to embrace them, exclaimed, 'O invincible knight, I prostrate myself before these feet and legs, which are the bases and supporters of knight-errantry; suffer me to kiss these feet, on whose footsteps the cure of my misfortune solely depends. O valiant errant! whose real exploits outstrip and obscure the fabulous feats of all the Amadisès, Belianises, and Esplandians——'

Then turning from the knight, and seizing Sancho by the hand, 'And O!' said she, 'thou loyalest squire that ever served knight-errant, in the past or present age, whose virtue exceeds in length the beard of this my domestic Trifaldin, well mayest thou boast that, in attending the great Don Quixote, thou dost attend in epitome, the whole tribe of knights that ever handled arms on this terrestrial ball: I conjure thee, by thy own most faithful benevolence, to be my inter-

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cessor with thy master, that he may instantly favour me, the most humble and unfortunate countess that ever was born.'

To this address Sancho replied, 'Whether my virtue, my lady, be as long and broad as your squire's beard, is of very little signification; so that my soul be bearded and whiskered when it leaves this life, which is the main point, I care little or nothing for beards here below. But, without all this coaxing and begging, I will desire my master, who, I believe, has a respect for me, especially now that I am become necessary in a certain affair, to favour and assist your ladyship to the utmost of his power: your ladyship may therefore unpack, and recount your griefs, that all of us may understand the nature of your misfortune.'

The duke and duchess were ready to burst with laughing at this dialogue; for they knew the drift of the adventure, and were extremely well pleased with the acuteness and dissimulation of the Countess Trifaldi, who seating herself again, began her story in these words:

'Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, situated between the great Trapobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, Donna Maguncia was queen, as widow of queen Archipiela, her lord and husband, in which marriage they begat and procreated the Infanta Antonomasia, heiress of the crown, which said Infanta Antonomasia was bred and brought up under my care and instruction; for I was her mother's most ancient and principal duenna. And it came to pass, in process of time, that the young Antonomasia attained the age of fourteen, with such perfection and beauty as nature could not exceed. Nay, we may even say that discretion itself was but a girl, compared to her, who was equally discreet and beautiful, and surely she was the most beautiful creature upon earth, and is so still, if the invidious fates and hard-hearted sisters have not cut short the yarn of her life; but surely they have not, for Heaven would not permit such mischief

mischief to be done on earth, as to tear the green cluster from the most beautiful vine that ever soil produced. Of this beauty, which my coarse tongue can never extol, an infinite number of noblemen, natives as well as strangers, became enamoured. Among these, a private knight belonging to the court had the presumption to raise his thoughts to the heaven of such perfection, confiding in his youth, his gallantry, his various talents and accomplishments, and the facility and felicity of his wit ; for, I must tell your graces, if you are not offended at the subject, that he touched the guitar so nicely as to make it speak ; besides, he was a poet, a great dancer, and could make bird cages so curiously, that he might have earned his bread by that employment, had he been reduced to want. Such a number of natural gifts and qualifications was enough to overthrow a mountain, much more a delicate young maiden ; but all his gaiety and gallantry, his gifts and graces, would have availed little or nothing against the fortress of my charge, if the treacherous ruffian had not practised means to reduce me first. The base robber and lewd vagabond began by cultivating my goodwill, and corrupting my taste, that, like a disloyal governor, I might deliver up the keys of the fort which I guarded. In a word, he flattered my understanding, and obtained my consent, by presenting me with some jewels and trinkets ; but what chiefly contributed to lay me on my back, were some couplets which I heard him sing one night while I stood at a rail that looked into an alley where he was, and which, to the best of my remembrance, were to this effect—

“ A thousand shafts from my sweet foe
 “ Are launch’d unerring to my heart ;
 “ Yet must I not reveal the smart,
 “ And silence aggravates my woe !”

‘ I thought the turn of the rhyme was as smooth as pearls, and his voice as sweet as sugar-candy ; and since

since that time, seeing the mischief that hath befallen me, through these and other such verses, I have often thought, that wise and well-regulated commonwealths ought to expel the poets, according to the advice of Plato; at least your lascivious writers who compose couplets, not like those of the Marquis of Mantua, that entertain and draw tears from women and children; but your pointed conceits, which, like agreeable thorns, prick, as it were, the very soul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment whole and untouched. Another time he sung the following stanza—

- “ Come, gentle death, so soft and fly,
 “ That thy approach I may not see;
 “ Lest I rejoice to such degree,
 “ That I shall not have pow’r to die.”

And other tags and couplets of the same kidney; which, when written, confound, and when chanted, enchant; for when they condescend to compose a sort of verses in fashion at that time in Candaya, called roundelays, they produce a kind of palpitation in the soul, a titillation of good humour, an agitation in the nerves, and finally, a tremulous motion, like that of quicksilver, in all the senses. Therefore, I repeat it to this honourable company, that such dangerous rhymers ought to be banished to the isle of lizards: yet they are not so much to blame, as the simple wretches who applaud, and the boobies who believe them. If I had adhered to the duty of a good duenna, I should not have been moved by his serenading concerts, nor believed the truth of these expressions—“ In death I live; in frost I burn; in fire I shiver; in despair I hope; though I depart I still remain;” and other impossibilities of the same strain, with which their works abound. When they promise the phoenix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the locks of Apollo, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tyber, and the balsams of Pancaya, they give the greatest latitude to their pens; for it costs

them but a small matter to promise what they have neither inclination nor ability to perform. But, woe is me! ah, wretched creature! whither am I straying? What madness or despair thus hurries and prompts me to rehearse the faults of other people! me, who have so much to say of my own infirmities. Woe is me again, unhappy woman! Not by his verses, but my own simplicity, was I vanquished: it was not his music that softened me; but my own levity, inadvertency, and ignorance, opened the way, and cleared the path, for the passage of Don Clavijo, which is the name of the said knight; and therefore, I being the go-between, he was once and often admitted into the chamber of the (by me, and not by him) misled Antonomafia, under the title of her lawful spouse; for, sinner as I am, without being her husband, he should not have come near enough to touch the sole of her slipper. No, no; marriage must go before in every business of that kind, where I am concerned! the only misfortune in this affair, was the inequality between Clavijo, who was but a private knight, and the Infanta Antonomafia, who, as I have already said, was heiress of the kingdom. For some time, the plot was covered and concealed in the sagacity of my circumspection, until I perceived a small protuberance daily increasing in the belly of my Antonomafia, whose fears obliged us to lay our three heads together; and the result of our consultation was, that, before the misfortune should come to light, Clavijo should demand Antonomafia in marriage, before the vicar-general, by virtue of a contract signed by the Infanta, which was indited, by my ingenuity, in such strength of terms as Samson himself could not break. The scheme was accordingly executed; the vicar perused the contract, and confessed the princess, who owned the whole affair, and was committed to the care of a very honourable alguazil of the court.'

Here Sancho interposing, 'So then,' said he, 'there are alguazils of the court, poets and roundelays in Candaya as well as in Spain? I swear, I think the world is every

every where the same! but I beg your ladyship, Madam Trifaldi, would dispatch; for it grows late, and I die with impatience to know the end of this long-winded story.' 'I will comply with your request,' answered the countess.

C H A P. VII.

In which the Lady Trifaldi proceeds with her memorable and stupendous Story.

EVERY word that Sancho uttered gave as much pleasure to the duchess as pain to Don Quixote; who having imposed silence on the squire, the afflicted duenna thus proceeded: 'At length, after innumerable questions and replies, as the infanta continued still in her story without variation, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of Don Clavijo, whom he declared her lawful husband; a circumstance that so deeply affected Queen Maguncia, mother to the Infanta Antonomasia, that we buried her in three days.' 'Not before she was dead, I hope,' said Sancho. 'No, certainly,' replied Trifaldin; 'for, in Candaya, people do not bury the living, but the dead.' 'And yet, Signior Squire,' said Sancho, 'we have seen a person in a swoon buried for dead: and, in my opinion, Queen Maguncia ought to have swooned rather than died; for while there is life there is hope, and the infanta's slip was not so great as to oblige her to take on so much. Had the young lady buckled with her own page, or any other servant in the family, as I have heard many others have done, the mischief would not have been easily repaired; but to marry such a genteel, accomplished knight, as the countess hath described—verily, verily, although it was indiscreet, the indiscretion was not so great as people may imagine; for, according to the maxims of my master, who is here present, and will not suffer me to tell a lie, as learned men are created bishops, so may knights, especially knights-errant, be created kings and emperors.' 'Thou art in the right, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'for a knight-errant, with two fingers-breadth

of good fortune, is the very next in promotion to the greatest lord in the universe. But, pray, afflicted lady, proceed; for I guess the bitter part of this hitherto agreeable story is still to come.' 'How! the bitter part to come?' replied the countess; 'aye, and so bitter, that in comparison with it, gall and wormwood are sweet and savoury.'

'Well, then, the queen being really dead, and not in a swoon, was buried; but scarce was she covered with the mould, and scarce had we pronounced the long and last farewell, when, *Quis talia fando, temperet a lacrymis?* all of a sudden, above the tomb, appeared upon a wooden horse the giant Malambruno, Maguncia's first cousin, who, exclusive of his cruel disposition, was an inchanter, and by his diabolical art, in order to revenge his relation's death, and chastise the presumption of Don Clavijo, together with the folly of Antonomasia, fixed them both enchanted on Maguncia's tomb, after having converted her into a monkey of brass, and him into a frightful crocodile of some unknown substance: between them is a plate of metal, displaying an inscription in the Syrian language, which being translated into the Candayan, and afterwards into the Castilian tongue, contains this sentence: "These two presumptuous lovers will not recover their pristine form, until the valorous Manchegan shall engage with me in single combat; for his stupendous valour alone, the fates have reserved this unseen adventure." This metamorphosis being effected, he unsheathed a vast unmeasurable scymitar, and twisting his left hand in my hair, threatened to slit my windpipe, and slice off my head. I was confounded, my voice stuck in my throat, and I remained in an agony of fear: nevertheless, I made one effort, and, in a faltering accent and plaintive tone, uttered such a pathetic remonstrance as induced him to suspend the execution of his rigorous revenge. In fine, he ordered all the duennas of the palace (there they are) to be brought into his presence, when, after having exaggerated our fault, reviled the disposition of duennas, their wicked schemes and contrivances, and
accused

accused them all of the crime of which I alone was guilty, he said he would not punish us with instant death, but with a more tedious penalty, by which we should suffer a civil and continued death. He had no sooner done speaking, than that very moment and instant, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and the whole surface tingle as if pricked with the points of needles; then clapping our hands on the part, every one found her visage in the condition which you shall now behold.'

So saying, the afflicted duenna and her companions, lifting up their veils, disclosed so many faces overgrown with huge beards, red, black, white, and party-coloured; at sight of which, the duke and duchess were amazed, Don Quixote and Sancho confounded, and all present overwhelmed with astonishment; as for the countess, she pursued her story in these words.

'In this manner were we punished by the felonious and ill-designing Malambruno, who covered the smoothness and delicacy of our faces with the roughness of these bristles; and would to Heaven he had rather struck off our heads with his unmeasurable scymitar, than obscured the light of our countenances with this frightful bush; for if this honourable company will but consider, and in speaking what I am now going to say, I wish I could turn my eyes into fountains; but the consideration of our misfortune, and the oceans they have already rained, have drained them as dry as beards of corn; and, therefore, I must speak without tears: I say then, whither can a duenna go with a beard upon her chin? What father and mother will condole her disgrace? or, who will give her the least assistance? for if, when her face is smoothed and martyred by a thousand cosmetic sops and washes, she can scarce find one who will favour her with affection, what must she do when her face becomes a perfect coppice of brushwood? O ye wretched duennas! my companions dear! in an unlucky minute did we see the light, and in an hapless hour were we engendered by our fathers.'

So saying, she pretended to faint away.

C H A P. VIII.

Of Circumstances appertaining and relating to this Adventure and memorable Story.

VERILY, and in good truth! all those who take pleasure in reading such histories, ought to manifest their gratitude to its first author, Cid Hamet, for his curiosity in recounting the most trivial incident, without neglecting to bring to light the least circumstance, how minute soever it may be. He describes the thought, discloses the fancy, answers the silent, explains doubts, discusses arguments, and finally displays the very atoms of the most curious disposition. O celebrated author! O happy Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! may you flourish conjunctly and severally to the end of time, for the entertainment and pastime of mankind in general!

The history relates, that Sancho seeing the Afflicted faint away, 'Now, by the faith of man!' cried he, 'and by the pedigree of all the Panzas my forefathers! never did I hear or see, nor did my master recount, or indeed conceive, such an adventure as this! A legion of devils confound thee for a giant and enchanter, accursed Malambruno! could thou find no other method to punish these sinners, but by clapping beards to them? Would it not have been better, at least it would have been more for their advantage, to cut off half their noses, even though they should snuffle in their speech, than to encumber them with beards? I'd lay a wager, too, that they have not wherewithal to pay a barber!' 'What you say is very true,' replied one of the dozen; 'we have not wherewithal to be trimmed, and therefore some of us, by way of œconomy, make use of sticking plaister, which being applied to our faces, and plucked off with a jerk, leave us as sleek and smooth as the bottom of a marble mortar; for, although there are women in Candaya who go from house to house, taking off the hair, arching the eye-brows, and composing flippers for the use of the fair-sex, we who belonged

longed to her ladyship would never admit them into the family, because, for the most part, they are persons who having ceased to be principals, exercise the occupation of procuresses; and therefore, if we are not redressed by Signior Don Quixote, we must e'en carry our beards to the grave.' 'If I do not redress your whiffers,' cried the knight, 'I will leave mine among the Moors!'

Here the Countess Trifaldi recovering, 'Valiant knight,' said she, 'the tingling of that promise reached mine ears while I lay in a swoon, and hath been the cause of my recovering and retrieving the use of all my senses; therefore, renowned errant, and invincible knight, I again entreat you to put your gracious promise in execution.' 'In me there shall be no delay,' replied Don Quixote: 'Consider then, my lady, and tell me what I am to do; my mind is perfectly disposed for your service.'

'The case is this,' answered the afflicted duenna: 'from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, you must travel five thousand leagues; it may be one or two more or less; but if you go through the air, in a right line, you measure no more than three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You must likewise know, Malambruno told me, that whenever fortune should furnish me with our deliverer, he would send him a steed that should be much better and less vicious than any of your return post-horses, as being the very individual wooden-horse upon which the valiant Peter carried off the fair Magalona: he is governed by a peg in his forehead, that serves instead of a bridle; and he flies so swiftly through the air, that one would think he was transported by all the devils in hell. This steed, according to ancient tradition, was contrived by the Sage Merlin, and he lent him to his friend Peter, who, by means of such conveyance, performed incredible journies, and stole, as I have observed, the fair Magalona, who sat behind him, and was transported through the air, to the astonishment of all those who
gaped

gaped after her from the earth. Yet he would lend him to none but his particular favourites, or such as would pay him a handsome price ; as we do not know that he was ever mounted from the days of the great Peter to the present time. Malambruno, by dint of art, has got, and keeps him in his possession, making use of him in his journies, which he performs in an instant, from one part of the world to another ; now here, to-morrow in France, and next day at Peru : and there is one great advantage in this horse, he neither eats nor sleeps, nor costs any thing in shoeing, and ambles through the air without wings in such a manner, that the rider may hold a cup full of water in his hand without spilling a single drop, his motion is so smooth and easy ; for which reason, the fair Magalona delighted much in taking the air upon his back. ‘ As for his going smooth and easy,’ said Sancho, ‘ there is my Dapple, whom (though he does not go through the air, but along the ground) I will match against all the amblers that ever the earth produced.’ All the company laughed at this observation, and the afflicted duenna proceeded ; ‘ Now, this horse, if Malambruno is actually disposed to put an end to our misfortune, will be here in less than half an hour after it is dark : for he told me the signal by which I should be certain of having found the knight I was in quest of, would be his sending the horse thither with all convenient dispatch.’ ‘ And pray,’ said Sancho, ‘ how many persons will this horse carry ?’ ‘ Two,’ replied the Afflicted ; ‘ one upon the saddle, and the other upon the crupper ; and these are commonly the knight and the squire, when there is no damsel to be stolen.’ ‘ I should be glad to know, afflicted Madam,’ resumed the squire, ‘ what is the name of that same horse ?’ ‘ His name,’ answered the Afflicted, ‘ is not like that of Bellerophon’s horse, which was called Pegasus ; nor does it resemble that which distinguished the steed of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus ; nor that of Orlando Furioso, whose appellation was Brilladoro ; nor Bayete, which belonged to Reynaldo

naldo de Montalban; nor Frontino, that appertained to Rugiero; nor Bootes, nor Peritoa, the horses of the sun; nor is he called Orelia, like that steed upon which the unfortunate Rodrigo, last king of the Goths, engaged in that battle where he lost his crown and life.' 'I will lay a wager,' cried Sancho, 'that as he is not distinguished by any of those famous names of horses so well known, so neither have they given him the name of my master's horse Rozinante; a name which, in propriety, exceeds all those that have been named.' 'Very true,' replied the bearded countess; 'nevertheless, it fits him very well; for he is called Clavileno Aligero*, an appellation that suits exactly with his wooden substance, the peg in his forehead, and the swiftness with which he travels; so that, for his name, he may be brought in competition even with the famous Rozinante.' 'The name pleases me well enough,' said Sancho; 'but what sort of bridle or halter must be used in managing him?' 'I have already told you, answered Trifaldi, 'that by turning the peg, the knight who rides can make him travel just as he pleases, either mounting through the air; or else sweeping, and, as it were, brushing the surface of the earth; or, lastly, sailing through the middle region, which is the course to be sought after and pursued, in all well-concerted enterprizes.'

'I should be glad to see this same beast,' replied the squire; 'but to think that I will mount him, either in the saddle or in the crupper, is all the same thing as to look for pears on an elm. A fine joke, i'faith! I can scarce keep the back of my own Dapple, though sitting upon a pannel as soft as fatten, and they would now have me get upon a crupper of board, without any pillow or cushion. By the Lord! I have no intention to bruise myself, in order to take off the beard of any person whatsoever; let every beard be shaved according to the owner's fancy: for my own part, I have no notion of accompanying my master in such a long and tedious journey;

* Or, in English, 'Wooden Peg the Winged.'

journey; for surely I have no concern in the shaving of beards, whatever I may have in the disenchancement of Dulcinea.' 'Indeed, you have, my friend,' answered Trifaldi; 'aye, and so much, that without your presence I believe we shall do no good.' 'In the king's name,' cried Sancho, 'what have squires to do with the adventures of their masters? What! are they to run away with all the reputation, and we to undergo all the trouble? Body o'me! would your historians but mention, that such a knight atchieved such and such an adventure, with the assistance of his Squire What-d'yecall-um, without whom he could not possibly have finished the exploit; but, they drily relate, as how Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars, finished the adventure of the six goblins, without even naming the squire, who was present all the time, no more than if there was not such a person in the world: I therefore say again to this honourable company, that my master may go by himself, and good luck attend him; but, for my own part, I will stay where I am, and keep my Lady Duchess company; and peradventure, at his return, he may find my Lady Dulcinea's business well forwarded; for I intend, at my idle and leisure hours, to whip myself to such a tune, that not a single hair shall stand before me.'

'But, for all that,' said the duchess, 'honest Sancho, you must attend him, should there be occasion; for you will be solicited by the righteous; and surely it would be a great pity, that the faces of these gentlewomen should continue overshadowed with hair, merely for your needless apprehension.' 'I say again, in the king's name!' cried Sancho, 'if this charity should be of any benefit to release maidens or parish-children, a man might venture to undergo some trouble; but to take such pains in order to rid duennas of their beards! a plague upon the whole generation! I had rather see them all bearded from the highest to the lowest, tag, rag, and bobtail.' 'Friend Sancho,' said the duchess, 'you are on bad terms with duennas, and very much infected

infected with the opinion of that apothecary of Toledo; but, in good sooth, you are very much in the wrong: there are duennas in my house, who might serve as patterns of virtue; and here stands Donna Rodriguez, who would not suffer me to say otherwise. 'Your excellency may say what you please,' answered Rodriguez; 'but God knows the truth of all things, and good or bad, bearded or smooth, we duennas were born of our mothers, as well as other women: since, therefore, God sent us into the world, he knows for what; and in his mercy do I put my trust, and not in the beard of any person whatsoever.'

'Tis very well, Signora Rodriguez, Madam Trifaldi, and you ladies of her company,' said Don Quixote; 'Heaven, I hope, will look upon your misfortunes with propitious eyes, and Sancho will chearfully obey my orders: let Clavileno come, so that I may once see myself engaged with Malambruno, and confident I am, that no razor can shave your ladyships with more facility than my sword should find in shaving the giant's head from his shoulders; for though God permits the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time.' The afflicted duenna hearing this declaration, exclaimed, 'Now, may all the stars of the celestial regions shed their benign influence upon your worship, most valiant knight, infusing courage into your soul, and crowning your achievements with prosperity, that you may be the shield and support of this our slighted and depressed duennian order, abominated by apothecaries, grumbled at by squires, and jeered by pages! now, ill betide the wretch, who, in the flower of her youth, would not rather take the veil than become a duenna. Unfortunate duennas that we are! for, though we may be descended in a direct male line from Hector of Troy, our ladies will not fail to throw 'Thou' in our teeth, even if they thought they should be crowned for it. O thou giant Malambruno! who, though an inchanter, art always punctual in thy promises, send hither the peerless Clavileno, that our disaster may be done away; for, if our beards continue until the dog-days begin, woe be unto us!'

Trifaldi

Trifaldi pronounced these words in such a pathetic strain, as brought tears from the eyes of all the bystanders, and even filled Sancho's to the brim; so that he resolved in his heart to accompany his master to the utmost limits of the earth, provided his attendance should be necessary towards shearing the wool of those venerable countenances.

CHAP. IX.

Of Clavileno's Arrival; and the Conclusion of this protracted Adventure,

MEANWHILE, night came on, and along with it the time fixed for the arrival of the famous steed Clavileno, whose delay began already to afflict Don Quixote; for he looked upon the detention of the horse, as a sign that he himself was not the knight for whom the adventure was reserved, or that Malambruno was afraid to engage with him in single combat. But, lo! all of a sudden, four savages, clad in green ivy, entered the garden, bearing on their backs a green wooden horse, which being placed on the ground, one of the number pronounced, 'Let him who has courage mount this machine.' 'For my own part,' said Sancho, 'I do not mount: for neither have I courage, nor am I a knight.' But the savage proceeded, saying, 'Let the squire, if he has one, occupy the crupper; and he may confide in the valiant Malambruno; for, except the sword of that giant, no other steel or malice shall offend him; and the knight has no more to do, but to turn this peg upon his neck, and he will carry them through the air to the place where Malambruno waits for their arrival; but lest the height and sublimity of the road should turn their heads, their eyes must be covered until such time as the horse should neigh, for that will be the signal of their having performed the journey.' This intimation being given, they left the horse, and retired to the place from whence they came with great solemnity.

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The afflicted duenna no sooner beheld the steed, than addressing herself to Don Quixote, with tears in her eyes, 'Valiant knight,' said she, 'Malambruno's promise is made good: here stands the horse, our beards are still growing, and each of us, nay, every hair upon our chins, supplicate thee to shave and shear them, since there is nothing else required but to mount with thy squire, and happily begin your journey.' 'That will I do, my Lady Countess Trifaldi,' replied Don Quixote, 'with good will, and hearty inclination; nor will I delay the expedition, by spending time in furnishing myself with a cushion, or even in putting on my spurs, so impatient I am to see your ladyship and those duennas quite smooth and shaven.' 'That will I not do,' cried Sancho, 'neither with hearty nor heartless inclination, nor in any manner of way; and if the shaving cannot be performed without my mounting upon the crupper, my master must look for another squire to attend him, and these ladies must find another method for smoothing their faces; for I am no wizard, to take delight in flying through the air: and pray, what would my islanders say, should they know their governor was riding upon the wind? Moreover, it being three thousand and so many more leagues from hence to Candaya, should the horse be tired, or the giant out of humour, we may spend half a dozen years in returning; and by that time, the devil an island or islander in the whole world will know my race. It is a common saying, that Delay breeds danger; and, When the heifer you receive, have a halter in your sleeve. The beards of these ladies must therefore excuse me: I know St. Peter is well at Rome; my meaning is, I find myself very well in this mansion, where I am treated with such respect, and from the master of which I expect so great a favour as that of being made a governor.' To this remonstrance the duke replied, 'Friend Sancho, the island I have promised is neither floating or fugitive, but its roots are so deeply fixed in the bowels of the earth, that three good pulls will not remove or tear it

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away; and, as you are sensible, I know there is no kind of office of any importance that is not obtained by some sort of bribe, more or less, the present I expect for the government is, that you will attend your master, Don Quixote, in crowning and accomplishing this memorable adventure; and, whether you return upon Clavileno with that dispatch which his speed seems to promise; or, by the cruelty of adverse fortune, you come back in the habit of a pilgrim, begging on foot, from house to house, and from one inn to another; you shall, nevertheless, at your return, find your island where you left it, and your islanders actuated by the same desire of receiving you as their governor, which they have always indulged; and as for my inclination, it can never change; for, to entertain the least doubt of my sincerity, Signior Sancho, would be a notorious injury to the attachment I feel for your service.' Enough, my lord,' cried Sancho: 'I am a poor squire, and cannot bear such a load of courtesy; let my master mount, and my eyes be covered; recommend me to God; and let me know whether, while we travel through those altitudes, I may call upon the name of the Lord, or implore the protection of his angels.' To this interrogation, the Countess replied, 'You may recommend yourself to God, or to whom you will; for Malambruno, though an enchanter, is nevertheless a Christian, and performs his enchantments with great sagacity and caution, nor does he intermeddle in any person's affairs.' 'Well, then,' cried Sancho, 'God, and the most Holy Trinity of Gaeta, be my guide and protection!' Since the memorable adventure of the tulling mills,' said Don Quixote, 'I have never seen Sancho so infected with fear, as upon this occasion; and, if I were as much addicted to superstition as some people are, his pusillanimity would produce some compunction in my soul: but, come hither, Sancho: for, with the permission of that noble pair, I would speak two words with you in private.'

Then

Then taking his squire aside into a tuft of trees, and grasping both his hands, 'You see, brother Sancho,' said he, 'the long journey that awaits us; and God knows when we shall return, and what leisure or convenience our business may allow: I therefore beg thou wilt now retire to thy apartment, on pretence of fetching some necessaries for the road, and, in the twinkling of a straw, inflict upon thyself some five hundred of those three thousand three hundred lashes for which thou art engaged, and they shall stand good in the account; for, when a thing is once began, it is almost as good as half finished.' 'Before God!' cried Sancho, 'your worship must be out of your senses: this is just as they say, You see me in a hurry, and ask me to marry. Now, when I am going to ride upon a wooden crupper, would your worship have me afflict my posteriors? Verily, verily, your worship was never more out of the way: at present, let us proceed and shave those duennas, and at our return, I promise to your worship, on the faith of my character, to quit my score with such dispatch, that your worship shall be satisfied; and I'll say no more.' 'Well, then,' answered the knight, 'I will console myself, honest Sancho, with that promise, which I really believe thou wilt perform; for, surely, though thy head be but green, thy heart is true blue.' 'Green,' said Sancho; 'my head is not green, but black; but even though it were pyebald, I would perform my promise.'

After this short dialogue they returned, in order to take horse; then, the knight addressing himself to the squire, 'Sancho,' said he, 'suffer yourself to be hoodwinked, and get up: he who sends for us from such distant regions, can have no intention to deceive us, because he could reap no glory from having deceived those who depended on his sincerity; and, although the event may turn out contrary to my expectation, the glory of having undertaken such an exploit no malice whatsoever can impair.' Come, then, Signior,' cried the squire, 'for the beards and tears of those ladies are so imprinted

in my heart, that I shall not swallow a mouthful to do me good, until I see them restored to their original smoothness. Get up, Signior, and hoodwink yourself first: for if the crupper is to be my seat, it is plain that you must mount first into the saddle.' 'You are in the right,' replied Don Quixote; who, pulling an handkerchief from his pocket, desired the afflicted duenna to fasten it round his eyes, which, however, were no sooner covered, than he took off the bandage, saying, 'If I remember aright, I have read in Virgil, of the Trojan Palladium, a wooden horse offered to the goddess Pallas, the bowels of which horse were filled with armed men, who afterwards occasioned the total destruction of Troy; and, therefore, it will not be amiss, first of all, to examine the belly of Clavileno.' 'There is no occasion,' said the afflicted duenna; 'for I am certain that Malambruno has neither treachery nor malice in his heart: your worship, Signior Don Quixote, may therefore mount, without the least apprehension; and if any mischief befall you, lay it at my door.' The knight reflecting that any hesitation about his personal safety would be a disparagement to his valour, mounted Clavileno, without farther altercation, and tried the peg, which turned with ease; and his legs hanging down at full length, for want of stirrups, he looked like a figure in some Roman triumph, painted or wrought in Flemish tapestry.

Then Sancho, very slowly, and much against his will, crept up behind, and seating himself as well as he could upon the crupper, found it so hard and uneasy, that he begged the duke would order him to be accommodated with some cushion or pillow, though it should be taken from my Lady Duchess's sofa, or some page's bed; for the crupper of that horse seemed to be made of marble rather than wood.

Here Trifaldi interposing, assured him that Clavileno would bear no kind of furniture or ornament; but said he might sit sideways like a woman, in which attitude he would not be sensible of the hardness. Sancho took

her

her advice, and saying adieu, allowed his eyes to be covered; but afterwards pulling up the bandage, and looking ruefully at all the people in the garden, he, with tears in his eyes, besought them to assist him in that extremity with a brace of Paternosters, and as many Ave Marias, as God should provide somebody to do as much for them in like time of need.

Don Quixote hearing this apostrophe, ‘How now, miscreant!’ said he, ‘are you brought to the gallows, or in the last agonies of death, that you make use of such intreaties? Dispirited and cowardly creature! Art not thou seated in the very same place which was occupied by the fair Magalona, and from which she descended, not to her grave, but to the crown of France, if history speaks truth? And I, who sit by thy side, surely may vie with valiant Peter, who pressed the self-same back now pressed by me, Shroud, shroud thine eyes, thou animal without a soul, and let not those symptoms of fear escape thy lips, at least in my presence.’ ‘Hoodwink me then,’ answered Sancho; ‘and since I must neither recommend myself, nor be recommended, to the protection of God, what wonder is it, if I am afraid we shall meet with some legion of devils, who will treat us according to the Peralvillo law?’*

Their eyes being covered, and Don Quixote perceiving he was fixed in his seat, turned the peg; and scarce had his finger touched this rudder, when the whole bevy of duennas, and all that were present, raised their voices, crying, ‘Heaven be thy guide, valorous knight! God be thy protection, intrepid squire!—Now, now, you rise and cut the liquid sky more swiftly than an ar-

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row;

* Equivalent to Abington law; in consequence of which, a criminal is first executed, and then tried. Peralvillo is a village near Ciudad Real, in Castile, where the officers of the holy brotherhood execute robbers taken *in flagrante*, who require no trial. Hence the phrase, ‘*La justicia de Peralvillo, que ahorcado el hombre, le baze la pesquisa.*’ i. e. ‘Peralvillo law, which begins the process after the man is hanged.’

row; now, you begin to astonish and confound all those who gaze upon you from this earthly spot!—Hold fast, valiant Sancho, for we see thee totter; beware of falling: to fall from such an height would be more fatal than the fall of that aspiring youth whose ambition prompted him to drive the chariot of the sun his father.'

Sancho, hearing this exclamation, crept closer to his master, and hugging him in his arms, 'Signior,' said he, 'how can we be so high as those people say we are, seeing we can hear them speak as well as if we were within a few yards of them?'—'You must not mind that circumstance,' answered the knight; 'for these incidents and flights being out of the ordinary course of things, you may hear and see what you please, at the distance of a thousand leagues: but do not squeeze me so hard, lest I tumble from my seat. I really cannot imagine what it is that disturbs and affrights thee; for I swear, in all the days of my life, I never bestrode a horse of a more easy pace: indeed, he goes so smoothly, that I can hardly feel him move. Dispel thy fear, my friend, for truly the business goes on swimmingly, and we sail right afore the wind.'—'You are certainly in the right,' answered Sancho: 'for on this side, there blows as fresh a gale as if I was fanned with a thousand pair of bellows.'

Nor was he much mistaken in his conjecture; for the wind that blew was actually produced by one of those machines: so well had the adventure been contrived by the duke and duchess, and their steward, that nought was wanting to render it complete. Then the knight feeling the same breeze, 'Without doubt,' said he, 'we must be arrived at the second region of the air, in which hail and snow are produced; meteors, thunder and lightning, are engendered in the third region: if we continue to mount at this rate, we shall in a very little time reach the region of fire; and I know not how to manage this peg, so as to put a stop to our rising, and prevent our being scorched to a cinder.'

In the midst of this conversation their faces were warmed with some tow that was kindled for the purpose, at the end of a long pole, and Sancho feeling the heat, 'Let me perish!' cried he, 'if we are not now come to that same habitation of fire; for a great part of my beard is already singed; and I am resolved to uncover my eyes, that I may see whereabouts we are.'—'By no means,' answered the knight: 'remember the true story of the licentiate Toralva, who being mounted on a cane, was conveyed through the air, with his eyes shut, by the devils: in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted on the tower of Nona, which is in one of the streets of that city, whence he beheld the whole tumult, assault, and death, of the constable of Bourbon; and before morning he had returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of that transaction. He likewise affirmed, that while he travelled through the air, the devil bade him open his eyes, and he saw himself so near the body of the moon, that he could have touched it with his hand: but he durst not look towards the earth, lest his head should have turned giddy. Let us not, therefore, uncover our eyes, Sancho; he in whose charge we are will give a good account of us; and, perhaps, we are now at the very point of our elevation, from whence we shall come soule upon the kingdom of Candaya, as a saker or jerfaulcon darts down upon an heron with a force proportioned to his rise: and, although it seems to us no more than half an hour since we set out from the garden, you may depend upon it we have travelled an immense way.'—'As to that matter, I am quite ignorant,' said Sancho: 'this only I know, that if Madam Magallanes or Magalona took pleasure in sitting upon this crupper, her flesh must not have been very tender.'

All this dialogue of the two heroes was overheard by the duke and duchess, and the rest of the company in the garden, to whom it afforded extraordinary entertainment: at length, desirous of finishing this strange and well-concerted adventure, they set fire to Clavileno's tail

tail with some lighted flax ; his belly being filled with squibs and crackers, he instantly blew up with a dreadful explosion, and Don Quixote, with his squire, came to the ground more than half singed. By this time the whole bearded squadron, with my Lady Trifaldi, had vanished from the garden, and all the rest of the company were stretched upon the ground as in a trance. Don Quixote and Sancho getting on their feet, in a very indifferent condition, and looking all around, were astonished to find themselves in the same garden from which they took their flight, and to see such a number of people extended along the grass : but their admiration was still more encreased, when at one corner of the garden they beheld a huge lance fixed in the ground, and tied to this lance, by two cords of green silk, a smooth, white skin of parchment, on which was the following inscription in large golden letters :

‘ The renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha has finished and atchieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, alias the afflicted Duenna, and her companions, solely by his having undertaken the enterprize.

‘ Malambruno is wholly satisfied and appeased ; the chins of the duennas are smooth and clean ; their Majesties Don Clavijo and Antonomasia are restored to their original form : and when the squirely flagellation shall be accomplished, the white dove will be delivered from the pestilential talons of her persecutors, and find herself within the arms of her beloved turtle ; for such is the decree of the sage Merlin, the prince and prototype of all enchanters.’

Don Quixote having read this scroll, at once comprehended the meaning, which related to the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and returning a thousand thanks to Heaven for his success in having finished such a mighty exploit with so little danger, and reduced to their pristine form the faces of those venerable duennas who had disappeared, he went towards the place where the duke and duchess lay entranced, and pulling his grace by the arm, ‘ Courage ! courage, my noble lord !’ said he ;

‘ all

‘ all is over now ! the adventure is finished, without damage to the barrier, as will plainly appear by the inscription of yonder scroll.’

The duke seemed to recover gradually, like one waking from a profound sleep ; his example was followed by the duchess, and all the rest who lay along the garden ; and they exhibited such marks of fear and astonishment, that, even almost to themselves, that seemed to have happened in earnest which they had so well acted in jest. The duke, having read the inscription with his eyes half shut, ran with open arms to embrace Don Quixote, calling him the most worthy knight that any age had ever produced ; while Sancho went looking about for the afflicted matron, to see if her beard was quite gone, and whether her face, without hair, was as beautiful as her gallant deportment seemed to promise. But he was told, that as Clavileno descended in a flame from the sky, the whole squadron of duennas, with Trifaldi at their head, had vanished, and their faces smooth as if they had been clean shaven.

Then the duchess asking, how it had fared with Sancho in his long journey, the squire replied, ‘ As for me, my lady, I perceived, as my master told me, that we flew through the region of fire, and I felt a strong inclination to have a peep ; but my master would not consent, when I begged his permission to uncover my eyes ; nevertheless, I, who have a sort of a chip of curiosity, and an eager desire to know what I am forbid to enquire about, fair and softly, without being perceived by any living soul, pulled down upon my nose the handkerchief that covered my eyes, and by these means had a glimpse of the earth, which seemed no bigger than a grain of mustard, and the men that walked upon it almost as little as hazle nuts ; so you may guess how high we must have soared by that time.’

To this asseveration the duchess answered, ‘ Have a care, friend Sancho ; from what you say, it appears that it could not be the earth, but the men walking upon it, whom you saw ; for if the earth appeared like a grain

of

of mustard, and every man as big as a nut, it clearly follows, that one man must have covered the whole earth.' 'Very true,' said Sancho; 'but, for all that, I had a side view, by which I discovered the whole globe.' 'Take notice, Sancho,' resumed the dukes, that it is impossible to see the whole of any thing by a side view.' 'I know nothing of views,' replied the squire; 'this only I know, your ladyship ought to consider, that as we flew by enchantment, so might I, by enchantment, see the whole earth, and all the men upon it, in any sort of view whatsoever; and if your ladyship will not believe me in that, no more will you believe me when I tell you, that pushing up the handkerchief towards my eye-brows, I found myself within a hand's breadth and a half of heaven, which I'll assure your ladyship upon oath is very huge; and it came to pass, that our road lay close to the seven nanny-goats*: now, I having been a goat-herd in my youth, before God and my conscience! I no sooner set eyes on them, than I was seized with the inclination to divert myself a little with the pretty creatures, and if I had not done it, I believe I should have burst for vexation. Come on then, what does me I? but, without saying a word to any living soul, not even to my master, fairly and softly slide down from Clavileno, and sport with the nannies, which are like violets and lilies, for the space of three quarters of an hour, and all that time the horse did not budge a step from the place.'

'And while honest Sancho diverted himself with the goats,' said the duke, 'how was Signior Don Quixote entertained?' To this interrogation the knight replied, 'As all these adventures and incidents are out of the ordinary course of nature, we are not to wonder at what Sancho has told: for my own part, I can safely affirm, that I neither shoved up or nor pulled down the bandage, nor did see either heaven, or earth, or sea, or land. True it is, I perceived we passed through the region of
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* In Spain, the Pleiades are vulgarly called *cabrillas*, i. e. nanny-goats.

the air, and even bordered upon the region of fire, but that we travelled beyond it I cannot believe; for the fiery region being between the sphere of the moon and the utmost region of the air, we could not reach that firmament in which are placed the seven nannies, as Sancho calls them, without being scorched to death; and seeing we are not scorched, either Sancho lyes, or Sancho dreams.' 'I neither lye nor dream,' cried the squire: 'let them ask the marks of the nanny-goats, and by my answers you will perceive whether or not I speak truth.' 'Describe them, then, Sancho,' said the duchess. 'Two of them,' replied Sancho, 'are green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley.' 'This is a new breed,' said the duke; 'in our region of earth there are no such colours; I mean among the nanny-goats.' 'That is very plain,' replied the squire; 'there must be some difference between the goats of heaven and those upon earth.' 'Pray, tell me, Sancho,' said his grace, 'didst thou see never a he-goat among those females†?' 'No, my lord,' answered the squire: 'I have been told that none of those pass beyond the horns of the moon.'

They did not chuse to interrogate him farther about his journey; for they concluded that Sancho was in a fair way to travel through all the heavens above, and tell the news of each, though he had never stirred from the garden.

Finally, thus ended the adventure of the afflicted duenna, which afforded a fund for laughter to the duke and duchess, not only at that time, but during the whole course of their lives; as well as matter for Sancho to relate, had he lived whole centuries.

Don Quixote coming to the squire, whispered in his ear, 'Hark ye, Sancho; since you would have us believe what you say, touching the things which you saw in heaven, I desire the like credit from you with regard to those things I saw in the cave of Montesinos: that's all.'

CHAP.

† There is a kind of pleasantry in this question of the duke, which cannot be translated; for the Spanish word, *cabrou*, signifies a cuckold, as well as a he-goat.

CHAP. X.

Containing Don Quixote's Instructions to Sancho Panza, before he set out for his Government; with other well-weighed Incidents.

THE duke and duchess were so well pleased with the diverting and happy success of the adventure of the afflicted duenna, that they resolved to proceed with the jest, seeing what a proper subject they had to make it pass for earnest. Having therefore communicated their scheme and instructions to their servants and vassals, touching their behaviour to Sancho in his government of the promised island, on the day succeeding the flight of Clavileno, the duke desired him to prepare and make himself ready to set out for his government, as the islanders already longed for him as much as for May flowers.

Sancho, having made his obeisance, 'Since my descent from heaven,' said he, 'and since from its lofty summit I have viewed the earth, and found it of such small extent, my desire of being a governor is much moderated; for what grandeur can there be in reigning over a grain of mustard-seed? or what dignity and empire in governing half a dozen of mortals no bigger than filberts? for the whole earth seemed to contain nothing more. If your lordship would be pleased to bestow upon me a small trifling space in heaven, though it should not be above half a league, I would more gladly receive it than the best island in the world.' 'You must consider, friend Sancho,' replied the duke, 'that I have it not in my power to give away any part of heaven; no, not a nail's breadth; these favours and benefits are in the gift of God alone. What is in my power I freely give you; namely, a good island, right and tight, round and well-proportioned, above measure fertile, and so abounding with all good things, that, if you mind your hits, you may with the riches of earth purchase the opulence of heaven.' 'Well then,' cried Sancho, 'let this island be forthcoming, and I will struggle hard,

hard, but I shall be such a governor, that, in spite of knaves, I may go to heaven; and take notice, it is not from avarice that I desire to quit my cottage, and raise myself to a footing with my betters, but solely to taste and try what it is to be a governor.' Nay, if once you taste it,' said the duke, 'you will be ready to eat your fingers after the government; for nothing is so delicious as to command and be obeyed: certain I am, that when your master shall come to be an emperor, as will doubtless be the case, considering the current of his affairs, it will not be in the power of any person upon earth to tear it from him; and he will sorely grieve, and heartily rue the time he has lost before his advancement to such an imperial station.' 'Indeed, my lord,' replied Sancho, 'I imagine it must be a very pleasant thing to govern, even though it should be but a flock of sheep.' 'May I be buried with you, Sancho, but you know every thing!' answered the duke. 'I hope you will turn out such a governor as your judgment and sagacity seem to promise: but here let that matter rest; and take notice, that to-morrow morning you must set out for the government of the island; and this evening you shall be accommodated with a convenient dress, and all other necessities for your departure.' 'They may dress me as they will,' said the squire; 'but, be that as it may, I shall still be Sancho Panza.' 'True,' replied the duke; 'but the garb ought always to be suited to the dignity and function of the profession; for it would be a great impropriety in a lawyer to appear in the dress of a soldier, or in a soldier to wear canonicals: you, Sancho, must wear an habit that shall partly bespeak the gown, and partly the sword; for in the island which I have bestowed upon you, letters and arms are both necessary.' 'As for letters,' answered Sancho, 'I am but indifferently stored, as I am even ignorant of the a, b, c; but, provided I remember my Christ-cross, I shall be sufficiently qualified for a good governor. With regard to arms, I shall use those that may be put into my hand, until I can stand no longer, and God be my

shield!' 'With such an excellent memory,' said the duke, 'Sancho can never fall into the least mistake.'

Here they were joined by Don Quixote, who understanding the subject of their conversation, and the short space allotted to Sancho to prepare for his departure, took the squire by the hand, with the duke's permission, and led him to his apartment, in order to instruct him how to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber, he locked the door, and obliging Sancho to sit down by him, spoke to this effect, in a grave and solemn tone.

'I return infinite thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, for having ordained, that, before I myself have met with the least success, good fortune hath gone forth to bid thee welcome. I, who had balanced the remuneration of thy service in my own prosperity, find myself in the very rudiments of promotion; while thou, before thy time, and contrary to all the laws of reasonable progression, findest thy desire accomplished. Other people bribe, solicit, importune, attend levees, entreat, and persevere, without obtaining their suit; and another comes, who, without knowing why or wherefore, finds himself in possession of that office to which so many people laid claim; and here the old saying is aptly introduced, A pound of good luck is worth a ton of merit. Thou, who, in comparison to me, art doubtless an ignorant dunce, without rising early, or sitting up late, or, indeed, exerting the least industry; without any pretension, more or less, than that of being breathed upon by knight-errantry, seest thyself created governor of an island, as if it was a matter of moonshine. All this I observe, O Sancho, that thou mayest not attribute thy success to thy own deserts; but give thanks to Heaven for having disposed matters so beneficially in thy behalf, and then make thy acknowledgments to that grandeur which centers in the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart being thus pre-disposed to believe what I have said, be attentive, O my son, to me, who am thy Cato, thy counsellor, thy north pole, and guide,

to

to conduct thee into a secure harbour, from the tempestuous sea into which thou art going to be engulfed ; for great posts, and offices of state, are no other than a profound gulph of confusion.

‘ In the first place, O my son, you are to fear God : the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom ; and if you are wise, you cannot err.

‘ Secondly, you must always remember who you are, and endeavour to know yourself ; a study of all others the most difficult. This self-knowledge will hinder you from blowing yourself up like a frog, in order to rival the size of an ox ; if, therefore, you succeed in this learning, the consideration of thy having been a swine-herd, will, like the peacock’s ugly feet, be a check upon thy folly and pride.’ ‘ I own, I once kept hogs, when I was a boy,’ said Sancho ; ‘ but after I grew up, I quitted that employment, and took care of geese ; but I apprehend that matter is not of great consequence, for all governors are not descended from the kingly race.’ ‘ No, sure,’ answered the knight ; ‘ and, for that reason, those who are not of noble extraction, ought to sweeten the gravity of their function with mildness and affability ; which, being prudently conducted, will screen them from those malicious murmurs that no station can escape. Rejoice, Sancho, in the lowness of your pedigree, and make no scruple of owning yourself descended from peasants ; for nobody will endeavour to make you blush for that of which they see you are not ashamed ; and value yourself more upon being a virtuous man of low degree, than upon being a proud sinner of noble birth. Innumerable are those, who, from an humble stock, have risen to the pontifical and imperial dignity ; a truth which I could prove by so many examples, that you would not have patience to hear them.

‘ Take notice, Sancho, if you chuse virtue for your medium, and pique yourself upon performing worthy actions, you will have no cause to envy noblemen and princes ; for blood is hereditary, but virtue is acquired ;

consequently, this last has an intrinsic value which the other does not possess.

‘ This being the case, as undoubtedly it is, if peradventure any one of your relations should come to visit you in your island, you must not discountenance and affront him ; but, on the contrary, let him be kindly received and entertained ; and, in so doing, you will act conformably to the will of Heaven, which is displeased at seeing it’s own handy-work despised ; and perform your duty to the well-concerted rights of nature.

‘ If you send for your wife, (and, indeed, those who are concerned in governing ought not to be long without their helpmates,) take pains in teaching, improving, and civilizing her ; for all that a sagacious governor can acquire, is very often lost and squandered by a foolish rustic wife.

If, perchance, you should become a widower, (a circumstance that may possibly happen) and have it in your power to make a more advantageous match, you must not chuse such a yoke-fellow as will serve for an angling-hook, fishing-rod, or equivocating hood * ; for verily I say unto thee, all that a judge’s wife receives must be accounted for at the general clearance by the husband, who will repay fourfold after death what he made no reckoning of during life.

‘ Never conduct yourself by the law of your own arbitrary opinion, which is generally the case with those ignorant people who presume upon their own self-sufficiency.

‘ Let the tears of the poor find more compassion in thy breast, though not more justice, than the informations of the rich.

‘ Endeavour to investigate the truth from among the promises and presents of the opulent, as well as from the sighs and importunities of the needy.

‘ When

* The phrase, *No quiero de tu capilla*, alludes to the practice of friars, who, when charity is offered, hold out their hoods to receive it, while they pronounce a refusal with their tongues.

‘ When equity can and ought to take place, inflict not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent; for severity is not more respected than compassion in the character of a judge.

‘ If ever you suffer the rod of justice to be bent a little, let it not be warped by the weight of corruption, but the bowels of mercy.

‘ If ever you should have an opportunity to judge the process of your enemy, recal the attention from the injury you have received, and fix it wholly upon the truth of the case.

‘ In another man’s cause, be not blinded by private affection; for the errors thus committed are generally incurable; or, if they admit of a remedy, it will be greatly at the expence of your fortune and credit.

‘ If a beautiful woman should come to demand justice, withdraw your eyes from her tears, and your hearing from her sighs, and deliberate at a distance upon the substance of her demand, unless you have a mind that your reason should be overwhelmed by her complaint, and your virtue buried in her sighs.

‘ Abuse not him in word whom you are resolved to chastise in deed; for to such a wretch, the pain of the punishment will be sufficient, without the addition of reproach.

‘ In judging the delinquents who shall fall under your jurisdiction, consider the miserable object man, subject to the infirmities of our depraved nature; and, as much as lies in your power, without injury to the contrary party, display your clemency and compassion; for although all the attributes of God are equally excellent, that of mercy has a better effect in our eye, and strikes with greater lustre than justice.

‘ If you observe and conduct yourself by these rules and precepts, Sancho, your days will be long upon the face of the earth; your fame will be eternal, your reward complete, and your felicity unutterable: your children will be married according to your wish; they and their descendants will enjoy titles; you shall live in

peace and friendship with all mankind : when your course of life is run, death will overtake you in an happy and mature old age, and your eyes will be shut by the tender and delicate hands of your posterity, in the third or fourth generation.

‘ The remarks I have hitherto made, are documents touching the decoration of your soul ; and now you will listen to those that regard the ornaments of the body.’

CH A P. XI.

Of the second Series of Instructions which Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza.

WHO that had heard this discourse of Don Quixote, would not have taken him for a person of sound judgment, and excellent disposition ? but, as we have oftentimes observed, in the progress of this sublime history, his madness never appeared except when the string of chivalry was touched ; and on all other subjects of conversation, he displayed a clear and ready understanding ; so that every minute his works discredit his judgment, and his judgment his works. But, in this second set of instructions, communicated to Sancho, he discovered great ingenuity, and raised his madness and discretion to a most elevated pitch.

Sancho listened with the utmost attention, and endeavoured to retain his advice, like a man who desired to preserve it, as the infallible means to promote the happy birth of that government with which he was so far gone. Don Quixote then proceeded in these terms.

‘ With respect to the government of your person and family, Sancho : in the first place, I charge you to be cleanly, and pare your nails ; and do not let them grow, like some people, whose ignorance teaches them that long nails beautify the hand, as if that additional excrement which they neglect to cut, were really and truly the nail ; whereas, it more nearly resembles the talons of a lizard-hunting wind-whiffer, and is a most beastly and extraordinary abuse.

‘ You

‘ You must never appear loose and unbuttoned ; for a slovenly dress denotes a disorderly mind ; unless that looseness and negligence be the effect of cunning, as we suppose to have been the case with Julius Cæsar.

‘ Examine sagaciously the profits of your place, and if they will afford livery to your servants, let it be rather decent and substantial, than gay and tawdry ; and be sure to divide it between your servants and the poor. For example, if you can clothe six pages, put three in livery, and clothe as many poor boys ; and then you will have pages for Heaven as well as earth : now, this is a method of giving livery, which the vain-glorious could never conceive.

‘ Abstain from eating garlick and onions, lest your breath should discover your rusticity.

‘ Walk leisurely, speak distinctly, but not so as to seem delighted with your own discourse ; for all affectation is disagreeable.

‘ Dine sparingly, and eat very little at supper ; for the health of the whole body depends upon the operation of the stomach.

‘ Be temperate in drinking ; and consider, that excess of wine will neither keep a secret nor perform a promise.

‘ Beware, Sancho, of chewing on both sides of your mouth, as well as eructing before company.’—‘ I do not understand what you mean by eructing,’ said the squire. ‘ By eructing,’ answered the knight, ‘ I mean belching ; which, though one of the most expressive, is at the same time one of the most vulgar terms in our language ; therefore, people of taste have had recourse to the Latin tongue, saying “ To eruct,” instead of “ To belch,” and substituting eructations in the room of belchings : and though some people may not understand these terms, it is of small importance ; for time and use will introduce and render them intelligible ; and this is what we call enriching the language, over which the practice of the vulgar has great influence.—

‘ Truly, Signior,’ said Sancho, ‘ one of the advices
and

and good counsels which I intend to remember, must be that of not belching; for it is a fault of which I am very often guilty.—‘Eructing, Sancho, and not belching,’ replied Don Quixote. ‘Eructing it shall be henceforward,’ answered the squire; and I will take care that it shall not be forgotten.’

‘Moreover, Sancho, you must not intermingle so many proverbs with your discourse; for, although proverbs are short sentences, you very often bring them in by the head and shoulders, so preposterously, that they look more like the ravings of distraction than well-chosen apothegms.’

‘That defect God himself must remedy,’ said Sancho; for I have more proverbs by heart, than would be sufficient to fill a large book; and, when I speak, they crowd together in such a manner, as to quarrel for utterance; so that my tongue discharges them just as they happen to be in the way, whether they are or not to the purpose: but I will take care henceforward, to throw out those that may be suitable to the gravity of my office; for, Where there’s plenty of meat, the supper will soon be compleat. He that shuffles does not cut. A good hand makes a short game; and, It requires a good brain, to know when to give and retain.’

‘Courage, Sancho,’ cried Don Quixote, ‘squeeze, tack, and string your proverbs together, here are none to oppose you. My mother whips me, and I whip the top. Here am I exhorting these to suppress thy proverbs, and in an instant thou hast spewed forth a whole litany of them, which are as foreign from the subject as an old ballad. Remember, Sancho, I do not say that a proverb, properly applied, is amiss; but to throw in, and string together, old saws, helter-skelter, renders conversation altogether mean and despicable.

‘When you appear on horseback, do not lean backwards over the saddle, nor stretch out your legs stiffly from the horse’s belly, nor let them hang dangling in a slovenly manner, as if you was upon the back of Dapple; for some ride like jockies, and some like gentlemen.

‘Be

‘ Be very moderate in sleeping; for he who does not rise with the sun, cannot enjoy the day; and observe, O Sancho! Industry is the mother of prosperity; and Laziness, her opposite, never saw the accomplishment of a good wish.

‘ The last advice which I shall now give thee, although it does not relate to the ornament of the body, I desire thou wilt carefully remember; for, in my opinion, it will be of as much service to thee, as any I have hitherto mentioned; and this it is: Never engage in a dispute upon pedigree; at least, never compare one with another; for in all comparisons, one must of consequence be preferred to the other; and he whom you have abased will abhor you; nor will you ever reap the least return from him whom you have extolled.

‘ Your garb shall consist of breeches and stockings; a full waistcoat, with skirts and hanging sleeves, and a loose coat; but never think of wearing trunk hose, which neither become gentlemen nor governors.

‘ This is all that occurs to me at present, in the way of advice; but, in process of time, my instructions shall be proportioned to thy occasions, provided thou wilt take care to communicate, from time to time, the nature of thy situation.’

‘ Signior,’ said Sancho, ‘ I plainly perceive that all the advices you have given me, are sound and good, and profitable; but of what signification will they be, if I forget them all? Indeed, as for the matter of not letting my nails grow, or marrying another wife, in case I should have an opportunity, it will not easily slip out of my brain; but as to those other gallimawfries, quirks, and quiddities, I neither do retain them, nor shall I ever retain more of them than of last year’s rain; and therefore, it will be necessary to let me have them in writing; for, though I myself can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confessor, that he may report and beat them into my noddle, as there shall be occasion.

‘ Ah, sinner that I am!’ exclaimed Don Quixote, ‘ what a scandal it is for governors to be so ignorant,
that

that they can neither read nor write! Thou must know, Sancho, that for a man to be totally devoid of letters, or left-handed, argues, either that he was descended from the very lowest and meanest of people, or that he was so wicked and stubborn, that good example and judicious precept have had no effect upon his mind or understanding. This is a great defect in thy character, and I wish thou wouldst learn, if possible, to write thy name.' 'I can sign my name very well,' answered Sancho; 'for, during my stewardship of the brotherhood, I learned to make such letters as are ruddled into packs, and those they tell me stood for my name; besides, I can feign myself lame of my right-hand, and keep a secretary to sign in my room; so that there is a remedy for every thing but death. And I having the cudgel in my hand, will make them do as I command; for he whose father is mayor—you know—and I shall be a governor, which is still better—Let them come and see, but not throw their squibs or slanders at me: otherwise they may come for wool and go home shorn. The house itself will tell, if God loves it's master well. A rich man's folly is wisdom in the world's eye: now, I being rich as being governor, and liberal withal, as I intend to be, nobody will spy my defects. Make yourself honey, and a clown will have flies. You are worth as much as you have, said my grannam; and, Might overcomes right.'

'O! God's curse light on thee,' cried Don Quixote: three-score thousand devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! A full hour hast thou been stringing them together, and every one of them has been like a dagger to my soul. Take my word for it, these proverbs will bring thee one day to the gallows! for these, thy vassals will deprive thee of thy government, or at least enter into associations against thee. Tell me, numscull, where didst thou find this heap of old saws? or how didst thou learn to apply them, wiseacre? It makes me sweat like a day-labourer, to utter one proverb as it ought to be applied.' 'Fore God, Sir master of mine,

mine,' replied Sancho, 'your worship complains of mere trifles. Why the devil should you be in dudgeon with me for making use of my own? I have no other fortune or stock, but proverbs upon proverbs; and now there are no less than four at my tongue's end, that come as pat to the purpose as pears in a basket; but, for all that, they shall not come forth; for, sagacious silence is Sancho.*' 'That thou art not, Sancho,' said the knight; 'far from being sagaciously silent, thou art an obstinate and eternal babbler. Nevertheless, I would fain hear those four proverbs that are so pat to the purpose; for I have been rummaging my whole memory, which I take to be a good one, and not a proverb occurs to my recollection.' 'What can be better than these?' replied the squire; 'Never thrust your thumb between another man's grinders; and to, Get out of my house! what would you with my wife? there is no reply. Whether the stone goes to the pitcher, or the pitcher to the stone, 'ware pitcher. Now all these fit to a hair. Let no man meddle with a governor or his substitute; otherwise he will suffer, as if he had thrust his finger between two grinders; and even if they should not be grinders, if they are teeth, it makes little difference: then, to what a governor says, there is no reply to be made, no more than to, Get out of my house! what would you with my wife? and as to the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see the meaning of it: Wherefore, let him who spies a mare in his neighbour's eye, look first to the beam in his own, that people may not say of him, The dead mare was frightened at the flay'd mule; and your worship is very sensible that a fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in that of his neighbour.' 'There, Sancho, you are mistaken,' answered Don Quixote; 'a fool knows nothing either in his own or his neighbour's house; because no edifice of understanding can be raised upon the foundation of folly. But here let the subject rest: if thou shouldst misbehave in thy government, thine will be

the

* Instead of *saintly*.

the fault and mine the shame. I console myself, however, in reflecting that I have done my duty in giving thee advice, with all the earnestness and discretion in my power; so that I have acquitted myself in point of promise and obligation. God conduct thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from an apprehension I have, that thou wilt turn the island topsy turvy; a misfortune which I might prevent, by discovering to the duke what thou art, and telling him all that paunch and corpulency of thine is no other than a bag full of proverbs and impertinence.'

'Signior,' replied Sancho, 'if your worship really thinks I am not qualified for that government, I renounce it from henceforward for ever. Amen. I have a greater regard for a nail's breadth of my soul, than my whole body; and I can subsist as bare Sancho, upon a crust of bread and an onion, as well as governor on capons and partridges; for, While we sleep, great and small, rich and poor, are equal all. If your worship will consider, your worship will find, that you yourself put this scheme of government into my head: as for my own part, I know no more of the matter than a bustard; and if you think the governorship will be the means of my going to the devil, I would much rather go as simple Sancho to Heaven, than as a governor to hell-fire.'

'Before God!' cried the knight, 'from these last reflections thou hast uttered, I pronounce thee worthy to govern a thousand islands. Thou hast an excellent natural disposition, without which all science is naught; recommend thyself to God, and endeavour to avoid errors in the first intention; I mean, let thy intention and unshaken purpose be, to deal righteously in all thy transactions; for Heaven always favours the upright design. And now let us go in to dinner; for I believe their graces wait for us.'

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

Giving an Account of the Manner in which Sancho was conducted to the Government, and a strange Adventure that happened to Don Quixote in the Castle.

THE original of the history, it is said, relates that the interpreter did not translate this chapter as it had been written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who bewails his fate in having undertaken such a dry and confined history as that of Don Quixote; which obliged him to treat of nothing but the knight and his squire, without daring to launch out into other more grave and entertaining episodes and digressions. He complained, that to be thus restricted in his hand, his pen, and his invention, to one subject only, so as to be obliged to speak through the mouths of a few persons, was an insupportable toil, that produced no fruit to the advantage of the author; and that in order to avoid this inconvenience, he had in the first part used the artifice of some novels, such as the Impertinent Curiosity, and the Captive, which were detached from the history, although many particulars there recounted are really incidents which happened to Don Quixote; and, therefore, could not be suppressed. It was likewise his opinion, as he observes, that many readers being wholly ingrossed with the exploits of Don Quixote, would not bestow attention upon novels, but pass them over either with negligence or disgust, without adverting to the spirit and artifice they contain: a truth which would plainly appear, were they to be published by themselves, independent of the madness of Don Quixote, and the simplicities of Sancho. He would not therefore insert in the second part any novels, whether detached or attached; but only a few episodes, that seem to spring from those very incidents which truth represents; and even these, as brief and concise as they could possibly be related: and since he includes and confines himself within the narrow limits of narration, though his abilities and understanding are sufficient to treat of the whole universe, he hopes that his

work will not be depreciated, and begs that he may receive due praise, not for what he has written, but for what he has left unwrit. Then the history proceeds in this manner.

In the evening that succeeded the afternoon on which the knight admonished his squire, he gave him his admonitions in writing, that he might find some person to read them occasionally; but, scarce had Sancho received, than he dropped them by accident, and they fell into the hands of the duke, who communicated the paper to the duchess, and both admired anew the madness and ingenuity of Don Quixote. Resolving to prosecute the jest, they, that very evening, dismissed Sancho with a large retinue to the place which he supposed to be an island; the execution of the whole scheme being left to the sagacity of the duke's steward, who was a person of great humour and discretion; for without discretion there can be no humour. He it was who acted the part of the Countess Trifaldi, with that pleasantry above related. Thus qualified, and in consequence of the instructions he received from their graces touching his behaviour to Sancho, he had performed his part to admiration. It happened, then, that Sancho no sooner beheld the said steward, than he traced in his countenance the very features of Trifaldi; and turning to his master, 'Signior,' said he, 'the devil may fly away with me from this spot where I stand, as an honest man, and a believer, if your worship will not confess that the face of the duke's steward here present, is the very same with that of the afflicted duenna!' Don Quixote, having attentively considered the steward's countenance, replied, 'There is no occasion for the devil's running away with thee, Sancho, either as an honest man or a believer: indeed, I cannot guess thy meaning; for, sure enough, this steward's face is the very same with that of the afflicted duenna; but, nevertheless, the steward and the duenna cannot possibly be the same person: that would imply a downright contradiction; and this is no time to set on foot such enquiries, which would entangle

us in the maze of inextricable labyrinths. Believe me, friend, we ought to beseech the Lord very earnestly to deliver us from those two evils of wicked wizzards, and vile enchanterers.' 'But this is no joke,' answered Sancho; 'for I heard him speak a little while ago, and methought the very voice of Trifaldi sounded in mine ears. At present, however, I will hold my tongue; but, nevertheless, I will keep a strict eye over him from henceforward, in order to discover some other mark either to destroy or confirm my suspicion.'—'Do so, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'and be sure to send me notice of the discoveries thou shalt make in this particular, as well as of every thing that shall happen to thee in the course of thine administration.'

At length Sancho departed with a numerous attendance; he was dressed like a gownman, with a long cloak of murrey-coloured camblet, and a cap of the same stuff: he rode upon a mule, with short stirrups; and was followed by Dapple, who, by the duke's express order, was adorned with rich trappings of flaming silk; so that the governor from time to time turned about his head to contemplate the finery of his ass, with whose company he was so well content, that he would not have exchanged it for that of the German emperor.

At parting, he kissed the hands of the duke and duchess; and asked the benediction of his master; which was given with tears, and received with a whimper.

Courteous reader, suffer honest Sancho to depart in peace and happy time, and lay thy account with two bushels of laughter, which will proceed from thy knowing how he behaved himself in office; and in the mean time, attend to what befel his master this very night; an incident which, if it cannot excite thy laughter, will, at least, induce thee to grin like a monkey; for the adventures of Don Quixote must be celebrated, either with mirth or admiration.

It is related, then, that Sancho was no sooner gone than his master became solitary; and had it been possible

ble would have revoked the commission, and deprived him of his government; but the duchess being apprized of his melancholy, desired to know the cause, observing, that if it proceeded from Sancho's absence, there was plenty of squires, duennas, and damsels, in the family, who should serve him to the satisfaction of his utmost wish. 'True it is, my Lady Duchess,' replied Don Quixote, 'I feel the absence of Sancho; but that is not the principal cause of my seeming sadness; and of all the generous proffers of your excellency, I chuse to accept nothing but the good-will with which they are made; for the rest, I humbly beg your excellency will consent, and permit me to wait upon myself in my own apartment.'—'Truly,' said the duchess, 'that must not be; Signior Don Quixote shall be served by four of my damsels, as beautiful as roses.' 'With regard to me,' answered the knight, 'they will not be roses, but thorns to prick my very soul; and, therefore, I will as soon fly as permit them, or any thing like them, to enter my chamber. If your grace would continue to bestow your favours, which, I own, I do not deserve; suffer me to be private, and make use of my own doors, that I may raise a wall between my passions and my chastity; a custom which I would not forego for all the liberality which your highness is pleased to display in my behalf; and, in a word, I will rather sleep in my cloaths than consent to be undressed by any person whatsoever.' 'Enough, enough, Signior Don Quixote,' answered her grace; 'you may depend upon it, I shall give such orders, that not even a fly, much less a damsel, shall enter your apartment; I am not a person to discompose the decency of Signior Don Quixote, among whose virtues, I perceive, that of decorum shines with superior lustre. Your worship may dress and undress yourself alone, after your own fashion, when and how you please, without lett or impediment; for in your chamber you will find every utensil suited to those who sleep under lock and key, without being obliged to open upon any necessary occasion. Long live the great Dulcinea del

del Toboso, and may her fame be extended around the whole circumference of the earth, seeing she is worthy to be beloved by a knight of such valour and chastity; and may propitious Heaven infuse into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a promptitude to finish his flagellation, that the world may soon re-enjoy the beauty of such an excellent lady!' To this compliment the knight replied, 'Your highness hath spoken like yourself; for from the mouths of such benevolent ladies nothing evil can proceed; and Dulcinea will be more fortunate, and more renowned through the world, by your grace's approbation, than by all the applause of the greatest orators upon earth.'

'Well then, Signior Don Quixote,' answered the duchess, 'it is now supper-time, and the duke probably stays for us; let us go and sup, therefore, that you may be a-bed betimes; for your journey to Candaya was not so short, but that it must have fatigued your worship in some measure.' 'Madam,' replied Don Quixote, 'I feel no sort of weariness; and I swear to your excellency, that in my life I never crossed a better or easier going steed than Clavileno; nor can I conceive what should induce Malambruno to deprive himself of such a light and gentle carriage, by burning it without scruple or hesitation.'—'As to that particular,' said the duchess, 'we may suppose, that repenting of the injury he had done to the countess and her company, as well as to other people, and being sorry for the mischief he must certainly have produced as a wizzard and inchanter, he resolved to destroy all the instruments of his art; as the principal of these, which gave him the greatest uneasiness, because it has transported him from place to place in his operations, he burned Clavileno, that by means of his ashes, and the trophy of the parchment, the valour of Don Quixote might be eternized.'

The knight made fresh acknowledgements of her grace's politeness, and after supper retired to his apartment, without suffering any person to accompany or minister unto his occasions; so much was he afraid of

meeting with trials, which might provoke or compel him to forego the chastity and decorum which he had hitherto preserved for his mistress Dulcinea, ever schooling his imagination with the exemplary virtue of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knight-errantry.

Having locked the door behind him, he undressed himself by the light of two wax tapers; and in the course of this occupation (O misfortune, ill decreed to such a personage!) forth broke—not a volley of sighs, or any thing else to discredit the purity of his politeness, but about two dozen of stitches in one stocking; which, being thus torn, resembled a lattice; a mishap which was the source of extreme affliction to our worthy Signior; who, on this occasion, would have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk, for his stockings were of that colour.

Here Benengeli exclaims, ‘O poverty, poverty! I know not what should induce the great Cordovan poet to call thee an holy unfrequented gift. I, though a Moor, am very sensible, from my correspondence with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, poverty, and obedience; yet, nevertheless, I will affirm, that he must be holy indeed, who can sit down content with poverty, unless we mean that kind of poverty to which one of the greatest saints alludes, when he says, “Possess all things as not possessing them;” and this is called spiritual poverty. But thou second poverty, which is the cause I spoke of, why wouldst thou assault gentlemen of birth rather than any other class of people? Why dost thou compel them to cobble their shoes, and wear upon their coats one button of silk, another of hair, and a third of glass? Why must their ruffs be generally yellow and ill starched?’ (By the bye, from this circumstance we learn the antiquity of ruffs and starch.*) But, thus he proceeds: ‘O wretched

* Cervantes has been frequently caught napping, and here in particular: How could this be any proof of the antiquity of ruffs, when the adventure happened after the first

wretched man of noble pedigree! who is obliged to administer cordials to his honour, in the midst of hunger and solitude, by playing the hypocrite with a toothpick, which he affects to use in the street, though he has eat nothing to require that act of cleanliness; wretched he! I say, whose honour is ever apt to be startled, and thinks that every body, at a league's distance, observes the patch upon his shoe, his greasy hat, and threadbare cloak, and even the hunger that predominates in his belly!"

All these reflections occurred to Don Quixote when he tore his stockings; but he consoled himself for the misfortune, when he perceived that Sancho had left behind him a pair of travelling-boots, which he resolved to wear next day: finally, he crept into bed, where he lay pensive and melancholy, as well for the absence of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, which he would have gladly mended, even with silk of a different colour; one of the greatest marks of misery which a gentleman can exhibit in the course of his tedious poverty. After having extinguished the lights, he found the weather so hot that he could not sleep: he therefore arose again, and opened the casement of a great window that looked into a fine garden; then it was, that perceiving and hearing people walking and talking together, he began to listen attentively, while those below spoke so loud that he heard the following dialogue.

'Do not, O, Emerencia, press me to sing; for well thou knowest, that from the moment this stranger entered the castle, and mine eyes beheld his merit, instead of singing, I can do nothing but weep; besides, my lady's sleep is rather slight than profound; and I would not for all the wealth in the world, that her grace should find us here. Moreover, suppose she should still sleep on, without waking, vain would be my song, unless it
should

first part of Don Quixote was published? But, perhaps, this is no other than an ironical animadversion upon the trifling discoveries of antiquarians.

should awake, and attract the attention of this new *Æneas*, who is arrived in my territories, in order to leave me forlorn.'—'Let not these suppositions have any weight with you, my dear *Altisidora*,' replied another voice; 'the duchess is doubtless asleep, and every body in the house, except the lord of your heart, and watchman of your soul, who must certainly be awake, for I just now heard him open the casement in his apartment; sing, therefore, my disastrous friend, in a low, sweet, and plaintive tone, to the sound of thy harp; and should the duchess overhear us, we will lay the blame upon the heat of the weather.'—'That is not the cause of my hesitation, O, *Emerencia*,' replied *Altisidora*; 'but I am afraid that my song will disclose the situation of my heart, and I myself be censured by those who never felt the almighty power of Love, as a light and liquorish damsel; but, come what will, better have an hot face than an heavy heart.' At that instant an harp was ravishingly touched, and Don Quixote hearing the sound, was struck with amazement; for his imagination was instantly filled with an infinity of similar adventures of rails and gardens, senerades, courtships and swoonings, which he had read in his vain books of chivalry; and he concluded that some damsel of the duchess was enamoured of him, but that modesty compelled her to keep her inclinations secret. Possessed of this notion, he began to be afraid of his virtue: but he resolved, in his own mind, to hold out to the last; and, recommending himself, with all his soul and spirit, to his mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso*, determined to listen to the song. With a view, therefore, to let them know he was there, he pretended to sneeze, a circumstance which not a little pleased the damsels, who desired nothing so much as that Don Quixote should hear them. Then the harp being tuned, *Altisidora*, after a flourish, began the following ditty.

SONG

SONG.

‘ O THOU! who now a-bed,
 ‘ In holland sheets are laid,
 ‘ And sleep’st from night till morn,
 ‘ Untouch’d by care and scorn;
 ‘ The knight of greatest worth
 ‘ La Mancha e’er brought forth;
 ‘ More chaste an hundred fold,
 ‘ Than pure Arabian gold;
 ‘ O hear an hapless maid
 ‘ By cruel love betray’d!
 ‘ The flame of thy two suns
 ‘ Hath scorch’d her to the bones!
 ‘ Thou seeking thy own foe,
 ‘ Hast found another’s woe:
 ‘ Thou gav’st the wound, and sure
 ‘ Wilt not refuse the cure.
 ‘ O tell me, valiant youth,
 ‘ (So God shall prosper truth,)
 ‘ Wast thou in deserts bred,
 ‘ Or among mountains fed?
 ‘ Did serpents give thee suck,
 ‘ On some bleak barren rock,
 ‘ Deep in the wild recess
 ‘ Of forest or morass?
 ‘ Dulcinea, fat and fair,
 ‘ May boast her shape and air,
 ‘ That in subjection hold
 ‘ A tyger fierce and bold:
 ‘ Her tame shall live in stanza,
 ‘ From Ebro to Arlanza,
 ‘ From Tagus to Henarez,
 ‘ From Selne to Manganarez.
 ‘ Would I her place could fill,
 ‘ I’d give her for good will,
 ‘ My gayest petticoat
 ‘ With golden fringes wrought.
 ‘ How happy then should I
 ‘ In thine embraces lie!
 ‘ Or on some cushion loll,
 ‘ And scratch thy valiant poll.

‘ Such

' Such joys are far above
 ' The merits of my love:
 ' Let me, then, bending low,
 ' With rapture kifs thy toe.
 ' What presents would be made,
 ' Of fatten and brocade!
 ' I'd give thee shoes and socks,
 ' Silk hofe with filver clocks;
 ' Of cafh uncoun ted fums,
 ' And pearls as big as plums;
 ' So precious, each would fell
 ' As perfect nonpareil.
 ' Manchegan Nero, fay,
 ' Dost thou, aloof, furvey
 ' The flames that rage and fmart
 ' Within my love-fick heart?
 ' A maid I vow and fwear,
 ' Young, tender, and fincere:
 ' As yet I have not feen
 ' The borders of fifteen.
 ' My fides are not awry,
 ' Nor lame, nor blind, am I:
 ' My locks, with ribbands bound,
 ' Like lilies, fweep the ground:
 ' My nofe is flat, 'tis true,
 ' And eke my mouth afkew;
 ' But teeth as topaz fine,
 ' Compleat my charms divine;
 ' My voice, as you may hear,
 ' Is tuneful, fweet, and clear;
 ' My temper foft and good,
 ' If rightly underftood.
 ' Thefe beauties all fo clever,
 ' Are yielded to thy quiver;
 ' And I, who tell my ftory,
 ' Am call'd Altifidory.'

Here ended the fong of the haplefs Altifidora; and here began the horror of the courted Don Quixote; who, fetching a heavy-figh, faid within himfelf—' What an unfortunate errant am I, whom no damfel can behold without being enamoured of my perfon! and how hap-
 lefs

less is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, who cannot enjoy my incomparable constancy without a rival! Queens, what would you have? Empresses, why do you persecute her beauty? Damsels of fifteen, why do you molest such virtue? Leave, leave, I say, that wretched lady, to taste, enjoy, and triumph, in the lot which love hath decreed her, by subduing my heart, and captivating my soul. Take notice, enamoured tribe, that to Dulcinea alone I am sugar paste, but flint to all the rest of her sex: to her I am honey; but gall and bitterness to such as you. In my eye, Dulcinea alone isauteous, wise, gay, chaste, and well-born; but all others are homely, foolish, idle, and of humble birth. To be her slave, and her's alone, nature has thrown me into the world: Altifidora may weep or sing; and that lady may despair, on whose account I was pummelled in the castle of the enchanted Moor: Dulcinea's I am resolved to be, boiled or roasted, neat, chaste, and well-bread, in spite of all the witchcraft upon earth.' So saying, he shut the casement with a flap, and retired to bed, in as much anxiety and concern as if some great misfortune had befallen him. There, then, we will leave him for the present, as we are summoned by the mighty Panza, who is impatient to begin his famous administration.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.



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